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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW



From Electro-Engraving Co.

Frangise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon.

(with her niece, afterwards Duchesse de Noailles)

From the painting by Ferdinand Elle, formerly at Saint Cyr, and now at Versailles

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1907



THE
ANGLO-SAXON
REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL
(MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST)

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER 1900

JOHN LANE

LONDON AND NEW YORK

1900

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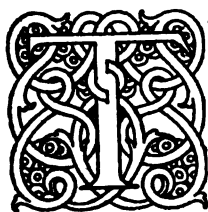
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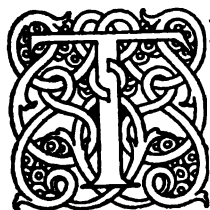
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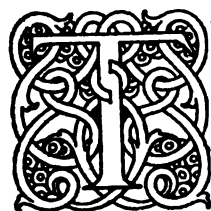
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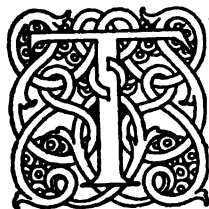
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LONDON—AFTER FORTY YEARS

the great city to take stock of *it*, and to revive those memories of old days in his London life that it would be hopeless to try to recall in the busy weeks of the Season or under the fog-laden skies of December. To every man who spends the greater portion of his time in London the vast town becomes at last a world—his world—and round all its street corners and open spaces fond memory casts her spell, interweaving with each stretch of grass or pile of bricks and stucco the thousand and one associations which go to make up the life of every human being.

As I sit here in Hyde Park, on this sunny August morning, I look back for forty years to the days when I first knew this place, and enjoyed the cool shelter of these trees. Forty years is not a large space in the history of cities ; but it is sufficient to enable me to draw certain contrasts between the London of to-day and that of the past generation, which are possibly not unworthy of being put on record. Here, to begin with, is the Park itself. Forty years ago it was an unkempt and almost ragged spot, where the art of the landscape gardener was practically unknown, and no luxuriant stretch of flower-beds lined the road from Piccadilly to the Marble Arch. Your Londoner of to-day hardly appreciates the change which in two-score years has come over the appearance of his parks. Whereas formerly they were little better than ill-tended commons, to-day they are almost unique, in the care and skill bestowed upon them, among the pleasure-grounds of Europe. Kensington Gardens, it is true, are no longer equal to their state forty years ago. Then the great stretch of ground in front of the old brick Palace provided a bit of genuine woodland scenery, and the passer-by was able, if he chose, to lose himself in the heart of the forest. But too many old trees have disappeared in these forty years to make this any longer possible. And the hand of the improver has been at work too freely. In every direction broad alleys are cut, piercing the delightful gloom and mystery of the old wood ; while here and there are flower-beds that vie with those of Hyde Park. For everything there is a proper place. The flower-beds which I admire and love in the great Park are not in keeping with the less formal surroundings of Kensington Gardens. If the Park has gained much, the Gardens seem to have lost something in the passage of the years. Yet even to-day they afford enough of kindly shade to allow the descendants of Clough's boy and girl of half a century ago to follow in the footsteps of their parents, and to seize the bliss which comes but once in a life-time.

Away from the parks the change that has overtaken London since the early 'sixties is still more marked. To begin with, the roar of the traffic in the streets is no longer the deafening torture it was of old. Asphalte and wood have taken the place of the thunderous granite pavements; and, though there is still tumult and noise enough, there is nothing to be compared with the hideous din that

SIR WEMYSS REID

filled every thoroughfare from morn till night in bygone days. Cleaner, better-paved, better-lighted, our streets are now among the most creditable features of London. No doubt we still fall short of the smooth perfection of the Paris boulevards; but outside the range of the boulevards Paris itself cannot compare with London, so far as the pavement of its streets is concerned; whilst St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Rome, with their memories of foot-sore wanderings, make one thankful to the Providence that has established one's lot here. This improvement in the condition of the streets is one of the changes for the better that one may recall in looking back for forty years. Another is in the actual streets themselves. How many new thoroughfares, capacious and even stately, have been created within that space of time! Chief among them is the Thames Embankment, a thoroughfare which challenges comparison with any other in Europe. Do the young people who live in London to-day understand what it was like before the Embankment was built? Do they realise the misery that Mr. Briefless suffered when compelled to take Charing Cross on his way from the Law Courts at Westminster to his chambers in the Temple? True, we had then a steamboat service on the Thames. But somehow or other steamboat services on the Thames have always lacked something essential. At all events the long land route by Whitehall and Charing Cross was in those pre-Embankment days the common road from Westminster to Fleet Street and the City. No one in London can pretend to be proud of Shaftesbury Avenue—a thoroughfare which is a worthy memorial of the vices and incapacity of the Metropolitan Board of Works. But, at least, it affords a ready means of communication between Piccadilly and the West End generally, and the classic squares of Bloomsbury. In the old days the only communication between the south and Oxford Street, east of Regent Street, was furnished by the winding and dangerous labyrinth of alleys and slums of which the Seven Dials seemed to be the heart. Farther east, those who adventured into the City by the line of Oxford Street had to descend the sharp declivity of Holborn Hill and climb again by Snow Hill to Smithfield. The thousand travellers by cab and omnibus along the Holborn Viaduct to-day can hardly conceive what that district of London was like forty years ago. Perhaps the very young among us will find it equally difficult to conjure up old Charing Cross, when the long blank wall of Northumberland House occupied the site of the Grand Hotel and stretched across the top of what is now Northumberland Avenue. Where now we have the stately thoroughfare of clubs and caravansaries, there were then only the smoke-begrimed trees of the Duke's gardens. Hyde Park Corner, too, has been changed wonderfully since first I saw it from this bench on which I sit and meditate. It seems only yesterday when the Green Park肘owed its way up to the very gates of Apsley

LONDON—AFTER FORTY YEARS

House, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, on the top of the great arch, seemed to dominate all London. In the West End, as in more central districts, the changes in our streets that these two-score years have witnessed have been so great that only the salient features of the scene remain unaltered.

Does any one remember the omnibuses that ran through our streets when Plancus was Consul—the mean little vehicles whose dark interiors were made loathsome by the fusty smell of the straw that covered the floor—their average rate of speed under three miles an hour? Those were days in which even the Underground Railway was only being talked of, and such modern inventions as electric trams and motor-cars had scarcely invaded the dreams of inventors. For those who did not keep their own carriages the sole choice hung between these omnibuses and the cabs. The cabs! Even now one shudders at the thought of the 'four-wheeler' of the 'sixties—its discomfort, its dirt, its dangerous ricketiness, and its unspeakable driver. Perhaps to some young reader it may seem that the London cabman of to-day is not the most polished or prosperous of human beings. If he had known his predecessor of forty years ago he would agree with me in thinking that no class in London society has improved in so wonderful a degree within that time as our cabmen have done. Those were, indeed, the days of stupendous distances in London. The dweller in Highgate was more remote from the sojourner in Brompton than from his friends in Brighton. A journey from Fulham to the City and back was full occupation for a working day. Of course, London was smaller in those days. Indeed, the increase in population since 1860 has by no means kept pace with the increase of the area occupied by the people of London. When you had passed Knightsbridge or the bottom of Westbourne Terrace you were virtually in the suburbs. When you reached Shepherd's Bush or Addison Road you found yourself almost in the open country. On the south of the river, Clapham was a delightful hamlet cut clean off from London; and around Denmark Hill there were pleasant walks and green meadows, with stately elms growing where now streets of small houses and shops crowd the scene. One characteristic of those limited suburbs of South Kensington and Bayswater was the fact that most of the houses had their own gardens, often of considerable size. Here the City man, when the stifling omnibus had brought him back from his day's toil in Mincing Lane or Lombard Street, would don a loose coat and straw hat and exchange the labours of the pen for those of the spade or the pruning-knife; and after dinner he would sit literally under his own vine and fig-tree and smoke the well-earned pipe of peace, while the scent of the roses furnished a welcome change from the smells of the City. Roses grow no longer in South Kensington, and the villa with its pleasant garden has disappeared to make room for the long

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terraces of houses or the great squares with their gardens common to all the residents. The squares themselves were in those days more neglected and unkempt than the parks. Nobody thought of entering them, except perhaps some nursemaid with her charges. The spectacle of a company of men and women taking tea of an afternoon in a London square would have been regarded as uncanny and almost scandalous in 1860. Nor were the balconies of the houses ever used by those who owned them, with one exception. The exception was furnished by Grosvenor Place on the afternoon of Derby Day. Then tea-parties were given by the residents in order that their friends might enjoy the unique and edifying spectacle of the return from Epsom. Who goes to the Derby by road nowadays, and who any longer looks upon the race as the greatest of our national festivals?

Outdoor life forty years ago was almost forbidden to the Londoner in London. He knew comparatively little of the delights of Sunday on the River. Indeed, the River was almost unexplored and wholly unused by the fashionable. There was no Ranelagh, no Hurlingham. We had Cremorne instead, a place of dubious attractiveness and indubitable character. Sometimes, in their eager desire for fresh air and out-of-door amusements, ladies would go in parties, under the escort of their male friends, to Cremorne; but only those who were very daring did so, for indeed the place could not by the most liberal-minded be regarded as free from reproach. For the rest: The only country excursions of the upper classes were those which they made once or twice in the Season to the Star and Garter at Richmond or to the Trafalgar at Greenwich. A dinner at one of these places, and the subsequent drive home, seemed to supply all that Society coveted in the way of rustic pleasures.

The dinners and dining-places of 1860! One might dwell upon the subject at interminable length. The young man of forty years ago, unless he had been fortunate enough to secure early admittance to one of the established clubs, was limited to restaurants and eating-houses of the most modest description. The Cheshire Cheese and the Cock, with their wooden boxes and sanded floors, were good enough for the youthful barrister whose successor in 1900 would not dream of dining anywhere east of Temple Bar and worries the house committee of his club with complaints about the inefficiency of the *chef*. A succulent chop or steak, potatoes in their jackets, a Welsh rare-bit, and a tankard of ale—this formed a sufficient dinner for Arthur Pendennis or George Warrington in the days of Thackeray. To-day Mr. Arthur Pendennis frequents Prince's or the Carlton, and George Warrington growls over his whitebait and fillet in St. James's Street or Pall Mall. Ladies, one need hardly say, frequented no public restaurants in the middle of the century. It is well for them that they did not, for assuredly the restaurants of those days were

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sorry places. Such a scene as may be witnessed now every evening during the greater part of the year in certain well-known establishments in Piccadilly and elsewhere was impossible in England forty years ago.

Perhaps, indeed, of all the changes that London has witnessed during that period the greatest has been this change in the habits of the people. No longer do we shut ourselves inside our own houses. We eat and drink and live our lives in public, to an extent that would have astounded and scandalised the last generation. Nor is it only among the upper classes that this change is to be seen. Who are the patrons and patronesses of the showy second-class restaurants that cluster about Piccadilly Circus, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Oxford Street? Who but persons of that middle class whose female members forty years ago would almost have died of shame if they had been asked to dine at a public house of entertainment? And forty years ago what would have been said of a party of men and women of the upper classes, if, after dining at a restaurant in Piccadilly, they had gone straightway to a music hall, where the men, while affording the light of their countenance to the women, solaced themselves with cigars and cigarettes? When I think of all that goes on now in London during every Season, I am filled with apprehension as to what the staid Londoner of my youth would have thought of it, if he could but have foreseen the startling change that was even then impending in our national manners.

Noisier, dirtier, duller, the old London of my recollection undoubtedly was. It lacked the brightness which is to be seen in many quarters of the town to-day. It cared little for the appearance of its public buildings, and left even its great Cathedral in a shameful state of squalor. It resented any attempt to imitate the ways of Paris, and believed that hotels and restaurants and other places of public entertainment ought to hide themselves away in back streets, and make no attempt by their outward appearance to attract the attention of the world. It was terribly afraid of Mrs. Grundy; and, though it gave that lady the slip just as often as it does to-day, it was careful to avoid open cause of offence. If it 'broke the Sabbath,' for example, it did so almost secretly, and it was rigid in enjoining the virtuous observance of the day upon the masses. The public houses were open, and were crowded on the Sunday evenings of summer by those who had no other place of refuge from their stifling homes. But the museums and picture galleries were closed, and Sunday excursions, if not unknown to the respectable, were regarded as a pleasure to be indulged in only by stealth. O, those Sundays of forty years ago! The deadly dulness of the London Sabbath in those days weighs upon one's spirit even yet. The foreigner still professes to be bored by Sunday in London. He ought to have come here in the middle of the century if he wished

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to know what dulness really was. Nowadays even the stranger within our gates need not be without rational entertainment on the day of rest.

One day in the later 'sixties, crossing the parade ground in front of the Horse Guards, I was attracted by a small crowd—among whom I recognised the late Chief Justice Bovill—standing at a particular place. I found that they were watching a man who was riding a bicycle, one of the original 'bone-shakers' of that distant era. It was the first time that I had seen such a thing, and, like the other persons in the crowd, I was bewildered by the way in which the rider kept his balance on the unstable vehicle. It was all so new to us that we could not grasp the truth that the art of bicycling was one of the simplest and most easily acquired in the world; and we watched the pioneer on his pair of wheels with the admiration due to one who had acquired a strange and wonderful accomplishment. As he skimmed away across the gravel of the parade, we all, including the Chief Justice, positively broke into a cheer, which the rider acknowledged with conscious satisfaction. Before many months were over the bicycle was familiar to most persons; but nobody, I am certain, at that time realised the great part that it was to play in our social customs, and in the development of what the late Mr. Pearson has called 'national life and character.' It is to the bicycle, more even than to the growth of the love of boating, that we owe that passion for fresh air and for outdoor amusements which distinguishes the Londoner of to-day from his predecessor of the last generation. It is a passion which has taken hold of both sexes and of all classes. And what a change the bicycle has wrought in the lives of the people of London! They are no longer shut up within the 'province of bricks.' Vastly as that province has extended within recent years, the man or woman who owns a bicycle can escape from it at pleasure. And many thousands do escape in this fashion every week, as any one who has watched one of the Surrey or Essex roads on a Sunday afternoon can testify. No longer is the geographical knowledge of 'the Cockney'—a word that is seldom heard now—confined to the streets of his own great city. A few hours suffice to take him to the prettiest parts of the home counties; and the great commons, the quiet lanes, the secluded woods, within fifty miles of London, have become as familiar to him as Edgware Road or Kensington High Street. This, I take it, has something to do with one notable change wrought in the last forty years. That is the change in the appearance of the average Londoner. He is no longer the sickly, frail, anæmic creature of my younger days. The pallor of the great city may affect him in the summer heat; but as a rule he is vigorous, athletic, and robust; and on both land and water he has shown in many a contest that he can hold his own with youths who have never heard Bow bells or seen the lights of Piccadilly.

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All these are changes for the better, and, indeed, the balance all through is distinctly for good. Yet it is not to be supposed that there are not some things to be alleged on the other side. If London is cleaner, brighter, more wholesome in many ways, than it was forty years ago, if its food supply is more varied and more excellent—as, for example, in the case of eggs and milk—than it was in the 'sixties, there are still some things that one regrets. Forty years ago if a man wanted to visit the lobby of the House of Commons he had only to go down to Westminster and walk straight into the sacred vestibule, unchallenged by the police. The terrace was not in June converted into the semblance of a fashionable club. There was no crowd of ladies to be entertained at tea by our legislators. Parliament was recognised as a place of business, and the gaiety and frivolity of Society were unknown within its precincts. The old London cries too, the street cries of our childhood, were not limited to the calling of 'sweet lavender,' now the only surviving relic of the days when advertisement by newspaper and placard were almost unknown. Piccadilly, with its old brick houses, was far more picturesque than it is to-day, when the stern requirements of the ground landlord have given it a dismal uniformity. It may be that these are but slight blemishes upon the picture of undoubted and marked improvement that rises before one's eyes in looking back ; but they are real, and not to be contemplated without a pang of regret.

Nor are one's regrets confined to the physical features and material conveniences of the great city. The London of forty or thirty years ago is dear to most of us for reasons independent of these things. A distinguished politician has recently expressed his disapproval of the nineteenth century because of its failure to produce men of sufficient eminence to satisfy his critical taste. It is difficult for those who are themselves of the century to judge aright the place that it will hold in the procession of the ages. Yet to me, at least, my old London is dear chiefly because of 'the fair names and famous' that are associated in my memory with it. Can the London of to-day show anything to compare with the men who, within my memory, have walked its streets and sojourned within its walls ? I doubt it.

As I sit here this morning I see once more the tall manly figure of Thackeray, as he walks with rapid step along the path by the Row, homeward-bound to his new house at Kensington. The West End of forty years ago belonged to him in a peculiar sense ; and it is a joy, not to be easily parted with, to know that I have seen him treading its streets. And in Kensington Gardens I caught my last glimpse of Charles Dickens as a living man. It was only a week or two before his death, and he was strolling down one of the paths under the trees ; his companion was a girl of tender years and

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manifestly humble circumstances, to whom the Master was talking with that animation of mood and manner which never failed him to the last. There is a seat here in Hyde Park that is always associated in my mind with the great name of Carlyle ; for more than once I have seen the author of 'Sartor Resartus' resting upon it, with sombre face and downcast eye, while the faithful William Allingham, like some silent watch-dog, sat humbly at the other end of the bench, awaiting the great man's pleasure and keeping off all intruders. Yonder, at Piccadilly Circus, I once had the pleasure of seeing Tennyson, strangely garbed and oblivious of the crowd around him, swiftly striding westward. It was but seldom in later years that the poet was to be seen in London, and the incident made a deep impression upon me. That night I dreamed that I was again at Piccadilly Circus, and again saw the author of 'In Memoriam' advancing towards me. But in my dream there was a variation from the reality. Tennyson, as I saw him in my sleep, was of gigantic stature, towering far above the heads of the crowd which pressed upon him. In the wandering fancies of the night I had given him a physical superiority to his fellows akin to the intellectual superiority that he unquestionably had. Years afterwards I told the poet myself of my dream ; and his enjoyment of it was quaint and delightful, even as it is now precious in my memory.

In those early years of the 'sixties, Piccadilly on a Saturday night was filled with the carriages of the guests who went to Cambridge House, the last of the great political *salons*, to talk over affairs under the roof of Lord Palmerston. Here one might catch a glimpse of Delane, the great editor, passing within the portals of the Premier's residence ; or Lord Granville might be seen side by side with the Duke of Argyll ; or perchance Robert Lowe and Lord John Russell, a strangely-matched couple, came forth from the house together and stood for a moment under the gas-lamps of Piccadilly before going their respective ways. Surely it was good to be alive in those days and to see such sights in the prosaic streets of London.

With the London of the past forty years there is no name more closely identified than that of Mr. Gladstone. How many times one has encountered him on his walks by day and night through the familiar thoroughfares ! Now one met him in broad daylight striding down Regent Street, escorted by a curious group of urchins, who would run ahead of him in order that they might turn and peer into his leonine face. Now it was at night, under the gas-lamps, that one encountered him in Piccadilly, always with that keen glance of his directed for a moment upon every passer-by, as though in an instant he could read the secrets of a life. Alas ! on the very last occasion on which I ever met him, he told me that he 'needed shepherding now—even in the streets of London which I know by heart.' During his constant perambulations in London he met with

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many strange and some pathetic adventures. I well remember about ten years ago sitting opposite to him at dinner, and noticing that one side of his face was severely bruised and cut. I suppose that my startled look at his scarred features attracted the attention of Mrs. Gladstone, who was sitting beside me. 'I see that you have found it out,' she said; 'but what a good thing it is that it did not get into the papers!' 'Has there been an accident?' I asked. Then Mr. Gladstone looked up and explained the whole matter. He had been to call a few evenings before upon Lord Granville, who was then very ill. In returning he took a short cut through some of the alleys of Mayfair, and in passing along one narrow street he slipped off the pavement, and, losing his balance, fell at full length upon the road. 'I lay there stunned for a minute at least,' he added in his deep sonorous voice, 'and, though a great many people passed, no one came to my assistance, or took the slightest notice of me. I suppose they thought that I was drunk.' The picture of the great man lying there, in the squalid alley, stunned and only half-conscious, and of the innocent crowd passing by in the belief that he was another erring mortal, is not one to be soon forgotten.

Of the other figures of good men and true that loom up before me as I dwell upon the London I have known, there is little space left for me in which to speak. Otherwise I might have dwelt upon the pale face of Lord Derby, 'the Rupert of Debate,' as I saw him pass for the last time from the House of Lords when he had made his indignant and unavailing protest against the Irish Church Bill in 1869; or upon the almost pathetic spectacle which John Stuart Mill presented as he stood on the hustings in Trafalgar Square a year earlier and addressed a hostile assemblage of the electors of Westminster. It was on that occasion that I had a quaint experience of the humours of an election under the old *régime*. 'What is the name of the gentleman who is speaking?' was the question addressed to me by a man of respectable appearance who had joined me on the outskirts of the throng. 'That is Mr. Mill,' I answered, proud of being able to point out a man of so much distinction. 'O, that is Mr. Mill,' responded my interlocutor, in drawling gentle tones; and then, before my horrified eyes had fully realised what was happening, he drew a dead cat from under his coat and flung it straight at the philosopher's head.

One other name belonging to the streets of London in the brave days of old I must not fail to mention. How often have I followed, and sometimes walked with, sturdy John Bright as he went from the Reform Club to his lodging in Piccadilly or (later) in Conduit Street. People knew him well, and everywhere he was treated with the respect due to his genius and his patriotism. He always dressed with exceeding plainness, though he had long ceased to wear the peculiar garb of the Friends which *Punch* to the last insisted upon

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giving him. It was one of his daughters, if I remember aright, who once ventured to admonish him for his lack of care for his personal appearance. 'It does not matter,' said the brave old Quaker : 'nobody knows me in London : so I can dress as I like.' 'But you dress just as badly in Rochdale,' was the reply. 'Yes, my dear ; but in Rochdale everybody knows me—so it matters still less how I dress there.'

Yes : the old London was, as I have said, dirtier, noisier, duller, than the London of to-day. Let the rising generation rejoice in the change which has made the grand old town more gay and brilliant than it was : almost as gay and brilliant as Paris, which was once so immeasurably ahead of it. But to some of us of the older generation there are memories and associations connected with the dingy London of the past which we would not exchange for all the brightness that the fairest of cities in its prime could boast, and to us at least the London that is gone shines with a glamour that is lacking in the more brilliant city that we know to-day.

A STUDY IN DESPAIR BY HUGH CLIFFORD

What fear can match the Unknown Dread
That whispers in the ear
Of Death, with hideous pangs full-fed,
Of Death that draweth near ?
That tells of pains, undreamed, unsaid,
With mock, and jibe, and jeer,
And cries, ' How happy are the dead,
In that they know not Fear ! '



HERE I so minded, I could quote extracts from the notes taken at the inquest, and sundry other equally dull official documents, to prove the manner of the death which befell Li Fat, the Chinaman. Instead—since there can be no excuse for adding unnecessarily to the volume of dry reading which is already, and unavoidably, inflicted upon the sojourners in this arid world—I have elected to tell the story in my own fashion and in my own words, filling in the outlines of my tale with details supplied to me by a knowledge of the mental gropings of the class to which Li Fat belonged. Those of my readers, however, who, like the excellent Mr. Gradgrind, prefer ' Facts, Facts, Facts ' to fiction founded upon those ' stubborn things,' must be recommended to search the archives of the Malayan State of Pahang, where, unless the white ants have already made a hearty meal of the papers in question, they will find the main circumstances of the case set forth in all the crude mercilessness of bald official prose.

Li Fat and Tan Ah Siew were two Chinese coolies who came to the Malay peninsula to mine for tin, because fate, the poverty of their parents, and the congested population of their native district rendered such a course necessary. They began their career as *sin-keh*, or indentured coolies, owing the money which had been advanced in order to defray the cost of their passages from China, and having bound themselves to work for a stated period at a very low rate of wage, with a view to paying off these liabilities. The *sin-keh*, since he is entirely in the hands of his employer, has no initiative of his own, and but little scope for adventure or romance during the term of his servitude. If he be hard-working and steady, a healthy and a frugal man, and only a moderate opium-smoker, he can win his freedom at the end of a year or two, and thereafter work for his own hand. If, however, he be extravagant or idle, or if his health be bad, his lot is the reverse of enviable. He toils on from month to month, getting deeper and deeper into the debt of his employer, and his horizon speedily becomes narrowed down to a lifelong drudgery on the one side, and to a cheap burial, with none save a

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makeshift coffin, on the other ; for unless he die—which is by far his wisest course—he will never win back his freedom.

Li Fat and Tan Ah Siew, however, were both energetic and healthy. Also, they indulged but sparingly in the unclean things which are the pleasures of the Chinese cooly. Accordingly, they worked off their advances in a very reasonable time, and presently found themselves discharged as *lau-keh*, or old coolies, who owed no man anything, were their own masters, free to go whither they would and to do what they pleased. It is usually at this period of the cooly's career that adventure and romance—if he be fated to make their acquaintance—come into his life, and so it proved with Li Fat. He and his comrade had worked with a Chinese mine-owner in the Malay State of Selângor, which is situated on the western slope of the Peninsula ; but when they won their freedom they decided to undertake the long journey across the main range of mountains to Pahang, on the eastern sea-board, since rumour whispered that wages ran high in that newly-opened territory. Leaving the made roads and the scurrying railways of Selângor behind them, therefore—for this was in 1891, long before Pahang could boast any such luxuries—the two adventurers made their way up into the chill atmosphere of the mountains by means of a slender bridle-path, and thence descended into the green and smiling valley of the Lipis River. Nothing of any importance occurred during the journey ; and a trudge of only some five and fifty miles, taken in easy spells, was as nothing when compared with the hard labour to which they had been accustomed ever since they set foot in the Peninsula. On a certain day, therefore, they arrived on the banks of the Lipis, at a point just below the great rapids, where a masonry bridge now spans the tawny waters. The Malays who had their homes upon the right bank of the stream took little notice of the two coolies, judging that the wayfarers were not likely to be possessed of sufficient cash to make any assistance rendered to them a profitable investment ; and accordingly, when the coolies discovered that the track they had been following ended abruptly at the water's edge, they came to the conclusion that they must make their way down-stream as best they could unaided.

At the foot of the Lipis rapids there were always, in those days, clusters of unowned rafts lying idle. Men came down from the interior on these makeshift craft, since no boat could live in the angry waters of the falls, and, having attended to their business, they were wont to return to their homes on foot. The rafts which they left behind them were fashioned from bamboos, of the kind called *bûloh pâdi* by the Malays, lashed together side by side, and kept in place by means of stout pieces of wood bound across them fore and aft and amidships. These bamboos have a considerable flotation power, so long as their air-tight compartments remain

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unbroached ; but in the rock-beset rapids of the Lipis they could not fail to suffer many grievous things, and usually arrived at the foot of the falls rolling and wallowing crazily.

Li Fat and his comrade selected a raft for their use from the number tethered to the bank, paid a quarter of a dollar purchase money to an exceedingly abusive and violent Malay—who, by the way, had no sort of right to exact payment for something that had never belonged to him—and with excited cries and yells, such as the Chinese are wont to indulge in upon occasion, started down river—whither they knew not.

Tan Ah Siew stood at the bows, and Li Fat took up his position at the stern of the raft. Each was armed with a long wooden boat-pole with which to punt and steer, and after some inept and clumsy pushing and prodding at the bank, the adventurers launched out into mid-stream to the sound of the derisive jeers of the Malays on the shore. The water ran freely over their ankles, and the raft rolled tipsily. Then the current caught it, and the two screaming coolies were whirled off round the first bend, their hearts leaping wildly into their throats, and their cries growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Now, if you know how to punt a raft—and in the Malay Peninsula, for a man who wishes to travel widely, the art is worth learning—it is quite easy to keep the bow pointing steadily downstream and the stern even with the push of the current. On the other hand, if you be ignorant, the raft seems to be possessed by a separate and distinct devil for each one of its dozen bamboos. This was the experience of Li Fat and Tan Ah Siew. First of all the raft insisted upon sidling down, broadside-on, like Mr. Winkle's horse. Then, with a sudden whirl, it thrust its bows up-stream and its stern to the fore. Then, without any particularly apparent reason for its action, it determined to run upon its edge, and the two screaming Chinese found themselves clinging to the heaving monster with one leg immersed to the middle of the thigh and the other clean out of the water. The raft reeled, rolled, canted, bucked ; it seemed to have made up its mind to unseat its clumsy riders at any cost ; the coolies clung to it despairingly, yelling with fright, sweating at every pore, and powerless to control its wayward antics.

Down-stream they whirled, now narrowly escaping being brushed off into the river by overhanging boughs, now barely avoiding the complete disaster of a capsize, now twisting giddily round and round, now lurching onward, now almost at a standstill, a plaything for the caprices of the current, a jest for the Demon of the Stream. On either hand the impenetrable banks of dense and tangled forest rose sheer from the water's edge, awful, mysterious, inhospitable, shutting in the frightened Chinamen relentlessly ; overhead a narrow

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ribbon of white-hot sky showed jagged edges between the converging tree-tops; around and about, the river, pale and olive-green, with an appearance so opaque that it almost seemed to be a solid body, glided forward inexorably, with a constant shifting glitter shimmering upon its smooth and glassy surface. To any onlooker the sight presented by the pair of adventurers might well have seemed to be a piece of pure comedy. The clinging, straining figures, clad in coarse blue calico now drenched with water and adhering closely to their bodies, had a sufficiently ludicrous appearance as they writhed and squirmed upon the slippery bamboos, each fresh contortion, designed to trim the raft, only causing it to cant and wallow more dangerously. The frightened yellow faces stared with narrow fear-stricken eyes; the foreheads, grown upon by short unkempt hair, with the dirty clumps of knotted pigtail at their backs, bobbed and danced up and down with the motion of the raft; the open mouths bellowed for aid with yells and shrieks, discordant and monosyllabic, noisy yet futile. The kindly nature of man always causes him to find delight in the spectacle presented by one under the influence of terror, if the occasion of it be inadequate in the opinion of the spectator; and there were many Malays in Pahang who would willingly have walked a score of miles to witness the discomfiture of these poor Chinamen. To the natives of the Peninsula, who are born boatmen, and can swim as soon as they can walk, the waters of sea or river have no power to command awe, and the idea of any one fearing to drown in a stream which measured only a few yards across is to them in itself a thing absurd. The two coolies, however, saw nothing ridiculous in the notion, were filled with terror, and took no pains to hide what they were feeling, for neither of them could swim a stroke, and the absence of human aid—for the river is uninhabited for many miles—was the roof and crown to their misery.

For the best part of an hour the raft whirled down-stream. Then suddenly she smote against a rock which protruded above the surface of the water, ran one of her ends high and dry on to its rough back, swung round as on a pivot, and came to a standstill with a groan and a jerk. The raft had been waddling down stern-foremost when she struck: so Li Fat was occupying the end which went ashore. In a moment he had sprung on to the rock—here was *terra firma* at last, he told himself—and in doing so he kicked the end of the bamboos with his hurrying feet, loosening their grip, and the raft, set free, started down-stream again with only one passenger.

Tan Ah Siew, terrified out of his wits at the prospect of having to make the remainder of the perilous journey alone, yelled shrilly, imploring Li Fat to rejoin him. Li Fat, who had now grasped the fact that the rock upon which he had sought refuge was separated

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from the land by stretches of water, screamed his entreaties to Tan Ah Siew to return to him and to release him from his captivity. But neither Chinaman had any power to comply with the prayers of his friend. The raft was in sole and complete charge of the situation; and accordingly Tan Ah Siew, in spite of his noisy protests, was whirled out of sight round the next bend in the river, leaving Li Fat, loudly lamenting his fate, perched upon his comfortless island like some unclean water-fowl.

The rock upon which he was imprisoned measured about three feet square, a rough-hewn boulder of granite running up into a peak, and sloping down to the water's edge upon every side. A little farther up-stream, and about five and twenty feet away from Li Fat, a ridge of rocks ran out into the river, staying the current and forming a sort of backwater, in which little flecks of dirt, pieces of blackened stick, faded jungle leaves, and myriads of whitey-brown bubbles revolved slowly round an uncertain centre. On Li Fat's right hand, as he faced down-stream, this almost stagnant pool divided him from the jungle-covered shore; on his left the river ran strongly, a tawny body of water some thirty yards wide, hurrying onwards persistently, swiftly, eagerly, like a crowd of human beings making steadily for some well-known goal.

Li Fat clung to the rock as though he feared that the current would come to tear him from his perch, and his teeth chattered noisily with mingled fright and misery. Tan Ah Siew had been whirled off into the unknown, and it seemed improbable, Li Fat reflected, that he would manage to escape from the dangers of the river. If, however, fortune favoured him so far, it was altogether unlikely that he would be able to explain to those whom he might meet that he had a friend waiting upon a rock up-stream longing to be released, for Tan Ah Siew, like most Chinese coolies, knew no word of the local vernacular. During the bad hour and a quarter that he had spent upon the raft Li Fat had not seen a single village upon the banks of the river, nor had he passed a boat of any kind plying up or down. It seemed to him that he was terribly far removed from human aid in this distant country of the Foreign Devils to which his evil fortune had brought him. Then he fell to thinking of the callous ways of his countrymen. He had not lived for a year or more in a mining *kong-si* house without aiding his fellows to thrust out into the gutter those of their comrades who showed signs of approaching death, in order to avert the bad luck which would ensue were they suffered to give up the ghost within the dwelling. He had seen and had shared in the complete indifference to the feelings and the agonies of his friends which is the distinguishing mark of the Chinese cooly, and till now this manner of dealing with his neighbour had always seemed to Li Fat to be right and proper. Now that he found

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himself in danger of falling a victim to the callousness of Tan Ah Siew, the complexion of the matter had suddenly undergone a change. It was with a sickening contraction of the heart that the conviction was borne in upon his mind that should Tan Ah Siew find it difficult to explain that his friend stood in need of aid, he would ere long abandon the attempt to make his meaning clear, and would thereafter suffer him to perish without experiencing a pang. All these considerations combined to make Li Fat feel supremely unhappy. He revolved them in his mind again and again, and momentarily his prospects of release appeared to him to grow more and more remote. Now and then he lifted up his voice and yelled discordantly, despairingly; but the banks of heavy jungle which echoed his cries, and played battledore and shuttlecock with them, alone answered his call.

It had been past noon when first the adventurers started upon their perilous river journey; and one by one, with lagging feet, the slow, hot, breathless hours crawled away, till the cool winds that herald the sunset sprang up, and set Li Fat shivering afresh as they played about his drenched clothing. He sat huddled in a shapeless heap upon his comfortless island, his knees drawn up to his chin, while his eyes looked out stupidly at water and forest, or now and then roamed hither and thither wildly, as though seeking some means of escape from the trap in which he found himself. With the coming of the coolness, the heavy silence which had reigned so unbrokenly ceased. A big blue kingfisher, with a splash of orange-coloured staining upon its breast, and a long powerful beak of the same hue, scuttled down the reach of the river, crying 'Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!' at the top of his voice, flashed for an instant with all its brilliant tints, as it skimmed over a patch of sunlit water and vanished round the point in scurrying haste. A little brown squirrel, very *affairé* and self-important, ran up the slanting trunk of a *ngeram* tree close at hand, chattering busily. Far away in the forest a woodpecker tapped and hammered methodically. A thrush unseen in the jungle across the river warbled liquidly and then was still. Tiny birds in the underwood on all sides of Li Fat cheeped and chirped with soft twitterings, and made a gentle, restless stir amid the foliage. A huge ruddy leaf, plucked from its place by the newly-awakened breeze, came fluttering slowly earthwards, disputing every inch of its passage, with a rustling protest against Fate.

Li Fat, sitting crouched up upon the rock, marked all these things mechanically; but, none the less, the whole world seemed of a sudden to have become narrowed exceedingly—to have shrunk to the dimensions of a boulder nine square feet, upon which a wretch, whose very identity seemed in a manner uncertain, sat waiting in terror for an ugly death. The sights and sounds of the jungle

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seemed to have become in some inexplicable way a portion of this creature and of his sufferings—to have no existence apart from his own. All things, animate and inanimate, had in a sense become connected with the all-absorbing agony of which he was the prey ; or else his mind, strained by fear out of its accustomed sanity, possessed utterly by a single idea, a single paralysing dread, was unable to observe or comprehend anything except in so far as it bore some fantastic relation to his own sufferings. The strident laugh of the kingfisher was to him the jeering of the devils who watched and mocked his agony ; the chattering squirrel was a part of his own groping helplessly for a means of escape from the dangers which beset him, offering advice, worthless, futile, but irritatingly, impertinently insistent ; the tapping of the woodpecker was the frightened beating of his heart (he listened with painful earnestness, but could not distinguish which was which) ; the cheeping of the birds, the warbling of the thrush, and the stir of tiny feathers in the greenery, were all so many irritants to his nerves, making his very soul itch, and goading it resistlessly to despair.

To every Chinaman of the lower type suicide presents itself readily as a means of escape when ills, physical or mental, assail him ; and Li Fat pondered the thought of self-inflicted death painfully, earnestly, mechanically. His nerves were wrought to such a pitch of tension that they seemed to ache with the unendurable pangs of a raging tooth ; his mind worked ceaselessly, but with the motiveless gropings of a blind man, bringing him no hope, no plan of escape. Over and over again he asked himself whether death were not preferable to this racking of suspense, whether he could endure more without following the instinct of his people and setting violent hands upon himself. Still, he was loth to die. He had but recently won his freedom ; and it was still dear to him, a thing new and unstaled by custom. He had come to Pahang with high hopes : he could not lay them down for ever without a pang. He fought against himself, against the inborn instincts of his race, and he nerved himself to keep his hold on life for yet a little longer.

The afternoon wore to evening ; the short tropic twilight came and passed away ; the impenetrable night shut down upon the land. The soft, wet plashing of the river and the thrumming of a million insects emphasised rather than broke the heavy stillness, and there was no other sound save when now and then a small horned owl gave its short, melancholy hoot, like an involuntary cry of pain, at regular intervals for a few minutes at the time. Now that the darkness had come, Li Fat feared to move, lest in his blindness he should lose his balance and fall into the hurrying stream. He was cramped in every limb, the rough surface of the granite galled him cruelly ; but he sat still as a statue, pondering ceaselessly on the horrors of his position, while that warring struggle between instinct

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and inclination went on unchecked in some lower stratum of his mind with an energy which nothing had power to interrupt. Each moment he became more and more convinced that escape was hopeless, that he was doomed to die a long and lingering death from hunger and exposure; and with this conviction the promptings of the temptation to commit suicide became more and more insistent.

None the less, in spite of the turmoil of his thoughts, he became aware that he was hungry. The mere knowledge that there was no possibility of procuring a meal seemed to add an edge to the keenness of his longing. He began to believe that his senses had played him a trick: that he had been imprisoned upon the rock, not for hours only, but for days and nights. The minutes crawled with merciless slowness, and hours before midnight Li Fat was looking eagerly for the dawn. He dared not close an eye in sleep lest he should fall into the stream; but his eyeballs were hot and fevered, and he had no desire for slumber. The misery which he was suffering prevented him from calculating time. The night seemed endless.

At about nine o'clock the moon began to rise slowly from behind the heavy banks of forest. She was glaringly, impossibly red—for it occasionally pleases the Malayan moon to assume this inappropriate colour when she is still rosy after her long sleep—and Li Fat, looking at her gratefully, was convinced that she was the sun. It seemed to him to be only natural that he should look depressed and woe-begone. Was not the whole world one aching misery? What else but the sun could it be—for surely his hour for rising was long overdue? Li Fat kept his eyes fixed eagerly upon the ruddy globe rising through the misty films of cloud which hung low above the banks of jungle, and something like hope—faint and shadowy, but none the less hope—began to awaken within him. If he had contrived to fight through the horrors of the darkness and the night, surely he could endure with patience the worst that light and day could have in store for him. But gradually, as the clouds began to pass away from around her, revealing her shape, and the quiet, soft light set a shifting sheen upon the running water, while the black bulk of the forest on either hand was thrown by contrast into gigantic and grotesque prominence, Li Fat, with a horrible revulsion of feeling, became convinced of the moon's identity. Night was still upon him—the endless, pitiless night that added so unspeakably to his misery—and, rocking his body to and fro, he groaned aloud. Still, light, even the light of the moon, was better than the impenetrable darkness in which his world had been wrapped for what seemed like æons of time; and, though the clutching grip of despair was still heavy upon him, Li Fat took heart to raise his head and look about.

The great body of the river hastened on with the same hurrying

A STUDY IN DESPAIR

gait, its surface making a myriad diamonds from the beams of moonlight, its little tongues of white flame leaping up hungrily around the rock as though impatient for their prey. The black, shapeless shadows, and the ghastly formless forest on either hand, rose around him impenetrable and menacing. A tree-frog sent forth its four clear, full notes, which more nearly resemble a very musical bell-like cough than any other sound, and this cry, only heard in the heart of the jungles of the interior, seemed to speak to the prisoner of the utter remoteness, the melancholy solitude, of his isolation. Looking up-stream, Li Fat suddenly became aware of an object lying half in and half out of the water, just beyond the point whence the ridge of rocks of which mention has already been made, jutted out from the jungle-covered shore. As he gazed, Li Fat became convinced of two things—first, that the thing, whatever it might be, had not been there at sundown; secondly, that it was alive. He could not see even its outline clearly, for the shadows were deep and deceptive; but it was something long, narrow, yet bulky, and its very attitude of prostrate indifference and reserved power was sinister and threatening. Li Fat changed his position on the rock so that he might face the Terror, and as he kept his eyes glued to its shapeless bulk it seemed to him that the thing moved. Li Fat had seen alligators in the Klang River in Selângor; he had heard tales without number illustrative of their slow cruelty and malice; and with a chilling of his heart's blood he told himself that he was looking upon one of these monsters, which was waiting to devour him at leisure. He sat fascinated with fear, his body leaning forward, his chin thrust out, his eyeballs protruding from their sockets, all his faculties leaping headlong towards the horror lying so silent and terrible in the shadows. His bulging eyes ached painfully in the strained effort which he was making to see more clearly; and, though for the moment the monster seemed to make no progress towards him, Li Fat was convinced that it moved, lazily, indolently, like one, sure of its prey, that sees no cause for hurry.

The lagging minutes crawled by, each one more slowly than its predecessor, each one increasingly laden with its own freight of terror, and Li Fat watched death through eyes that were wide with misery. Earlier in the night his thoughts had played, like those of poor murdered Clarence, round the idea of 'what pain it was to drown'; but now the anticipation of a still more awful death made the blood of Li Fat run cold. All hope of relief—it had, in truth, been faint enough before—was now reft from him. The last ray of light had been extinguished. He knew the utter darkness of despair.

All through the night he had combated bravely the instinct which bade him seek refuge in a self-inflicted death. In common with most of the people of his race and class, Li Fat had no great

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dread of the actual leap into the dark. Chinese coolies resort easily to suicide amid circumstances which, in the opinion of the vast majority of mankind, can hardly be held to warrant so extreme a course. They will kill themselves on occasion in order to spite their neighbour, with the amiable intention of haunting him when they have become spirits; they will take a like course if they fail to obtain their accustomed supply of opium; they are driven to commit suicide by any one of half a hundred things—anger, hunger, injured *amour propre*, pain, grief, or, most illogical of all, the fear of death. Suspense is always worse than the actuality dreaded, no matter how terrible the latter may be; and the Chinese cooly, who cannot look gradually-approaching death steadily in the face, will leap to meet it with eagerness. The fact is that he will suffer many and bitter things with a patience which is absolutely bovine; but, like every other human being—for underlying his thick coating of animalism he has still a few lingering elements of humanity—he has a certain limit to his endurance. When this is reached, the Chinese cooly commits suicide without ado. It is the instinct, the tradition, of his race, and he follows its promptings as a matter of course. The thing which no white man can hope to understand is why comparatively trivial mishaps will cause a Chinaman to take his own life, while he will bear others far more grievous unmoved.

Crouching on the rock, with his strained gaze fixed upon the long black shape in the shadow, Li Fat realised at last that the limit had been reached. He had striven against his instinct all through the hours of darkness, and that he had been capable of such resistance showed that he had the power to bear a little more of the strain without breaking. Now he surrendered without condition. He drew his pigtail about his neck in a noose, and tugged at it till it was as taut as he could make it; then slowly, resolutely, ruthlessly, he gripped himself by the throat with both hands, and pressed his thumbs into his windpipe till his fingers were buried in the flesh. Many minutes must have elapsed before he finally toppled off the rock into the backwater on his left, and lost consciousness for ever.

We found his body still revolving slowly in the eddy early next morning, when we accompanied Tan Ah Siew to the scene of his comrade's imprisonment. All that was left of Li Fat lay face-downward in the backwater, and the stiffened thumbs of the thing were nearly meeting in its throat. Above the projecting ridge of rock, a large dug-out boat of blackened wood, which must have gone adrift from some village farther up-river, lay stranded bottom-upwards, half in and half out of the water. The pool below the rocks, which separated Li Fat's prison from the bank of the river, was exactly 4 ft. deep; but it had never occurred to the unfortunate man that it might be possible to wade ashore.

COMET-LORE

BY E. V. HEWARD

Mysterious visitant whose beauteous light
Among the wandering stars so strangely gleams!
Like a proud banner in the train of night
Th' emblazon'd flag of Deity it streams.

CONDER.



WE are now close to the dark days which Lord Salisbury expects to be a time when stars will fall. He does not look for war in the same period; but, disorder in the firmament having for many centuries been regarded as a portent of battles upon the earth, we may as well consider the traditions of the fascinating subject. Meteors, which in autumn evenings flash athwart the sky, sometimes singly, sometimes in brilliant showers—what are they? Are they wanderers from the train of an illustrious visitor that with sweeping glories

Glides along in air
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair?

Pursuing its stately course through the planetary spaces, the comet salutes the sun, brushing in some cases his outer garments in passing through perihelion; then, spreading out a fan-like train extending across half the azure vault, it wings its lofty flight towards some other system of worlds, in which it may excite amazement or alarm, as here, leading to inquiry about its nature and mission. In terror of the supernatural, our forefathers saw in the Blazing Starre glaring down on this nether world the emblem of all evil. Even the learned of the Middle Ages found it convenient to throw the garb of the miraculous over prodigies in the heavens, and readily ascribed spiritual agency to the operations of nature which they could not explain. The association of comets with the Arch Enemy was common in mediæval times: the idea is grandly embodied in 'Paradise Lost' (Book ii.) where Satan, incensed with indignation, stands unterrified,

And like a comet burn'd
That fiers the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctick sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

A survey of the history of these anomalous bodies will enable us to form some estimate of the good work which astronomy has done. As we glance along the bypaths of the story we shall come upon records showing how closely astronomy is bound up with the progress of intelligence; and we cannot but note how climate and environment, reacting on the mind, tint the pictures of the marvellous which the imagination draws. In the eyes of our primitive ancestors a moving spirit lay behind all phenomena. The lightning

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flash, the roll and crash of thunder, the raging tempest, and the fall of meteors, were manifestations of invisible powers in the realms above, and the sun-gilt cloud-rift was the yellow-streaming hair of an angered goddess. Rising in impressiveness above these ever-varying phenomena, the comet, shrouded in mystery, riveted the attention and held it spellbound. Night after night it continued to brood over the sky; then would the rustic sage, pointing to the strange star, pronounce it to be a Bode from out the darkness lying beyond man's ken, and alarm his wondering neighbours with the dread of evil days nigh at hand. The form, magnitude, and movement of the comet could be grasped by the senses; it had come, it had gone, no man knew whence, whither; it was a bond linking to his own the vaguely-conjectured spirit-world, and he endowed it with power over the elements of nature.

In the Far East, the land of the Son of Heaven, the glamour and illusion of the West is dissolved, and with unclouded eyes we behold a new order of celestial things; indeed, there is a living connection and community of interest between this lower world and the realms above. Practical and materialistic, the Chinese had nevertheless exalted views which placed them and their country in direct relationship with the heavens. To the comets they gave a name and an office similar to those which we assign to the Queen's Messengers. M. Pingré, in his valuable storehouse of odd information about the comets,¹ says that, according to the Chinese, the heavens were a vast republic, an immense empire, composed of kingdoms and provinces. These latter were the constellations; among them was decided all that should happen, whether favourable or unfavourable, to the great terrestrial empire—the empire of China. The planets were the superintendents of the celestial empire; the stars were their ministers, the comets their couriers. The planets sent the comets from time to time to visit the provinces, including, of course, the Lower Empire, for the purpose of looking into and reporting upon the state of affairs, and, if need be, to establish and maintain order. In short, all that was done in the heavens above was either the cause or the forerunner of that which should happen here below. The Chinese named the appendage which we call the tail the 'broom'; the comet without a broom was designated a 'guest-star,' which took up its abode in different places along its journey, as at an inn. The home of the comets, however, was in the vestibules of the celestial palaces, where they remained invisible, awaiting an order for departure. The order sent, they became visible, and started upon the path where duty called them. If while on the journey the comet put forth a tail, it was regarded as a legitimate broom-star. Furnished with this useful implement of industry, the comet, apparently, was expected to use it, for in the Chinese record of the comet of

¹ 'Cometographie,' tome i. p. 569.

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1301 it is stated that it 'swept' the stars Thien-ki, Shankoung, &c. Curious as were these conceptions of the heavens and the duties imposed upon the comets, we cannot but admit that they compare favourably with the gloomy notions, the awe-inspired dread, which benumbed the perceptions of Europeans in the Middle Ages. Further research has enabled M. Edouard Biot to enrich our knowledge of Chinese astronomy. In his learned treatise on the '*Constitution Politique de la Chine*' we are told that the Chinese astronomers pursued with assiduity the movements of the comets, and noted the date of their first appearance, their general aspect, position, and movements among the stars, for the advancement of science, as members of a department instituted and maintained by the Government. The earliest evidence we have of the existence of the zodiacal signs is found in their annals, where it is stated that the Emperor Yao, in the year 2357 B.C., divided the twelve signs of the zodiac by the twenty-eight mansions of the moon. It is noteworthy, too, as bearing on the antiquity of their observations that their national emblem, the dragon of the sphere, was the polar constellation in the antediluvian age, and that the brightest star in the dragon's tail was the Pole Star. One of the early instances in history of the division of a comet into two or more parts is found in their annals of the year 896 A.D. In that year three comets presented themselves joined together, travelling amicably along the same path until, finally, they were lost sight of among the stars.

Leaving this singular people and their remarkable annals, we find ourselves irresistibly drawn towards the plains of Shinar, where Chaldean shepherds ranging trackless fields look upon the polar star as on a guide. A halo of poetry clings to the story of these primitive stargazers; and imagination fondly dwells on the old-world scene where the patriarch, with his flocks and kindred gathered round him, reposes beneath the unclouded skies. He lifts his eyes towards the heavens, and lo! a wondrous star breaks upon his astonished vision. It is wholly unlike the celestial lamps whose steady light has cheered the sons of men from age to age. With calm inquiring gaze he asks, What stranger art thou? Whither thy track through the vast expanse? Radiant in glory is thy streaming hair, and of silvery lustre are thy sweeping garments. Whither holdest thou thy course? What thy mission from the supreme power whose abode is hidden from mortal eyes?

Herodotus, in his seventh book (*Polymnia*), relates a story derived from the spring of the year 480 B.C. on the eve of the departure of the armies of Xerxes for the invasion of Greece. It runs as follows:

But as the expedition was on the point of setting out, the sun, quitting his place in the heavens, disappeared, though there were no clouds, and the air was perfectly serene; and night ensued in place of day.

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Arago, commenting upon this passage, says :

According to the best astronomical tables, there was no eclipse of the sun then : the obscuration of which Herodotus speaks was not caused by the interposition of the moon.

It has been suggested, to account for the darkness mentioned, that a great comet may have passed across the sun's disc in a line between the earth and the sun. What at first sight seems a remarkable corroboration of this view comes to us from another and independent source. Pliny tells a strange story he had found in an old 'History of the Comets' (now lost) by Charimander, to the effect that about the middle of the year 480 B.C. there was seen a comet (its head was plunged in the rays of the sun) from which an immense stream of light issued for several days. Stranger still, the Greek astronomer, Anaxagoras, bears testimony to the statement, saying that he had himself witnessed the extraordinary phenomenon. No astronomer of the present day would feel justified in concluding that in ancient times there were comets sufficiently large and opaque to obscure the sun's light, or that a comet could fall into the sun without producing electrical or other disturbance fraught with mischief to the earth's inhabitants. We shall be helped to an explanation of the appearance of which the two Greek astronomers speak if we recall to memory the appearance of the great comet which startled Europe in 1861. On Sunday evening, June 30 of that year, a peculiar nebulous haze was noticed by casual observers issuing from a point of the horizon where the sun was about to set ; a little later there appeared the head of a large comet which seemed to be struggling to free itself from the sun, though the comet at that moment was about sixty millions of miles distant from the sun, as was determined subsequently by the late Mr. J. Russell Hind, stationed at Mr. Bishop's observatory, Twickenham. Mr. Hind communicated the results of his observations to the Editor of the *Times* in two letters dated July 3 and July 6 respectively. In his second letter he says :

On Sunday evening, while the comet was so conspicuous, there was a peculiar phosphorescence or illumination of the sky, which I attributed at the time to an auroral glare. It was remarked by other persons as something unusual.

Judging from the position of the comet relatively to the earth, he inferred that our globe had passed through the substance of the comet's tail on June 30, at a distance of about two-thirds its length from the nucleus. Mr. E. J. Lowe, an astronomer of repute at Basford, Nottingham, made a note in his journal, before he knew of the comet's presence, as follows :

June 30.—A singular yellow phosphorescent glare very like diffused aurora borealis, yet being daylight such aurora would scarcely be noticeable.

This peculiarity in the atmosphere was commented upon in the next

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day's newspapers, both in London and in Paris. M. Liais, on coast-survey duty in Brazil, had the advantage of viewing the phenomena through purer skies. He speaks with emphasis, declaring that on the morning of June 30, not only the earth, but the moon also was immersed in the comet's tail. At 6.12 P.M. on that date our globe had plunged into it to the depth of 273,000 miles. The comet was then receding from the sun, having passed through perihelion on June 11. Father Secchi, at Rome, remarking upon the comet, says :

It seems that the nucleus shone by its own light, perhaps by reason of the incandescence to which it had been brought by its close proximity to the sun.

Thus we see that but for the inward eye of the mathematician observers would have conceived an erroneous idea of the phenomena, and doubtless would have transmitted to posterity a marvellous account of a fiery embrace from which the comet ultimately tore itself away.

Pursuing the story of Chaldean astronomy as told by Greek and Latin writers, particularly those of the Pythagorean school, we are carried into the dim mists of antiquity and are told of one Oannes, supposed to be Noah, who came to Chaldea from the southern seas, and taught the people, among much else good and useful, a knowledge of the heavenly bodies. Herodotus, however, enters the region of fable when he tells us that the Egyptians, who had derived their astronomy from the Chaldeans, made systematic observations of the stars for 11,340 years, and that they saw the course of the sun change four times, and the ecliptic placed perpendicular to the equator. Astronomy knows of no facts which could be made to lend support to a statement so extraordinary. Still, one thing seems clear : The Chaldeans, by a bold natural intuition, grasped elemental truths leading insensibly to the accurate conception of the movements and constitution of the heavenly bodies which the Newtonian system has confirmed and infinitely extended. We cannot dip into Seneca's luminous exposition of their views without feeling that we are in the presence of men of large mental capacity, little influenced by narrow scruples or unworthy fears. In his seventh book of natural questions we learn that the Chaldeans looked upon the comets as analogous in character and movements to the planets ; the comets differing from the planets chiefly in the length and form of their orbits, which in the case of comets were so extensive as to carry them to distances too remote for observation. They taught that comets were visible only when traversing the lower section of their orbit—that is, in the part lying near to the sun and the earth. From a long series of observations they had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the heavenly bodies as to be able, not only to foretell eclipses of the sun and moon, but also to predict the dates of the returns of comets at the end of long intervals of time. The story

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of the Deluge as told in the eleventh Izdubar lay of the great Babylonian epic, discovered by the late Mr. George Smith, rises before the mind ; and we realise the scene of Xisuthrus, with his slaves, his concubines, and sons of the people, steering his course over the swollen waters, and finally settling upon the summit of Rowandiz, the highest mountain in the eastern Kurdistan. The association of the Deluge with cometary influence is an old idea. It arose out of the movement of the colossal comet of 1680, and was stoutly maintained by Whiston and Burnet in England, and by Lalande and Pingré in France. La Place, likewise, gave it the sanction of his profound mathematical reasoning. Sir Norman Lockyer, in 'The Dawn of Astronomy,' says that the early date assigned to the Chaldean observations is probably fictitious. In the year 2227 B.C. the Chaldeans, it appears, observed the movements of the moon with such accuracy as to be able, by their method, called the Zaros, to predict solar eclipses. Sir Norman remarks that their idea seems to have been to observe which stars were rising or setting at seed-time and harvest ; to divide the heavens into moon stations ; and then to mark astronomically their monthly and yearly festivals. It is not reasonable to deny these old dates merely because they are not mentioned in the *Almagest* of Ptolemy. The records sent by Callisthenes from Babylon to Greece go back, according to Porphyrius, to the year 1903, before the Macedonian Campaign. Those who discovered them and examined their contents would be in a better position to judge correctly of their age and authenticity than modern commentators.

Coming a stage near home, we find ourselves among the wonder-loving Hellenes. To a people so richly endowed with the imaginative faculty, believing with the implicit faith of childhood in its own creations, we need not look for exact accounts of the fugitive bodies. Comets and meteors, bolides and falling stars, or the splendours of the Aurora Borealis, were alike varying manifestations of the gods taking an interest in the affairs of mortals. In the fourth book of 'Iliad,' Homer had in view surely not a comet, as Pope represents, but a meteor. The passage runs as follows :

Athenè, hastening, descended the heights of Olympus, as the star which the son of wily Saturn sends, a sign either to mariners or to a wide host of nations, and from which many sparks are emitted : so Pallas Athenè hastened to the earth and leaped into the midst [of the army], and astonishment seized the horse-breaking Trojans and the well-greaved Greeks looking on. And thus said one to another : Doubtless evil war and dreadful battle-din will come again, or Zeus, the arbiter of war among men, is establishing friendship between both sides.

Out of this passage Pope, from the wealth of his poetic fancy, presents us with a comet of no ordinary aspect :

Red comet from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent

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(A fatal sign to armies on the plain
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main).

The words of Virgil¹ referring (there can be little doubt) to the same phenomenon clearly indicate the characteristics which mark the flight of a meteor across the sky. Anchises had just ceased to invoke Jupiter when there was a peal of thunder on the left, and a star that fell from the skies flitted through the shade with a profusion of light.

We could see it, gliding over the high tops of the palace, lose itself in the woods of Mount Ida full in our view, and marking out the way; then all along its course an indented path shines, and all the place a great way round smokes with sulphureous steam. And now my father, overcome, raises himself to heaven, addresses the gods, and pays adoration to the holy star.

Virgil's fine eye for celestial scenery was inspired by a lofty perception of divine power, as manifested in the appearance of that which is anomalous and unforeseen, or in the glowing splendours of the rising or the setting sun. How deeply he was impressed by the might and majesty of the heavens is seen in the latter part of the first Georgic, where he describes in lurid colours the disasters which followed upon the threatening aspect of the sun:

He even pitied Rome at Cæsar's death when he covered his bright head with murky iron hue, and the impious age feared eternal night. . . . How often have we seen Ætna from its burst furnaces boil over in waves on the lands of the Cyclops, and shoot up globes of flame and molten rock! Germany heard a clash of arms over all the sky; the Alps trembled with unwonted earthquakes. A mighty voice was heard through all the silent groves, and spectres strangely pale were seen under the cloud of night.

The supreme signs of Heaven's wrath against mankind are presented in the concluding passage:

Non alias cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura; nec diri toties arsere cometæ.

When occasion served, the Romans pictured in the comet the temporary abode of the soul of an illustrious hero in course of translation to the realms of the gods. An instance of the kind is found in Pliny's account of the comet which appeared shortly after Julius Cæsar fell under the daggers of the Republicans, in the year 43 B.C. The comet came into view in the northern heavens, and attracted all eyes by its splendour; indeed, it shone with a degree of brilliancy which rendered it a conspicuous object in full daylight. Speculation as to its import was rife; but the uppermost thought in men's minds associated it with the departed Cæsar. It became a celestial chariot sent by the gods to convey to their realms the soul of the greatest of Rome's immortal sons. It was present in the sky during the celebration of the Augustan games in honour of

¹ 'Æneid,' ii. 674.

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Venus and the fallen Cæsar. Augustus himself wrote a memorial of the event :

In those days, during the exhibition of my games, there was seen a blazing star for several days together in that region of the sky which is under the north star Septentriones: it arose about the eleventh hour of the day, bright and clear, and was evidently seen in all lands: by that star it was signified that the soul of Cæsar was received among the divine powers of the immortal gods.

The astute in statecraft seldom fail to make use of popular emotion, be it never so delusive. There can be little doubt that Augustus was well pleased that the people were so much impressed regarding the mission of the comet. It afforded him and his party an opportunity to claim divine sanction for the pursuit and punishment of the murderers, and to establish Augustus firmly on the throne of the dictator. In order to keep alive the flame he had helped to kindle, Augustus caused a temple to be erected to the *Julium Sidus*, as the comet was then called; and on the forehead of the statue representing the departed hero a figure of the star was carved. Coins were struck in commemoration of the event.

In Greece and Italy comets and meteors were regarded as phenomena under the dominion of natural law. It is to be noted, however, that Aristotle denied the doctrines of the Chaldeans and the Pythagoreans. He maintained that comets were of the nature of transitory meteors, formed in and belonging to the earth's atmosphere; that they consisted of exhalations from the earth which, drawn to the upper air, were ignited, and that their substance was ultimately dissipated. How very circumscribed were his views of the upper regions of space may be gathered from his opinion about the Milky Way. As that great zodiacal band has some resemblance to the train of light put forth by a comet while in the vicinity of the sun, he concluded that it was of the same nature—a large self-luminous comet shedding forth a continuous stream of light. When we think of the great authority which the Stagyræite maintained until the Renaissance, it is refreshing to come upon natural common sense breaking through the trammels of orthodoxy. Seneca, of whom Gibbon has said that he 'displays in the theory of comets a philosophic mind,' argues against the teaching of Aristotle. 'Nor do I,' he says, 'take a comet to be a sudden fire, but esteem it among the eternal works of nature.' He had embraced the Chaldean astronomy as taught by the Pythagoreans; and he unhesitatingly declared that a time would come when the laws of the comets' motion would be known and their periods calculated, and that posterity would wonder how things so simple should have escaped notice so long. He urged astronomers to make catalogues of the comets as they arrived in our part of space, in order to be able to determine whether they returned after certain intervals of time, as had been taught by the Chaldeans. Seneca had himself seen three great comets, and believed,

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as even Bacon, the father of inductive philosophy, believed, that they 'exercised some action and produced some effect on the general arrangements of nature.' His review of their history, however, is none the less interesting that he mistook coincidence for the operation of the law of cause and effect. He has preserved in his pages accounts of some remarkable comets seen in far-back times which he had gathered from old Greek writers. Several of the accounts have become famous in astronomical records. Two may be fittingly quoted here, as they have a direct bearing on the modern theory which recognises a link between comets and meteors. There is the comet of 371 B.C., observed and described by Aristotle himself, of which Ephorus, the Greek historian, says that before the eyes of the spectators it divided into two parts. At an earlier date, 466 B.C., a fine comet behaved in a manner still more remarkable. It showered down many meteorites upon Ægospotamos. A mass of rock the size of two millstones—Pliny says the size of a waggon—fell to the earth. It has not been found; but Humboldt expressed the hope that, as such a body would be difficult to destroy, it might yet be discovered. Anaxagoras, Apollonius, Zeno, and the elder Pythagoreans generally, believed that comets were made up of small stars, or, as we should say, were an aggregation of meteoric stones: an idea it has taken upwards of two thousand years to verify. It is astonishing to remember that these ancient observers, peering into the heavens, had no aid to natural vision, none of the instruments by the aid of which the modern astronomer is able to fathom distances so vast that light, flashing with the velocity of well-nigh 12,000,000 miles a minute, takes 3000 years to span the abyss between the earth and stars of the sixteenth magnitude.

During the long night of a thousand years which brooded over Europe like a sombre cloud the firmament of heaven was a sealed book to all but the astrologer, who, touched by the infirmities of humanity, won renown in his vocation. The demands of credulity were large, and must be satisfied. Louis le Debonnaire had a Court astronomer who found it difficult to keep pace with his master's eager inquiries concerning a star which shone with uncommon splendour in the spring of 837. This worthy stargazer was cautious. Fain would he have backed out of the task of interpreting to the monarch the meaning and mission of the prodigy; but he was sharply brought to book. He shall speak for himself. In his record of the event he says:

During the celebration of the holy days of Easter an apparition, always of gloomy import, presented itself in the sky, and as soon as the Emperor, who paid attention to signs and prodigies in the heavens, heard of it, he gave himself neither peace nor rest until he had called certain learned men and myself before him. As soon as I arrived he anxiously asked me what I thought of such a sign—what it imported. 'Let me have but a little time,' I asked of him, 'that I may consider its aspect, and gather from the stars the true meaning of the portent,' promising him that I would

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acquaint him on the morrow. Suspecting that I only wished to gain time (which was true, in the hope I might not be obliged to say anything fatal to him), his Majesty said, 'Go on the terrace of the palace and return at once, and let me know what you have seen ; for I did not see this star last evening, and you did not point it out to me ; but I know it is a comet. Tell me what you think it announces to me.' Then, scarcely allowing me time to say a word, he added, 'There is still another thing you keep back : it is that a change of reign and the death of a prince are announced by this sign.'

Taking into account the grim and threatening aspect which the comet presented, and his Majesty's wisdom, the council of astrologers, being prudent men, found no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion his Majesty had foreshadowed, and announced, with the gravity becoming their office, that the comet was indeed a portent of divine displeasure on account of the nation's manifold transgressions. Recognising the wisdom of this interpretation, Louis hastened to build churches and found monastic establishments throughout his dominions, in the hope that these meritorious deeds might appease the wrath of heaven. When, three years later, the good King came to his end, the chronicler, with a due sense of the importance of his function, called attention to the celestial visitant of 837, and professed to see in the sad event a fulfilment of the wise men's prophecy.

M. Dusejour gave a close investigation to the position and movements of this comet, as recorded in the astronomical annals of China. During four days it remained within a mean distance from the earth of two million miles ; it was accompanied by an immense train divided towards the end into two branches curving outwards. It is recognised as the historic comet of Halley, the periodical returns of which are among the most interesting phenomena in astronomical science.

The most momentous event in Anglo-Saxon history was heralded by a comet, the aspect of which is described as that of a blazing star with shaggy mane and tail made of wands all fiery ; its size and brightness were equal to those of the full moon. It broke upon the gaze of the inhabitants of these islands in the spring of the memorable year 1066, and shone with surprising brilliancy all through the summer months. Lord Lytton, in 'Harold,' taking his view from the chroniclers of the period, says that it had 'three tails sharp and long as the stings of a dragon.' As nobody ever saw a dragon, imagination is left to complete the picture. The tone of the chroniclers of the events which were then rapidly growing into portentous shape is gloomy. We cannot wonder. England was about to be attacked on the one side by the King of Norway, and on the other side by William of Normandy. Though nerved to face undaunted every earthly danger, our forefathers quailed before the Bode. William of Malmesbury bears testimony to their feeling. In 'De Gestis Regum Anglia' (lib. ii. cap. 225) he says :

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Soon after the death of Henry, King of France, by poison, a wonderful star appeared trailing its long train over the sky. Wherefore a certain monk of our monastery, by name Elmir, bowed down with terror at the sight of the strange star, wisely exclaimed : 'Thou art returned at last, thou that will cause so many mothers to weep ; many years have I seen thee shine, but thou seemest to me more terrible now that thou foreteldest the ruin of my country.'

Another writer (Sigebert) says :

Over the island of Great Britain was seen a star of a wonderful bigness, to the train of which hung a fiery sword not unlike a dragon ; and out of the dragon's mouth issued two vast rays, whereof one reached as far as France, and the other, divided into seven lesser rays, stretched away towards Ireland.

Above all, it is the comet of the Bayeux Tapestry, wherein the chief events of those stirring times are brought vividly before the mind's eye, and the student is enabled to realise the conflicting interests of Saxon and of Norman which fate was weaving into complex tissue. A figure of the comet is worked in the 35th compartment of this priceless embroidery, and several persons are represented as gazing upon it. Above their heads are these words : 'ISTI MIRANT STELLA.'

Looking across the Channel, we see how the will of one bold man can change the destiny of a nation. To Duke William the comet pointed the way to England and bid him go and conquer. *Nova stella, novus Rex*. The Norman chroniclers state that there appeared a wonderful star called by the learned a comette, and declare that the wise men had said that such stars came only when a kingdom wanted a king. Here we seem to touch upon the origin of the theory of Divine Right which doughty King James maintained so stoutly. Shakespeare invokes the mysterious bodies to exercise their sovereign powers : as in the play of 'Henry VI.'

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolving stars
That have consented unto Henry's death.

Another hint of the attention which these bodies were expected to pay to royal heads is met with in a Norman chronicle, wherein the writer congratulates William upon being more favourably noticed by the comet than was the first conqueror—for Cæsar was bald ; but the hairy star had showered a new crop upon the Duke.

In this instance, as in many another, the Chinese had made observations of the comet more careful than those of the Europeans. In the middle of last century their annals containing an account of the one under notice happily came into the possession of a French Jesuit named Gaubil. With the intelligence and industry characteristic of his order everywhere, he made careful extracts from them, which he sent to Paris. There they fell into the hands of MM. Biot and Pingré, and were published to the astronomical world. The data they furnished enabled Mr. Hind, in 1850, to

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identify the comet of the Conquest with Halley's comet. A comparison of old recorded appearances of this body with the appearance it has presented in modern times leads to the conclusion that it is gradually falling off in brightness and in volume. This loss of substance and of lustre is in all probability due to the electrical action of the sun exerted as a repulsive force on the nucleus of the comet while in his immediate vicinity. Mr. Hind remarks that the comet's intensity of light in the year 1066 would be half as great again as that which it exhibited in 1835. M. Pontécoulant has calculated the effects of the united attraction of the planets on the comet during its present voyage, and finds that its next arrival at perihelion will be on May 24, 1910.

Again we find Halley's comet influencing the minds of men occupied with the leading affairs of Europe in 1456. The conquering Turks had left Constantinople subdued, with the Ottoman Crescent gleaming from the summit of her stately edifices, and were battering at the walls of Belgrade, when the comet suddenly presented itself to their astonished gaze. At that moment the moon was eclipsed. Fear possessed every heart. Both Moslem and Christian regarded the phenomena as signs of Heaven's displeasure. Faction raged in the councils of Europe, and the Latin Church was distraught by conflicting views. Calixtus III., surveying the situation from the Vatican, saw in the comet an enemy leagued with the Turks and the Devil to overthrow Christendom; and his Holiness bestirred itself. A relic of the Pontiff's efforts is preserved in the *Angelus de Midi*: instituted to call the faithful to prayers for their deliverance from the Turks, the Devil, and the Comet.

In Nuremberg, that gem of mediævalism still unspoilt by time or tourist, there dwelt in 1556 one Conrad Wolfhardt, whom fate had given over to the study of signs and portents in the sky. Rich stores of myth and marvel lay close at hand, and in the fulness of time he put forth ripe wisdom for the good of posterity in the form of a book on Prodigies and Omens. In this work has been found the earliest account of the famous body mentioned in history as 'the comet of Charles V.,' and the prescient author gives a drawing of it, with a map showing its path among the stars. According to Conrad's account, the comet first appeared, in the constellation Virgo, in the early days of February; its path led to Boötes, thence to Cepheus, and onward to Cassiopeia, where it disappeared at the end of the third week in April. When the Emperor first caught sight of it he stood aghast, and cried:

His ergo indiciis me mea fata vocant.

Charles had long meditated about retiring from the world he had conquered and crushed. Regarding the comet as a sign of Heaven's command to do so, he hastened towards the peaceful monastery of

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St. Juste, Placentia. In this secluded nook his restless spirit found repose, and his fingers employment in the construction of mechanical toys. Mr. Motley, in his monumental work, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' tells us that Charles found relief from the cares of statecraft in vain attempts to keep an army of clocks beating time together and in the ghostly office of solemnising his own obsequies. This latter exercise, however comforting it might be to one of his idiosyncrasy, brought his earthly career to an abrupt close. The stone coffin in which he immured himself was too cold. His Majesty fell ill and died.

Although M. Babinet in his address at the Paris Institute spoke of this hairy body as the 'great and beautiful comet of Charles V.,' we cannot gather from the old records that it presented any very striking appearance. Paul Fabricius, at Vienna, who watched it very closely, speaks of it as a small round body shrouded in a nebulous haze. When first seen it was speeding its way towards the sun, and swept through perihelion on April. 21. Strangely, too, the chroniclers of the period have little or nothing to say about a tail; nor do they tell whether it resembled a flaming sword, a fiery dragon, a linen cloth, or, indeed, any of the forms, foul or fair, in which wonder-loving eyes delighted. Cornelius Gemma of Louvain, writing of the comet in 1577, remarks that it had a tail four degrees long, which at first was pointed menacingly at Spain. An English treatise (anonymous) on 'Blazing Starres' (1618) speaks of the comet as follows:

In the time of Charles the Emperor, surnamed the Great, a blazing star appeared, in the contemplation whereof the Emperor, having his eyes earnestly bent upon the star and considering profoundly thereupon, at length was wrapped into a great astonishment touching the significance of the same; and sending for a philosopher named Eginard, reasoned with him to and fro about the star, saying in conclusion that the appearing thereof did threaten unto him some dire calamity.

For astronomers, however, the comet of 1556 has had a widely different significance. Thirty years ago it was the 'Expected Great Comet' of Hind. Grounding his calculations upon elements deduced from Conrad Wolfhardt's chart along with some other rude data gathered from old records, and comparing the result he obtained with the account given by Friar Giles of Cambridge of a grand comet which appeared in 1264, Mr. Hind was led to conclude, as Mr. Dunthorne had been in the previous century, that the comet of Charles V. was that of 1264 returned. At any rate, he found a high degree of probability in favour of the conclusion at which he had arrived, and warmly gave support to the view that the bodies of these years were identical. Hence he concluded that a return to perihelion might be looked for about the middle of this century, 1848 to 1850. In outward appearance there would seem to have been no resemblance between the two bodies. M. Pingré had ran-

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sacked every chronicle of the thirteenth century he could lay hands upon for accounts of the comet of 1264, and he tells us that they all agree in describing it as of a magnitude and splendour surpassing any other that had been seen within the memory of men then living. It became visible in the constellation Leo about the middle of July, and assumed an imposing aspect as the head, just above the eastern horizon in the early morning sky, sent forth a train which stretched out far past the mid-heaven towards the west for fully a hundred degrees, curving near the end in the form of a sabre. It attained the height of its splendour in August, and finally vanished from terrestrial gaze on the night of the death of Pope Urban IV. (October 2), no one doubting that it was the divinely appointed precursor of the sad event. Mr. Hind's masterly analysis of the question of identity awakened a lively interest among astronomers. With the view of determining, approximately, the date when the comet would again be due, Professor Bomme of Middleburg, in the Netherlands, undertook a thorough examination of all the elements which astronomers had deduced from various descriptions of the comet's path in the heavens. He gave preference to Mr. Hind's figures, and after immense labour came to the conclusion that it would arrive at perihelion on August 22, 1860. His elaborate research was considered to have accounted for its non-appearance between the years 1848 and 1850. At the same time, it was recognised that the date he had assigned for its reappearance was the utmost limit which the elements of computation would allow the comet to occupy on its long unseen journey of over three centuries. Needless to say that the 'Expected Great Comet' of Charles V. has not again visited these parts of space.

Out of the enlarged and grander views of the heavens which dawned upon Europe in the closing years of the sixteenth century there sprang a new spirit of inquiry that lost itself in a maze of speculation. Kepler and Hevelius, Descarte and Whiston, and many another dreamer of dreams upwhirled aloft, peopled the planets with sentient, prescient beings. To Whiston's theological vision the comets furnished an abode for lost spirits doomed to undergo the punishment due to vice. Descarte saw in these bodies stars that, like Lucifer, had fallen from their high estate. Owing to the growth of dark spots upon them, they had become dim; then they were sent swirling into the ethereal vortices, a motion which, Descarte surmised, the Creator had impressed upon the ether, of which he supposed the universe to be full. A childlike fascination was felt for the wonders which the spectacle-maker's telescope was unfolding to those who had eyes to see. Kepler had a natural leaning towards analogy, and it need not excite unmeasured surprise that the discoverer of the three great laws which still bear his name indulged the rather curious fancy that the comets were fishes

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swimming in the celestial ether. In his 'New and Singular Discourse on the Hairy Stars' he likens these bodies to the fishes of the sea, and supposes them to be quite as numerous—*ut pisces in oceano*—many of them not being visible because of their smallness, while others never ascend above the horizon. He explains how, like fishes, they are formed by a *generatio spontaneo*, or as herbs which spring from the earth. Accepting the Aristotelian doctrine of the nature of comets, he gives to it an original form, saying that these bodies are the outgrowth of the grosser elements of the ether. This matter is not always pure: it often collects like dense and mirky vapour, tarnishing the brightness of the sun. It is necessary that the air should be purified, and this is effected by an animal or vital faculty inherent in the ether. From the collection of grosser matter are generated the fishlike bodies which we call 'hairy stars.' They receive and reflect the warming rays of the sun, and thus are set in a motion similar to that of the planets. To the planets also he attributes animation, saying that, like the comets, they have fins with which to swim through space. In a discourse on comets, entitled 'De Cometis' (1618), Sir George Wharton upholds Kepler's theory. His reasoning is characteristic of the times. He sees quite clearly that 'comets were made to the end that the ethereal regions should not be more void of monsters than the ocean is of whales and other great thieving fishes.'

It remained for Jean Bodin, of Angers, to rescue the comets from the low estate in which Kepler had placed them. In his 'Universæ Naturæ Theatrum' (1596) this unsuccessful student of law who had found his vocation in literature reveals to mortal eyes the nature and function of comets. In order to give a show of certitude to his revelations, he claims the authority of Democritus—but in vain—and assumes the office of expositor merely. Briefly, we are to understand that comets are the disembodied spirits of illustrious persons that, having flitted about ghost-like for ages, interfering for the good of all in the affairs of their friends and country, warding off epidemic diseases, allaying intestine troubles, and saving humanity from many a pitfall, are at last worn out with age and ready to perish. Now, however, they reap the reward due for virtuous deeds. They are transformed into shining lights and are borne aloft in triumph to the regions of the stars. Here they hold high festival before taking up their appointed stations among the heavenly bodies. In the fulness of conviction, he explains that it is owing to these excellent leaders (behind the veil) being called away to the upper air that famines, epidemic maladies, and civil wars follow the apparition of comets. Deprived of their guardianship, the community falls under the sway of the powers of evil.



Lady Hamilton.

After a life-size portrait painted by the German portrait-painter Tischbein.

Belonging to Mr. Bourguignon in Naples.



CONCERNING SOME PORTRAITS OF EMMA, LADY HAMILTON. BY LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER



Writing from Caserta on March 16, 1787, the great German poet, Goethe, who was then passing from Rome to Sicily, said :

If in Rome one can readily set oneself to study, here one can do nothing but live. You forget yourself and the world, and to me it is a strange feeling to go about with people who think of nothing but enjoying themselves. Sir William Hamilton, who still resides here as ambassador from England, has at length, after his long love of art and long study, discovered the most perfect of admirers of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him—an Englishwoman of about twenty years old. She is very handsome and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and love, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds her in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious—all mental states follow rapidly one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of head-dress. The old knight holds the light for her and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul. He thinks he can discern in her a resemblance to all the most famous antiques, all the beautiful profiles on the Sicilian coins—ay, of the Apollo Belvedere itself. This much, at any rate, is certain—the entertainment is unique. We spent two evenings on it with thorough enjoyment. To-day Tishbein is engaged in painting her.

This passage from Goethe's description of Emma Harte (as she was then, for she did not marry Sir William Hamilton until September 6, 1791) is doubly interesting in regard to a curious old set of outline engravings representing Lady Hamilton in a series of these tableaux vivants which he so much admired. They were drawn and engraved by a German artist named Frederick Rehberg, who was historical painter to the then King of Prussia. They are 'faithfully copied from nature at Naples, and with permission dedicated to the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton,' and were published in the year 1794. Visitors to the exhibition in Grafton Street of Romney's work during the summer may have seen a set of Rehberg's work, and a set of corrections after them, in which the beautiful Emma appears fat and grotesque—a most unkind libel on the poor lady, who—at any rate, when her 'old knight held the light for her' as she posed in graceful attitude at Caserta—was still slim, and guileless of the adipose tissue that robbed her charms in later years. Another witness of Lady Hamilton in her former attitudes records that he saw her

represent in succession the best statues and painting extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery, with great facility, swiftness, and accuracy.

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Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine, and a few children, are her whole apparatus.

Horace Walpole sneered at poor Emma Harte, and at her performance, so much appreciated by Goethe. He called her

the Nymph of the Attitudes . . . who acts all the antique statues in an Indian shawl. . . . People are mad about her expression, which I do not conceive ; so few antique statues having any expression at all, nor being designed to have it.

Walpole, alluding to Sir William's marriage to Emma, writes :

Sir William Hamilton has actually married his Gallery of Statues, and they are set out on their return to Naples.

William Beckford also has left us his impressions of Lady Hamilton's attitudes. 'Lady Hamilton,' he writes regarding the visit which Nelson and Lady Hamilton paid to him at Fonthill,

figured before Lord Nelson, much to her own satisfaction, in the character of Cleopatra. She represented that character well : I must do her that justice. Perhaps Nelson inspired her.

And of her he writes :

She was somewhat masculine and *embonpoint* in figure . . . not at all delicate, ill-bred, affected, a devil in temper when set on edge. Her countenance was hardly beautiful, but the outline excellent. She assumed sensibility, but felt none ; was artful—and no wonder ! She had been trained at the Court of Naples—a hell of corruption. . . Nelson was infatuated . . . she riveted his heart by telling him it was through her means his ships were fitted and victualled. . . . The fact was it was Sir William's affair.

Beckford is hard on the beautiful Emma : he objected to Hamilton's second marriage.

At the end of the quotation from Goethe's letter the name of his friend Tishbein appears. Tishbein travelled with Goethe in Italy. He was a tolerably good portrait-painter. One of his best works is a full-length life-size portrait of the poet, which was painted during Goethe's visit to Rome by him, and is now to be seen in the Stäedel Fine Art Museum at Frankfurt.

It was my good fortune to see in the collection of Mr. Bourguignon in Naples a beautiful life-size half-length portrait of Lady Hamilton at Naples. Mr. Bourguignon did not know who the author of this portrait was, and at the time I saw it I could not tell him. Now, however, judging by the treatment and style, which in many ways resembles Tishbein's portrait of Goethe, I am certain that it is the work of Tishbein. Through the kindness of Mr. Bourguignon, I was able to obtain a photograph of this picture, which is now reproduced for the first time. Emma looks less voluptuously beautiful in this portrait by Tishbein than in the portraits by Romney ; but one cannot mistake the beautifully chiselled features of the syren, the large languid eyes, the delicate mouth, and the luxuriant wavy hair.

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

Writing from Naples on March 22 of the same year (1787), Goethe says :

Sir William Hamilton has contrived highly to enjoy a long residence in this city, and now, in the evening of his life, is reaping the fruits of it. The rooms, which he has had furnished in the English style, are most delightful, and the view from the corner room, perhaps, unique. Below you is the sea, with a view of Capri, Posilippo; on the right, the promenade of Villa Real between you and the grotto; on the left, an ancient building belonging to the Jesuits, and beyond it the coast stretching from Sorrento to Cape Minerva. Another prospect equal to this is scarcely to be found in Europe. Hamilton is a person of universal taste, and, after having wandered through the whole realm of creation, has found rest at last in a most beautiful wife, a masterpiece of the great artist Nature.

Such praise from the great Goethe surpasses even the finest of Romney's canvases of Lady Hamilton; but whether the godlike young German pilgrim appealed to Emma's feelings, who can tell? After his voyage in Sicily, Goethe again stopped at Naples, whence he writes, on May 27, 1787 :

Hamilton and his fair one continued their friendliness to me. I dined with them, and in the twilight Miss Harte displayed her musical and melodious talents.

After describing Sir William's 'secret lumber vault,' filled with the knight's archæological treasures, Goethe adds :

I was next struck by a box standing upright, open in front, painted black inside and incased in the most splendid golden frame. There was room enough in the interior for a human body to stand upright, and in agreement with this fact we learned the use to which it is put. The lover of art and of women, not content with seeing the beautiful figure he had made his own as a mobile statue, wanted, furthermore, to gratify his taste by beholding her as a bright inimitable picture, and had, therefore, on various occasions, set her in this golden frame, her bright varied dress showing to advantage against the dark background; the whole got up in the style of the antique pictures of Pompeii; sometimes, however, of more modern works of art. The epoch of such exhibitions seemed, however, to be over. The apparatus, too, was heavy to remove and set up in a proper light. We were not, therefore, to be indulged with so pretty a spectacle.

The last mention made by Goethe of Emma Harte occurs in a letter written by him in the month of May 1787, in which he writes of Tishbein working on a picture representing Orestes recognised by Iphigenia at the sacrificial altar :

Iphigenia [he writes] was the very successful likeness of Lady Hamilton, who was then shining at the zenith of her beauty and reputation. One of the furies, too, was ennobled through likeness with her who was then the universal prototype for heroines, muses, and demi-goddesses. An artist able for such performances was sure of a good reception in the considerable social circle of Rittor Hamilton.

It would be interesting to know what has become of this painting, although Emma did not lend herself to the character of a fury.

It is seldom we find a portrait in profile of Lady Hamilton. I know of but one by Romney, who must have painted her at least a hundred times. This is the delightful seated one of her in a straw

PORTRAITS OF LADY HAMILTON

hat, looking down at her busy fingers knitting. But I have had reproduced here two of 'the divine lady,' as her favourite painter called her : both profiles. One is from a miniature which I found in Rome, where she appears as a sober Bacchante, with a wreath of grapes in her lovely auburn hair. The other is from an intaglio in the British Museum. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Hercules Read, keeper of the Mediæval Antiquities in that Museum, who gave me a cast of this beautiful work, a photograph is placed before my readers. The intaglio is in paste, of a transparent honey colour, made to resemble a sard. It is signed by Rega, an Italian famous at the end of the last century for his portraits on gems and paste. Besides portraits of the Bourbons of Naples, Rega did one of Nelson, as well as this one of his beloved Emma. This seal was given to the British Museum, in 1867, by Sir Thomas W. Holbourn, Bart., who said he believed it had belonged to Nelson. It is mounted as a seal. If it was used for sealing his correspondence, the Admiral must have made a profuse use of wax. The original was damaged by an accident, and is cracked across.

I believe that, of all the women who may be termed historical beauties, Emma Harte was the most beautiful. Historical beauties so called are, as a rule, those born in the purple, of whom Cleopatra in Egypt, Mary Stuart in Scotland, and Marie Antoinette in France are the most conspicuous. To judge by their portraits, Cleopatra (if the medal which represents her hook-nosed profile is to be relied on) was but a distinguished-looking crone ; Mary of Scotland, before she was forty, wore a wig, and none of her authentic portraits indicates a beautiful woman ; poor Marie Antoinette had a high knee-shaped forehead, a thick Roman nose, and the Austrian projecting lower lip. Emma (to judge by all her portraits, whether painted by her adorer Romney, or by the great Sir Joshua, or by Thomas Lawrence, and even in the less known and unrecorded ones that I have here introduced to the reader) appears to me to have merited Goethe's words of her 'as a masterpiece of the great artist Nature.'





the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

[illegible]



Lady Hamilton.

*Taken from an impression of an intaglio which is supposed to have belonged to Lord Nelson,
and is now in the British Museum.*



Lady Hamilton.

*After a miniature by an unknown Italian Artist, belonging to Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower,
who brought it in Rome*

Seen in Nelson's impression.

MARLBOROUGH AND WELLINGTON

BY JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS



ROMWELL—and I have not forgotten Clive—was certainly the foremost of the great Englishmen who have done remarkable things in war though they did not make arms their special calling. He was one of the most brilliant of cavalry leaders ; he organised and was supreme in the New Model, the finest army England has ever possessed ; his campaign in Ireland stands in marked contrast with the bad operations of William III. ; his attack at Dunbar prefigured Rossbach ; his movements before Preston were not unlike those of Napoleon, in 1814, between divided enemies. Marlborough and Wellington, however, by common consent, are the first of our strictly professional soldiers, of those who have been trained from youth upward in the noble art of war. The careers of the two men had many common features, if their qualities and characters were very different. Marlborough was the master spirit of the armed League of Europe, which finally destroyed the ascendancy of Louis XIV. ; he sent England upon the path of empire in which she has ever since trodden. His sword, thrown into the balance of Fortune, reduced France to the state of decline in which she remained throughout the eighteenth century. As a diplomatist, too, he has hardly had an equal. Even more successfully than William III., from 1672 to 1697, he kept the Coalition of 1702 to 1712 together, healing its jealousies and reconciling its discords. The Princes of Christendom, from the Theiss to the Rhine, never have, before or since, so completely bowed before the commanding genius of a mere subject. In domestic politics Marlborough was very inferior ; here, indeed, he was not in his true sphere ; and though the circumstances of his age must be taken into account, and, to a considerable extent, excuse his conduct, his public life is not free from more than one 'damned spot.' In the conflict with Napoleon, from 1808 to 1815, Wellington did not hold so foremost a place as Marlborough did in the conflict with Louis XIV. ; but his admirable and masterly operations in Spain wasted away the strength of a colossal Empire, and markedly impaired its military renown ; and it was his fortune to strike down for ever, on the field of Waterloo, the greatest of the masters of war. In foreign affairs Wellington acquired, by degrees, a position of the very first importance ; he managed the Portuguese Regency and the Spanish Juntas with extraordinary wisdom and skill ; and when head of the Army of Occupation in France he was, unquestionably, the most conspicuous figure in Europe. As a politician, during the many years that followed, Wellington did not stand in the highest rank ; but he became a real, even a great, statesman ; and his public conduct, whether in war or in peace, was a model of patriotism, integrity,

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and the finest sense of duty. And in this respect the national judgment on the two men has not been wholly in the wrong. Splendid as Marlborough's services to the State were, England, though too alive to the lies of slanderous malice, has hardly enrolled him among her most honoured worthies ; she mourned Wellington with reverent grief, and has placed him in the front rank of her heroes.

War has been rightly called the greatest of arts, for it tasks to the utmost the faculties of man, often to be exercised on the spur of the moment. The imagination that sees into the unknown, and perceives what ought to be done on a vast field of manœuvre ; the judgment that correctly adapts means to ends throughout a campaign or in the course of a battle ; the sagacity that divines an enemy's projects ; the mastery of and attention to details—all these qualities are required in a really great commander. The moral qualities are perhaps even more important : decision, promptness, and strength of character ; dexterity and craft in concealing designs ; the authority that masters the hearts of men ; the constancy that rises superior to adverse fortune. These gifts have never been found combined, in complete perfection, in a single leader in war. There has always been some excess or defect ; but some at least, though in different degrees, were possessed by Marlborough and Wellington alike. I must glance at the state of the military art before Marlborough appeared on the stage of events. It is a mistake to suppose that great operations in the field were comparatively unknown before his time : the march of Gustavus down 'the Priests' Lane,' and three at least of the admirable marches of Turenne, confute assertions that savour of sheer ignorance. Strategy, indeed, made no real advance between the days of Turenne and those of Napoleon. Fine as were some of the movements in the War of the Spanish Succession, they were inferior, I think, in science and genius, to those of Turenne in 1646, 1647, and, above all, 1674 ; and strategy certainly declined in the course of the war that came to an end at the Peace of Ryswick. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that there was little room for brilliant tactics before the eighteenth century. Gustavus, Cromwell, and Condé were great tacticians, though hardly after the fashion of their best successors. There was, however, a great revolution in tactics in the later years of the seventeenth century ; Marlborough illustrated it more splendidly than any other warrior. Owing to the aggressive policy of Louis XIV., and the necessity of making provision against it, armies increased in size to an extraordinary extent from about 1672 to 1700 ; at the same time the multiplication of the power of fire, and the invention of the bayonet that ere long followed, made formations less cumbrous and deep than they had been before. The old order of battle—foot in the centre, cavalry on the wings, artillery at the front—was gradually superseded by a new order that sought especially to turn advantages of the ground to account, to array the large masses that

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appeared in the field in such a way as would make them most effective without regard to the routine of the past, and so to distribute the three arms as to obtain from them the best results ; and, though all this had been seen before, it became most manifest in the War of the Spanish Succession. Tactics had thus assumed a comparatively modern aspect ; though cavalry was still perhaps the most powerful arm in battle, the importance of infantry had doubled and trebled, artillery being still the most backward arm. For the rest, the influence of fortresses had markedly declined ; but great defensive lines had come in their stead, and these were to prove of no doubtful value.

Marlborough had certainly the powers of a great strategist, if he had hardly an opportunity in his splendid career to illustrate these in full completeness. The theatres of war on which he moved were, as a rule, somewhat contracted and small. He was repeatedly crossed and thwarted by Dutch deputies, by timid allies, even by faction at home ; he was seldom his own master on a wide field of manœuvre. For these reasons, he has not attained, I think, so high a place as Turenne in the sphere of strategy, though, on the whole, he was a bolder and more brilliant commander. Nevertheless, Marlborough gave proof of conspicuous skill and resource, and especially of judgment and daring combined, in planning and directing the large operations of war. His movement against the communications with Ireland of the French invaders, ending in the capture of Cork and Kinsale, was the one decisive and really effective stroke dealt in the Irish War of 1690-91. At the outset of the War of the Spanish Succession he completely outgeneralled Boufflers, a very able soldier, and would have struck him down but for his Dutch tormentors. In the following year, and again in 1705, when he sought to give battle near the field of Waterloo, he would have gained decisive success but for the same malign influence. He at once perceived the most vulnerable point in the defences of France, and had not Louis of Baden held aloof would have invaded Lorraine by the valley of the Moselle, perhaps with great results, in 1705. He perfectly understood, as every English general should, the supreme importance in war of the command of the sea ; and he would have turned the whole line of the French fortresses in the north and not impossibly have reached Paris in 1703, and especially in 1710, by a maritime descent at the mouths of the Somme, had he been seconded, as he ought to have been, by his allies and from home. One of the finest of Marlborough's strategic exploits was his successful conduct of the memorable siege of Lille, in the face of the armies of Vendôme and Berwick, and his keeping up his communications with Brussels ; but it is right to add that he had here a loyal colleague in Eugene, and he owed much to the jealousies and discords of the French commanders. As a strategic feat, too, his turning the lines of Villars, in

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1711, was a very fine achievement, though in this, as in other instances, the results he obtained were comparatively small, for he was confronted by a really great general. Like all strategists of the highest order, Marlborough always took the offensive in war, and his pursuit of the routed French army after Ramillies, when he made himself master of two-thirds of Belgium, was a magnificent instance of strategic power. It is remarkable, and it is a proof of his well-balanced genius, how cautious Marlborough became as a strategist when in the presence of an adversary worthy of his steel. He fell back before Villars in 1705, and he was really baffled by Villars in 1710 and 1711. The great defensive lines of that illustrious chief played a most important part in the war—as important as those of Torres Vedras at least—and practically saved France at a most critical time.

The campaign of Blenheim has been adduced as a proof of Marlborough's strategic genius; it has been likened to the campaign of Ulm and the campaign of Marengo. I cannot wholly concur in this judgment. Unquestionably Marlborough showed no ordinary strategic skill; but the conditions of the contest were so adverse that his operations can hardly be deemed a strategic masterpiece. It was a special characteristic of the campaign of Blenheim that the Allies were in extreme peril up to the last moment. Villeroy and Tallard had it in their power to stop Marlborough as he advanced to the Neckar and to inflict on him a real defeat; they might have accomplished this but for meddling from Versailles. When Tallard joined the Elector in Bavaria the Allies were, in a sense, surprised; Eugene remained isolated on the Kessel for a time. Had Tallard's counsels prevailed, Blenheim would not have been fought; he might have outmanœuvred his opponents by a march on Nördlingen. The Allies, besides, made a few strategic mistakes; but, when this has been said, justice should be done to the masterly ability displayed by Marlborough and Eugene in plucking safety, even victory, out of the most difficult straits. The fate of the Grand Alliance hung on a thread; Vienna must have fallen in 1703 had the fine project of Villars been carried out. If we may judge from his antecedents, had Turenne directed the armies of France in the following winter, the chief town of the Empire would have opened its gates. This was the situation when Marlborough and Eugene resolved to carry the war into the depths of Germany, and so to relieve the affrighted Leopold. The position of affairs was well-nigh desperate, and Marlborough's severest critics—Villars is by far the ablest of these—have never shown that his movements could have been better directed than they were. The execution, indeed, of his own and his colleague's plans was admirable in the highest degree, apart from one or two trifling exceptions. Marlborough's march from the Meuse to the Neckar was most skilfully masked; his craft and

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dexterity deceived both Villeroy and the Dutch ; his movement to the Danube was rapid and brilliant. The same may be said of his advance to the Schellenberg ; and his forced march from the Paar to the Danube, when he became aware that his enemy was at hand, was a remarkable specimen of promptness and energy. We see his strategic genius, too, in his determination to attack at Blenheim ; it was undoubtedly the right course to take, and he took it, though his adversaries might have avoided the battle. I repeat, however, the campaign can hardly be deemed a perfect specimen of scientific strategy ; the chances largely preponderated against the victors. It will not rank, in the eyes of the impartial student of war, with the celebrated marches in which Turenne outmanœuvred and disarmed the Archduke Leopold, and all but brought the Thirty Years' War to a close, without running the risk of a battle ; still less with Turenne's great march behind the screen of the Vosges, the precursor of the Alpine march that led to Marengo.

It is to the field of battle that we must turn to behold the powers of Marlborough in their highest perfection. His genius as a tactician has never been surpassed : in this province of the art he was far superior to Turenne, a chief not supreme in the actual shock of arms ; far superior to Condé, impetuous, even reckless, at times ; far superior to Frederick, who owed more to the excellence of his army than to his own skill, and whose mannerism, as a tactician, was very marked. Marlborough carried out more successfully than any general of his day what I have described as the new system of tactics, fully developed in the War of the Spanish Succession. In none of his battles did he adhere to the ancient routine—cavalry on the wings, foot in the centre, artillery in the front ; he never mixed horsemen and foot together, as Tallard, Berwick, and other of his adversaries did. Invariably he made the best use of the ground ; placed his army in the best positions to fight ; turned the three arms he directed to the best uses. He thoroughly understood, in a word, the tactics of his time ; yet all this does not fully account for the extraordinary ability he displayed in the field. His supreme excellence was that he quickly perceived the decisive points on the scene of a battle, and knew how to strike with complete effect ; that his judgment in conducting a fight was almost unerring ; that his perseverance and energy never flagged and assured success. We see these grand features of tactical power, in different degrees, in all his battles. His first attack at Blenheim was probably a feint ; but he seems to have quickly seen that the centre of Tallard, the weak part of the French line, was his real mark. He arranged his forces with conspicuous skill to effect the passage of the Nebel, whatever the cost ; he pressed his onset with unrelenting constancy, until his adversary's centre gave way and the Marshal's army was routed, or caught in a trap at Blenheim. Ramillies is, perhaps, the finest instance of

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Marlborough's genius in war. He perceived that Villeroy's left was unable to attack ; so, merely holding it in check by a small body of men, he concentrated his right and centre against his enemy's weaker force, and never desisted until it was a horde of fugitives. The same kind of capacity was displayed at Oudenarde. The English general saw that the French right could be turned and assailed by an outflanking movement ; he advanced behind the screen of a hill, and fell on the imperilled wing with such effect that the Duke of Burgundy and Vendôme were at once defeated. At Malplaquet, Marlborough was less successful ; his antagonist was Villars, a great commander. The allied army suffered, in fact, much more heavily than the French ; Malplaquet was only a Pyrrhic victory. But the issue of the battle would probably have been different had not the Prince of Orange recklessly made a false movement, or had Marlborough's counsels been followed before the engagement began.

Strategy and tactics, however, even if taken together, do not form the whole of the great art of war. It did not fall to the lot of Marlborough to organise and prepare for the field an army for years the terror of Europe, an achievement mainly the work of Turenne ; but he greatly improved the British infantry, attending especially to the rapidity and power of its fire ; and artillery under him made progress, though he relied chiefly in battle on the arm of cavalry. Marlborough possessed in a high degree the gift of stratagem, and of concealing his designs, one of the most characteristic gifts of Napoleon : the ascendancy he acquired over his army of many races and tongues was prodigious ; 'Corporal John' was the idol of his troops, as was the 'Little Corporal' of another age. I pass on to consider this great man in one of the chief spheres of his excellence, foreign affairs. When William III. disappeared from the scene, the statesmen of Versailles, one and all, thought that the Grand Alliance would break up in a few months ; and, though its leaders had agreed to make war with Louis XIV., this expectation was natural in the extreme. In truth, the jealousies, the dissensions, and the animosities of the League were so many and threatening from 1702 onwards that a master mind was required to keep it together ; and the extravagant demands made on the Maritime Powers formed another element of distrust and disunion. Many of the Princes of Germany disliked the Emperor ; the aversion of Prussia from Austria had begun ; the Courts of Turin and Vienna were divided in mind ; the Dutch resented pretensions to the Spanish Netherlands ; the Electress Sophia could not endure Queen Anne ; Charles XII. gave ear to the overtures of Louis XIV., and at one time seemed about to attack the Allies. Nearly all the potentates, too, from the Rhine to the Po, preyed on the resources of England and Holland ; moreover, they were unwilling to employ their armies until they had been assisted by lavish subsidies. The

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hopes entertained at Versailles were, therefore, not vain ; but they were frustrated mainly by Marlborough's genius, Eugene and Heinsius seconding his efforts with notable effect. The close of nearly every campaign of the War of the Spanish Succession beheld the renowned Englishman, with untiring industry, with a persuasive tact that has not been surpassed, with admirable power of ruling the hearts of men, with an address of which the fascination became a proverb, reuniting the divisions that menaced the League, appeasing the ill-will of allies who seemed about to fail, reconciling hatreds, smoothing difficulties away, effecting compromises with marvellous skill, making promises of money and support which he contrived to fulfil ; in short, drawing together the tangled threads of a coalition often strained and in a critical state ; his diplomacy, in a word, was almost as effective as his sword in keeping the Grand Alliance up. The bitterest of his modern detractors has confessed that, while Marlborough had the genius of Turenne in war, he had also the genius of Richelieu in foreign affairs.

Marlborough was not at home what he was abroad. He played a conspicuous part in our domestic politics ; but he was not eminent as a British statesman. The circumstances of his early life and his subsequent career were unfavourable to him in this respect. He was almost brought up in a Stuart household ; he beheld in youth the great Cavalier movement, which seemed to make the Monarchy nearly absolute. He served in the army of Louis XIV., and learned the creed of the Divine Right of Kings ; he was an envoy of Charles II. and James II. on diplomatic missions. These associations naturally made him rely on Court favour and the power of Royalty as the dominant forces in English affairs ; and, as he never had a seat in the House of Commons, he had no opportunity to see how, even under the later Stuarts, Parliament was becoming the chief power in the State. His relations with the Princess Anne, the influence of his wife, and his dislike and even contempt of William III., seem to have blinded him, in some measure at least, to the immense changes the Revolution had wrought ; he did not thoroughly comprehend that the two Houses ruled England. He believed that there might be a restoration of the Monarchy of the Stuarts. After the death of the King he became for years, largely owing to the support of the notorious Mrs. Freeman, omnipotent in the counsels of Anne. He was, in no doubtful sense, a Mayor of the Palace ; and as Parliament eagerly furthered the war, and his splendid success made him popular in the extreme, he believed that with the help of the Court he could direct the State. As the Whigs gradually gained in power, Marlborough thought he could play the Tories against them, and by these means could carry on the Government. He did not perceive that this game could be very dangerous to himself, for he still underrated the real strength of Parliament. He

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still relied mainly on his mistress as the main force in politics. He did not, in a word, fully understand the England of his day, the results of the supremacy acquired by the two Houses, the extraordinary influence of party in the State ; his conduct as a statesman, accordingly, was not in harmony with fact, and was wanting in prescience and sound judgment. Perhaps the most remarkable proof of this was his extraordinary request to be made Commander-in-Chief for life, in an age that retained traditions of Cromwell ; and up to a late period he appears to have thought that he could manage Parliament by setting Whigs and Tories at issue. He gradually became unpopular as the war went on ; and when the great Tory reaction came, Harley and Bolingbroke, who had risen to the head of affairs, found little difficulty in turning the House of Commons against him, and so precipitating his sudden and tremendous fall. No doubt other and even more potent causes concurred : Anne Stuart quarrelled with Sarah Jennings, and her illustrious husband paid the penalty. Marlborough suffered from evil memories of the past and from the associations of his later career ; and the charges against him were grave and specious, although, I am convinced, in the main unfounded. Still, had Marlborough known England and the peculiarities of English affairs better than he did, he would not have been so easily overthrown.

Marlborough was an uxorious husband and an excellent father, in an age of profligacy when domestic virtue was almost unknown in high places. His private life, in short, was unsullied ; and there is much evidence that he disapproved the worst acts of James, the cruelties of Jeffreys, and the insensate attacks of the King on the liberties and the laws of England. It is painful to notice the misdeeds of so great a man ; but without the scars on the face the portrait would be insufficient. Marlborough's desertion of his master may, in some degree, be excused ; he was really a faithful son of the Church, which James was doing all he could to subvert. His treachery was not so base as Macaulay has described ; but it was severely condemned even by moderate men at the time, and it cannot be forgotten that he abandoned a benefactor to whom he owed almost everything in life. In playing a double game at St. James's and St. Germain's, and in corresponding with James II., while he held office under William III., he had accomplices in many of the first men of the day ; and we must not forget the fatal effect of Revolution in sapping loyalty and faith, and in dividing the allegiance of men. But Marlborough was, perhaps, the worst of these plotters ; his conduct in the affair of Brest, had it been discovered, would have cost him his head, even in that bad age. If we possess the whole evidence, it was unpardonable. Nine-tenths of the charges of corruption made against Marlborough cannot stand the test of a fair inquiry ; but he was intensely fond of lucre

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and of self-aggrandisement ; his foibles in this respect were notorious. Louis offered him a huge bribe which he would not have offered to Eugene ; the gifts with which he was loaded by half Christendom—they were the marvel of the Blenheim of fifty years ago—sufficiently prove what was thought of his love of pelf. There are, in a word, dark stains on his public life ; but they have been exaggerated by persistent detraction. The situation of Marlborough, and that, indeed, of his wife, made him especially liable to the shafts of calumny. Both rose from a humble condition to supreme power in the State, and both owed much to personal Court favour ; such an ascendancy has always been regarded in England with dislike. Marlborough's indifference to the ties of party, and his attempt to govern through Tories and Whigs, made him unpopular in an age of faction ; his avarice and parsimony were odious in the profusion and licentiousness of his day ; his effort to place himself at the head of the army for life, and so practically to usurp the chief power in the State, was justly condemned by public men in his time. These circumstances, and the recollections of his faults in the past, caused Marlborough to be the mark of defamation, to a great extent unjust ; this long survived him, and has been renewed in our own day with extreme bitterness.

I must pass over the early years of Wellington, though they were not without influence on his subsequent career. If apparently a gay trifler at the Court of the Castle, he made himself an excellent regimental officer ; this discipline, as in the case of Turenne, he has told us, stood him in good stead through life. He covered the retreat through the Low Countries in 1794 with remarkable skill and presence of mind. This experience opened his eyes to the defects of the French levies, and of slow and antiquated Austrian routine. His career in India has not been sufficiently noticed : it prefigured his career on a more conspicuous stage. His military genius was strikingly shown at Assaye ; his profound sagacity in civil affairs, the moderation and wisdom of his views with respect to the system of ruling Hindustan, and especially the strict integrity he infused in the public services, within the limits of the commands he held—all this was a foretaste of what he was to accomplish in Portugal and Spain. The Peninsular War, however, first brought Wellington forward as a remarkable figure on the theatre of events in Europe. When he fought Vimiera, in 1808, Napoleon simply bestrode the Continent ; his empire extended far beyond the actual borders of France, over Italy, and fully a third of Germany ; Austria, Prussia, and Russia had been stricken down ; Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland seemed to defy a further appeal to the sword. England, saved by Trafalgar, alone continued the struggle ; but her army, though greatly improved by the Duke of York and Moore, did not rank

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high in the opinion of Europe ; the French armies were at the summit of their renown. It is significant of Wellington's insight and judgment that, even before he had landed at Mondego Bay, he had detected the weak point in the tactics of the French and in the French system of giving battle ; he perceived that the dense column, covered by its swarm of skirmishers, however formidable against troops not of the best quality, would fail against the steady and well-ordered line, as the Carthaginian phalanx failed against the Roman legion ; 'They have beaten and outmanœuvred,' he remarked, 'every Continental army, but I do not think they will beat and outmanœuvre mine,' the conditions being at all equal. This was a fine instance of his tactical prescience and resource ; even more characteristic was his far-sighted wisdom as regards the future conduct of the Peninsular War. Of course, Wellington could not then foresee that it was to be his fortune 'to march from the Tagus to the Garonne' ; that the jealousies and discords of French marshals, the catastrophe of the Campaign in Russia, and Napoleon's political and even military mistakes—notably the directing of war at an immense distance—would give him the great opportunities he had afterwards, and that he was to be a chief author of the fall of the French Empire. But he saw from the outset how the forces of France would be hampered and embarrassed in Spain and Portugal ; he contended that even a small British army, supported by the national rising of Spain, would be sufficient to hold them in check and to be a thorn in Napoleon's side ; and he rightly judged that, with England's command of the sea, he could, even at the worst, always possess the means of re-embarking his troops in safety.

In the protracted and arduous contest that followed, Wellington exhibited in a very high degree the powers of a warrior and a statesman combined. Sagacity, judgment, above all, unbending constancy and extraordinary strength of character, were his most marked qualities in the conduct of war ; his strategy, and especially his tactics, as a rule, were excellent. His genius was most conspicuous when on the defensive. He perfectly illustrated what he had perceived before, the superiority of the British line over the French column ; this was made strikingly manifest in his defensive battles. The most remarkable instance of his strategy in defence appeared in his conception of Torres Vedras, and in the stand he made behind the memorable Lines ; the whole course of the war, from 1793 to 1815, presents no grander and more surprising spectacle than that of the British general, with an army comparatively small, in the face of a Continent prostrate and of alarm in England, confronting the colossal military power of Napoleon, and ultimately compelling Masséna to make a disastrous retreat. This assuredly is Wellington's crown of fame ; nothing of its kind has ever been so well done, and the consequences were momentous in the extreme ; the star of Napoleon

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began to wane. It is, however, a complete mistake to suppose, as most French writers have done, that Wellington, when on the offensive, could not be able and brilliant. His passage of the Douro was a splendid feat of arms ; however we may excuse Soult, he was surprised and routed. Though outmanœuvred in the first instance, Wellington's attack at Salamanca was admirably designed ; it was a fine stroke of inspiration made on the spur of the moment. His sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were wasteful of life, but well worth the cost ; he pounced down on the two fortresses at the right moment. His advance, too, from Portugal to Vittoria was a very fine movement, and the battle he won drove the French out of Spain. The same may be said of his march across the Pyrenees, and his subsequent operations in France ; notwithstanding the able efforts of Soult, Wellington forced him back in defeat to the Garonne. Wellington's offensive tactics, too, were not less effective and successful than his defensive tactics, if not in the highest degree brilliant. His method of attack at the Douro was extremely skilful ; he availed himself admirably at Salamanca of a single mistake of Marmont ; his tactical ability was conspicuously seen at Vittoria. Of his strategy and tactics in the Peninsular War, it may generally be said that, if he sometimes committed errors, he usually retrieved them in the long run. His conduct as a commander was from first to last marked by a wisdom and a tenacity especially his own, by a knowledge of his own and his enemy's powers, by a most judicious adaptation of means to ends ; and if unquestionably he owed much to the animosities and rivalries of his opponents, this does not lessen the praise due to his great achievements.

The success of Wellington in the Peninsular War was one of the most extraordinary events in the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic contest. In this instance, indeed, as in that of the Seven Years' War, in which Frederick confronted the arms of Austria, of Russia, of France, the 'miraculous,' as it has been said, 'disappears' on an examination of the conditions of the strife. The poverty of Spain and her want of resources were all immense obstacles to Napoleon's system of conducting war by means of exaction carried out on the spot. The French generals were compelled to guard a long line of communications from Bayonne to Madrid, their adversary always threatening their flank. This was a great stumbling-block to their operations in the field. The Portuguese army became efficient when formed by Wellington with the help of Beresford ; the ubiquitous Spanish rising did a great deal ; above all, as I have said, the disputes between Napoleon's marshals and his own plan of directing war from the Tuileries were repeatedly followed by disaster. But, when this has been said, the triumph of our arms was wonderful. It was gradual, slow, but in the end complete ; and if we bear in mind that for many years Wellington had not more than 40,000

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British troops against from 300,000 to 400,000 French, it is the simple truth that history can hardly show a parallel in war. Only a great general—above all, a great man—could have achieved such astonishing success. The career of Wellington in the Peninsula, if less dazzling, was as remarkable in many of its features as that of Marlborough. No commander, however, was ever perfect. We must glance for a moment at the mistakes and shortcomings of Wellington in this most glorious contest. His tactics were almost always worthy of high praise; he was, indeed, a consummate tactician when on the defensive. But strategy was never his strong point; and, although his strategy was occasionally admirably conceived, he certainly fell into strategic errors rather often for a chief of his powers—a circumstance to be borne in mind, for otherwise we shall not understand the Campaign of 1815. It is difficult to justify, whatever can be said, his march up the valley of the Tagus in 1809; it was a mere accident that he escaped destruction. His left would have been turned when he made a stand at Busaco had Masséna been the Masséna of Zürich; in that case he could hardly have reached the lines of Torres Vedras. He was outgeneralled by Marmont before Salamanca in a very remarkable game of manœuvre; he extricated himself only by gaining a victory due to the marshal's fault. He was in great peril at Fuentes d'Onoro, and in all probability would have been defeated had not Bessières discredibly withheld support from his colleague. He was strategically outmanœuvred by Soult before Bayonne, and owed his subsequent success to the quality of his army alone; and his flank march before Toulouse was dangerous in the extreme.

It was the fortune of Wellington, in 1815, to encounter the greatest of the masters of modern war. It would be unfair to judge the strategy of the British chief in this grand passage of arms if we did not bear in mind that much that was faulty in it was due to his colleague Blücher. The two commanders, indeed, gave each other loyal support; but Blücher, when the contest began, unquestionably forced the hand of Wellington, and placed him in a position of danger which, otherwise, he would, no doubt, have avoided. Wellington's disposition of his forces in Belgium is open to censure. His army was much too widely dispersed; his headquarters were too distant from those of Blücher; he wrongly believed that he would be assailed on his right, and neglected his left, his most vulnerable point. When hostilities broke out he remained immovable for hours. As the result, he was completely outmanœuvred, if not surprised; he would have been defeated at Quatre Bras had Ney done his duty. His great adversary, though immensely inferior in numbers, was superior on the immediate scene of action, or would have been had his commands been obeyed; and Blücher would have been overwhelmed at Ligny had the orders of Napoleon been properly

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carried out. It is scarcely possible, too, to see how the British general could have escaped a terrible defeat on June 17 but for the strange inactivity of the French army, probably caused by the state of Napoleon's health ; and when Wellington chose to make a stand at Waterloo he should not have left a great detachment at Hal and Tubize. Even his resolution to accept battle at Waterloo, and not to fall back on Brussels and thus join Blucher, can hardly be justified on true strategic principles ; he could not anticipate that Grouchy would act as he did, and would fail to keep the Prussians away from the field ; and had he been attacked in the early forenoon, as would have happened but for the state of the weather, he would, humanly speaking, have lost the battle. The strategy of Wellington in 1815 was, in a word, not good ; it can only be admired by the idolaters of success ; it contrasts markedly with that of his mighty foe, whose strategy in conception was never finer. But the strategic genius of Wellington was largely redeemed by his masterly conduct when on the field of battle ; his tenacity, his resource, his tactical genius were conspicuously apparent in the actual shock of arms. He gave proof of these great qualities at Quatre Bras, notably in the retreat on June 17. But his capacity as a master of defence, especially his activity and resolute energy, were most splendidly illustrated on the great day of Waterloo. The disposition of his army was in the highest degree excellent, especially in the protection of his reserves, even if he did not sufficiently occupy La Haye Sainte. He arranged his forces admirably on the strong position of his choice ; had always troops forthcoming to repel any attack ; husbanded his resources with extraordinary care and skill ; and though the Prussians were later than he expected in coming to his aid, he had a sufficient reserve to defeat the Imperial Guard. As a tactician Wellington was supreme at Waterloo ; his defence certainly disconcerted and deceived Napoleon.

Wellington played a great part in foreign affairs ; it was, on the whole, hardly inferior to that played by Marlborough. He had to deal in Portugal with a Government jealous and weak, and with a people hostile to strangers, although allies, and in its superstition especially averse from heretics ; he had to make immense demands on its patience and its resources. Nevertheless, his wisdom and moderation, and the confidence and respect his conduct inspired, were such that he became the master of the Portuguese Regency ; he made the Portuguese militia a really good army ; he obtained from the Portuguese the great sacrifice of wasting their country to paralyse French invasion. These striking results drew unwilling praise from Napoleon, who underrated the British commander in war, but acknowledged that, of all his antagonists, Wellington alone could have won the authority he exercised in Portugal. The influence of Wellington in Spain was less decisive ; but he managed largely to

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control the Spanish Juntas, and in some measure the Spanish military chiefs, and he made good soldiers at last of the Spanish levies. His conduct, when he invaded France in 1813-14, was marked by his best and most characteristic qualities. He sternly repressed exaction and pillage ; protected the populations of the country and the towns ; in fact, weakened Soult by his clemency as well as by his sword. The Marshal repeatedly complained that his enemy's army was better received by Frenchmen than his own, which, as usual, rioted in excess and rapine. At the Congress of Vienna Wellington held a leading place ; in the negotiations for settling the Continent he was consulted by the Cabinet quite as much as Castlereagh ; he was prominent in reuniting the League of Europe in its determination to overthrow Napoleon after the exile's wonderful return from Elba ; indeed, he was the only one of the Allied commanders who advised that France should be invaded. The position of Wellington, however, was most grand, in all that relates to foreign politics, when, after Waterloo, he had become the foremost man in Europe, and was placed at the head of the great Army of Occupation in France. His highest excellences were then conspicuously seen. Not only did he make a conqueror's force felt as lightly as possible by the country he ruled ; but also he did more than any public man of his day in saving France from a dismemberment which, he rightly judged, would lead to future troubles and to war. It is unnecessary to dwell on the diplomatic missions on which he was sent in the years that followed ; but it should be recollected that, as time rolled on, Wellington was always an earnest supporter of a policy of peace with France. In this, indeed, he had a loyal coadjutor in Soult. Peel has dwelt on this noble association of the two aged warriors, in the interest of humanity and of European concord, in one of the best of the great Minister's speeches.

Marlborough, I have said, is not to be named with Wellington in domestic politics ; he was immeasurably inferior to his great successor. Not, indeed, that Wellington stands in the highest place among the leading British statesmen of his day, or holds the same rank as Canning and Peel. He belonged to the dominant Anglo-Saxon caste in Ireland ; he was a soldier in youth and until the prime of manhood only ; he was not intimate with many of our public men before 1815 : all this was not a good training for Parliamentary life and affairs. And he was not successful when at the head of the State, though sufficient allowance has not been made for the great difficulties in which he was placed. As Disraeli has written, he did not understand the time ; he broke somewhat rudely with the friends of Canning ; he set a considerable part of the Tories against him ; his Administration fell ingloriously without a sign of sympathy. Nevertheless, Wellington was a real statesman, very different from a harsh and unbending Tory, or an opportunist

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making Conservative bargains, as he has been described by more than one writer. In some respects his political views were enlightened; for example, he agreed with Pitt on the Catholic Question. It is a mistake to suppose that he was hostile to Canning. Two principles may be traced in his public conduct. These, amid the circumstances of the age, did him no little credit, and entitle him to rank among our leading public men. He always wished to see 'the King's Government strong.' The wish was well founded in the troubled period between the Peace and Peel's great Ministry. It was this principle that made him oppose the Reform Bill and caused him to dread the changes that followed; but it also led him to desist from, and to rebuke, anything like factious opposition to an Administration in office. The second principle was his distrust of the Whig and Radical parties, assuredly not misplaced in his own instance. It was this that made him yield on the Catholic Question (it was one of his principal motives at least); this that made him ready to pass a Reform Bill, though he detested the very idea at heart; this that induced him to consent to a Repeal of the Corn Laws. He did not desire that Radicals and Whigs should carry these measures into effect. If we bear this in mind we shall see that Wellington was, within certain limits, a statesman of mark. He was wiser, and especially more consistent, in his objects and aims, than has been commonly supposed. For the rest, the purity of his public life, his perfect integrity, and his patriotic sense of duty were always recognised to the fullest extent, even by those in politics most opposed to him. Two remarkable proofs of this may be noticed. Unlike Peel, he was never really distrusted by the Tories; he was the most unpopular man in England in 1832. The King made him almost a Dictator in 1834; and the nation willingly sanctioned the choice.

Wellington, like Marlborough, but unlike Turenne, was not called upon to create a great national army. But, like Marlborough, he made the British soldier in the highest degree formidable in the field; he justly remarked that his Peninsular army 'could go anywhere and do anything.' He made the Portuguese very good troops. He had not, however, the magical spell over the hearts of his men of which Marlborough possessed the secret. He was feared and respected, not beloved; this was one reason he was never supreme in victory. He was our Commander-in-Chief for a considerable time; he did not excel in this great office; he clung obstinately to the routine of the past, in common with the leading military men of his day. He vindicated to the last degrading punishments in the army; but he did good service in directing attention to the defenceless state of England in 1847. Like Napoleon and Moltke, many years afterwards, he believed an armed invasion of our shores possible; his warning

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should dissipate the false theory—never accepted by the nation if danger is at hand—that our fleets can secure us from an attack at the heart. The last years of the life of Wellington befitted his glorious career. England looked up to him as her most illustrious worthy; he was the revered and loved friend of his youthful Sovereign; the heart of the nation went out to him when it was known that he was ready in his old age to command in India when the Empire was threatened after Chillianwallah; his noble qualities were recognised by all parties in the State. He died peacefully in 1852; London overflowed to behold his funeral; England mourned his loss as though it could be hardly repaired.

Marlborough, on the whole, was the greater general. His genius was more daring, complete and original; his military renown is distinctly on the increase. In war Wellington was inferior to him; he achieved nothing that was equal to Blenheim and Ramillies; for a chief of a high order he committed palpable mistakes; his reputation as a general has declined. Marlborough as a diplomatist was more dexterous, more brilliant, more a master of the men he ruled; but Wellington, too, did much in this sphere; and Marlborough never attained the position held by Wellington in Europe from 1815 to 1818. As an English statesman Marlborough was well-nigh a failure. This certainly cannot be said of Wellington, who was a conspicuous figure in our domestic politics for years. There are dark stains on Marlborough's public life; we cannot completely rub them out. The public life of Wellington was a model of patriotic virtue. Marlborough, in a word, was the greater genius; but Wellington was the greater man. And England, I repeat, has drawn the distinction: Marlborough died little lamented; Wellington, amid his country's grief.

THREE SEERESSES. (1880-1900.
1424-1431). BY ANDREW LANG

UNDER the black volcanic peak of Moreh' (says Colonel Conder) the witch of Endor had her habitation. It seems an appropriate abode. Saul had 'smelled out' the witches, as Panda and Cetewayo were wont to do in Zululand, and the witch of Endor had to lurk in the hills, a persecuted seeress. The seeress is now more common in the land. But yesterday I read a long report from a lady in Boston, Mass. She was sent by the mother of two lost boys to consult a clairvoyante. The first two clairvoyantes to whom she applied were engaged in prophesying to earlier visitors; the third, though busy, proved to be a prophetess with a vengeance. Such things are done not far from Salem, where so many mediums were burned two centuries ago. London is full of seeresses; in Bond Street, not under black volcanic cones, they have their habitations. I once consulted one by proxy; I sent a young lady to ask the simple question, 'Who was Mademoiselle Luci?' The seeress knew no means of magic art whereby to unriddle a purely historical problem, and my guinea was wasted. But often, at dinner, ladies talk to me about wonderful Bond Street seeresses, who tell them 'all that ever they did.' One was tested by the Society for Psychical Research, and failed to satisfy that sceptical clan.

Modern seeresses are of two classes: the Bond Street class, who divine for the fair sex; and the class who are studied by eminent psychologists, like Professor James, Professor Richet, and Professor Flournoy. Books are published about them, full of strange words, as *promnesic*, *subliminal*, *telæsthetic*, and, for all I know, *proparoxytonic*. These are difficult phrases, and in writing about seeresses I shall shun them as far as possible. But I cannot avoid the word *hallucination*, which means an impression of sight, sound, or hearing, so vivid that it seems to the patient to be real, though it is the reverse. I confine myself to three examples of women having a spirit of divination. Boston (U.S.), Geneva, and Domremy have produced these three seeresses of unequal interest and reputation. Two of them are still alive, Mrs. Piper and Mademoiselle 'Hélène Smith.' We have to ask whether their achievements throw any light on the visions and voices of the third, the immortal Jeanne d'Arc. The reader need not, I should say at once, be under any anxiety lest the reputation of La Pucelle may suffer from this example of the Comparative Method.

Mrs. Piper, the first seeress on our list, has been discussed at prodigious length in the 'Proceedings' of the Society for Psychical Research. I do not advise persons of ordinary application to attempt the adventure of reading through the mass of evidence about Mrs.

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Piper. Assuredly they would faint by the way. In many cases the inspired utterances of Mrs. Piper, with the conversation of her clients, have been taken down in shorthand ; and more dreary chatter has never been thus recorded. But the object of science is not amusement, is not literary interest, but sternly assiduous investigation of facts, and accurate record of the same. Mrs. Piper is a married woman, who, in these many years, has fully persuaded her examiners of her simplicity and honesty, when in her natural everyday condition. But, at her *séances*, she falls into a kind of trance, after sitting in quiet abstraction for a short time. She is then, in her own opinion, the mouthpiece of divers spirits of the dead. They speak through her lips, or employ her hand in writing, or (what is really remarkable) they sometimes do both at once, one spirit writing the message, another speaking a different message, simultaneously. In this accomplishment (which is shared by some hypnotised patients) Mrs. Piper exceeds the skill of the savage mediums, in many quarters, who deliver spirit messages after falling into trances. In old days, when Professor William James first inspected Mrs. Piper, she was mainly possessed by a spirit giving his name as Phinuit, and averring that he had been a French physician at Metz. He speaks in a French accent, but does not know French. He revels in diagnosing the complaints of the living, and in describing the diseases of the dead. His medicine is popular medicine, such as may be found in rural practice by housewives.

He can give no verifiable account of his life on earth. He swears and talks slang. His chief business is to introduce and interpret for the ghosts of the dead friends of the clients of Mrs. Piper. They do not appear to be fastidious and exclusive. Dr. Phinuit's successes vary with the character of the sitters. If they are inclined to believe, he does fairly well ; and he even succeeds occasionally with people not inclined to believe. With *sceptical* men of science he often proves a dismal failure. It is admitted that he gives a kind of interrogative answer to inquiries. 'Do I get a Vi, a Vio, a Vic, a Violet, a Victoria, in your surroundings ; a Virg, a Virginia?' That is the kind of thing ; and if the inquirer knew a Violet, a Victoria, or a Virginia, now dead, Dr. Phinuit finds out which is the right name, and proceeds to guess as to how the lady 'passed out.' A great deal seems to depend on the sitter's readiness to be persuaded. One husband recognised his dead wife by her use of such phrases as 'Well, I guess!' 'Well, I should say I had!' and so forth. He had a successful sitting.

If we had only Phinuit to consider, I, for one, should feel certain that Phinuit was only Mrs. Piper talking in her sleep, and keeping up an impersonation of a French doctor who never existed. The successes I would attribute to a lucky set of guesses craftily conducted, to 'muscle-reading' (as Mrs. Piper, in many cases, holds the

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sitter's hand), to facility of recognition on the sitter's part, and, perhaps, to telepathy, or thought transference, between the sitter and Mrs. Piper.

In recent years Mrs. Piper has been much inspired by the spirit of 'G. P.,' a dead man of letters, and by that of the Rev. Mr. Moses, who, in his day, was a medium. In his time Mr. Moses had a crowd of controlling spirits of the mighty dead, whom he called by such assumed names as 'Mentor,' 'Rector,' and 'Imperator.' The real names are known; but they are not known to Rector, Mentor, and Imperator when they speak through the mouth of Mrs. Piper. As to Mr. Moses himself, this is the kind of thing that he says (through Mrs. Piper): 'When you see my friend Sidgwick kindly ask him if he remembers the evening we spent together at his home.'

Now, Mr. Sidgwick does not 'remember the evening': there was, indeed, no such evening: Mr. Moses never entered Mr. Sidgwick's door.

Mr. Moses, the posthumous Mr. Moses, in short, is, as Mr. Pickwick said, 'a humbug,' or, to put it more plainly, as Mr. Pickwick went on to do, is 'an impostor.'

But, it may be argued, 'G. P.' is certainly 'G. P.' He tells his friends, through Mrs. Piper, things that are true, though Mrs. Piper could not know them; and things too intimate to be reported; and even things that are found to be true, though unknown to the sitters themselves. Therefore 'G. P.' is a genuine spirit; and *he* vouches for it that Phinuit and Mr. Moses are also genuine. But they certainly are *not*: they are dreams of Mrs. Piper's, and, far from being aided by G. P.'s recognition, that recognition only damages G. P. Mr. Moses's character is 'totally lost,' and G. P. 'has not sufficient for two.' Indeed, Rector (who does not know his own name) candidly advises us 'not to rely too much on the statements made as tests, so called, by your friend George'—that is, G. P. As Mrs. Sidgwick asks, 'if the guaranteed spirits throw doubt on the genuineness of the guarantors, where are we?' Where indeed? One affable spirit said he was Dr. Wiltze, who 'was dead, and his body was in the water.' Dr. Wiltze was not in the water, and he remains in robust health. 'G. P.' in life was addicted to certain metaphysical speculations. Mr. Moses knew Greek. He has forgotten his Greek. G. P. is all at sea in his metaphysics.

Not only are these gentlemen ignorant of what they knew; but they deliberately try to make us believe that they know what they don't. Their utterances, through Mrs. Piper, show 'a disposition to assume powers not possessed, and to resort to prevarications and false excuses to account for ignorance or failures,' says Mrs. Sidgwick. Thus G. P. once refused to give certain names, because a lady present knew them, and would say that G. P. got at them by thought

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transference. He would tell the names to Dr. Hodgson when alone, because Dr. Hodgson did not know them. Dr. Hodgson did not ; but, alas, no more did G. P. Later he gave names ; but they were not the right names. Now, it is easy to argue that it is difficult for G. P. to use another person's brains, and nerves, and muscles. But he finds no difficulty, except when put to a test, and then he is apt to prevaricate, and to say the thing that is not. That was not his way in this life.

One of Mr. Moses's sprites, Mentor, professed to be really Odysseus, Laertes' son, which, of course, he was not. That Achilles slew Hector this Odysseus admitted, but apologised thus for the son of Thetis : 'His intentions were not evil : it was an insane impulse' ! Mrs. Piper cannot have read the 'Iliad.' I take most of these examples from Mrs. Sidgwick's criticism of Mrs. Piper. This paper might be filled with similar proofs that the spirits who communicate through Mrs. Piper are so many dream-selves (as Hartley Coleridge might have said) of the Boston lady. But Mrs. Sidgwick adds : 'Along with the limitations there are fragments of knowledge exhibited by the trance personality in some sittings which it is very difficult to suppose to have been acquired by Mrs. Piper in any normal way. A large proportion of these fragments of knowledge are in the minds of the sitters, some are in the minds of distant living persons, and a few were, so far as we can tell, known only to the dead.' Everything in the way of proof rests on these 'few.' What are the pieces of knowledge which only the dead knew, and which, after the dead revealed the facts, were capable of being, and were, verified ? One experiment in this direction has failed. A Miss H. W., of Holyoke, Massachusetts, wrote a letter on her death-bed, sealed it, and gave it to a married sister. No living person knew the contents. Professor James handed the sealed letter to Mrs. Piper. She gave correctly the full name (unknown to Mr. James) of the writer, but thrice tried to reproduce the facts in the letter, each attempt being a complete failure. Many successes in experiments of this crucial kind need to be established before we can accept such a startling conclusion as that Mrs. Piper is in touch with souls no longer incarnate. On the whole her 'spirits,' as a rule, must be regarded as her dream-selves, with the lack of conscience familiar to most of us in our dreams.

It is proper to add that some inquirers who have studied Mrs. Piper for several years with scientific thoroughness do believe in her spirits, and that Mrs. Sidgwick by no means abandons, though she greatly restricts the limits of, the spiritualistic hypothesis. The opinion of a mere student of the reports of the case, like myself, must be taken 'with all reserves.' That opinion is negative.

We now approach the second, the Genevan, seeress. What has to be said about her is based on a work much less tedious than the

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Reports on Mrs. Piper. It is entitled 'Des Indes à la Planète Mars. Etude sur un Cas de Somnambulisme avec Glossolalie. Par Th. Flournoy, Professeur de Psychologie à la Faculté des Sciences de l'Université de Genève. Alcan. Paris : 1900.'

'From India to Mars'! The title of Professor Flournoy's book is romantic. In fact, the work is a minute study of 'a woman having a spirit of divination': that is, of a girl of Geneva, in excellent health, who has, like Mrs. Piper, curious accessions of somnambulism. In these she sees and hears a being calling himself 'Leopold,' and professing to have been Cagliostro in a former life. Leopold is very much akin to Phinuit, and, like him, is fond of amateur doctoring, to which the mother of Miss Smith is greatly addicted. The lady herself has had, and remembers, as many previous existences as She : has been Marie Antoinette, and, earlier, an Arab princess, wife of a Hindu monarch of the fifteenth century A.D. She also visits, occasionally, the planet Mars. She talks and writes 'Martian' (a jargon based on French), and, what is more curious, she talks and writes, as an Arab princess, a sort of Sanskrit gibberish. She is an assistant in a large shop, works—always standing up, as is the cruel rule—for eleven hours a day, and has only a week's holiday in the year. Her case has analogies with those of the ignorant girls who, in unauthenticated legends dear to writers of psychological manuals, speak Greek and Hebrew. She is much akin to Mrs. Piper : her Cagliostro does not know Italian, as Mrs. Piper's Phinuit does not know French. Both Cagliostro and Phinuit, as I have said, give medical advice, based on popular, not scientific, medicine. In fact, both characters are 'secondary personalities'—fragments of the personalities of Mrs. Piper and Mlle. 'Hélène Smith.' Both exhibit talents and possess information beyond the range of Mrs. Piper and Miss Smith when in their normal condition. Both ladies look on their familiars as real guiding spirits, which, of course, is not the view of Professor Flournoy. Unlike Mrs. Piper, Miss Smith does not accept money for her *séances*. She appears to be an exemplary character, and has given M. Flournoy every facility for studying her case, though, being a spiritualist, she utterly disagrees with his diagnosis. Miss Smith was, as a child and young girl, good, quiet, rather dull at her lessons, and dreamy. Her leisure was passed in building castles in Spain, and in weaving interminable romances, where she took the leading part. De Quincey, Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, George Sand, Louis Stevenson, and many other people, have had the same custom of romance-building in childhood. Like George Sand, Miss Smith in early youth was subject to hallucinations. Leopold began to appear at the critical period of youth, like the saints of Jeanne d'Arc : the Leopolds, as it were, of a child of inspired genius, which, of course, Miss Smith does not possess. She always felt herself to be 'better born and bred than the rest of her family ;' had

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longings for a rich, decorative existence ; and embroidered designs of a bizarre Oriental quality.

There was thus a touch of 'megalomania,' which now expresses itself in her entranced romances about her past as Marie Antoinette and as the Arab princess. When she had to earn her own livelihood in a fatiguing business Miss Smith was rapidly becoming normal enough. But she was taken to spiritualist *séances* (1891-1892) and became a 'medium.' The conditions of darkness, expectation, and excitement, in short, begat trances, or lapses into a somnambulistic state, in which she wrote automatically, gave responses by tilting a table, and came to suppose herself directed, first by Victor Hugo, and then by Cagliostro, calling himself Leopold. The suggestion seems to have come from a picture in the 'Joseph Balsamo' of Dumas, and, probably, from the novel itself. Her automatic writing varies with the various 'controls.' That of Leopold and that of Marie Antoinette are distinctly different from her own hand, but are not in the least like the real hands of Cagliostro and of the Queen of France.

Miss Smith left the 'circle' in which Victor Hugo had written alexandrines for her, and now (1894) M. Flournoy made her acquaintance. She poured forth startling information about a remote part of his family history, with which she had probably been acquainted, he found, in her very early childhood. In her normal state she knew nothing of the matters which she remembered in her somnambulistic condition. Presently her trances became much deeper ; and she developed, in trances, the novels about her previous lives, with talk in 'Martian' and in a 'Sanskritoid' jargon.

The Oriental part of these reveries is the most curious. The theory of M. Flournoy (demonstrated in many cases by facts) is that Miss Smith, in her trances, reproduces many facts of which, in her normal state, she has no knowledge. An extremely bad linguist when awake, she can, in sleep, reproduce words and characters (such as Sanskrit or Hindu) which may only have passed under her eyes when in a 'suggestible' condition, between awake and asleep. In her Oriental fable she was the daughter of an Arab prince, wedded to King Sivrouka, who in 1401 (she says) reigned in Kanara, and built the fortress of Tchandruguizi. On his death she was burned. Sivrouka is now—Professor Flournoy ! Him she suddenly recognised with the endearing cry *Aitiyā Ganapati-nāmā !* This was peculiarly appropriate, as *Ganapati* is the equivalent of *Ganesā*, the elephant-headed god, the patron of professors and men of literature. M. Flournoy took down, as well as he and his friends were able, the Oriental jargon of Miss Smith, and submitted it to Orientalists, including M. F. de Saussure, M. Barth, and M. Michel of Liège. The speech is of no idiom known to these specialists, but contains disfigured words and roots more akin

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to Sanskrit than to the living languages of India. 'The sense corresponds fairly well with the situations in which the words were spoken.' Thus nobody has interpreted *aitiēya*; but *ganapatiṇāmā* is part, I understand, of an invocation with which most Sanskrit MSS. open. In a love scene (with M. Flournoy-Sivrouka) Miss Smith used the words *mama priya*, *mama sadiva* (it should be *sādhō*), which means, in Sanskrit, 'My dear, *mon bien aimé, mon excellent!*' Other Sanskritoid words were incomprehensible. On the whole, M. Michel (a most distinguished scholar and editor of Greek Inscriptions) finds in the Oriental talk a jargon interlarded with *appropriate* fragments of Sanskrit. M. de Saussure is of the same opinion. A few real Sanskrit words are rightly used. The rest is an imitative babble.

The words, if not rich, are rare : 'we wonder how the devil they got there.' M. Flournoy at first thought that Miss Smith had, somehow, heard Sanskrit read aloud. But she rather pronounces as a French-speaking person would do who had seen printed Sanskrit. Thus Sanskrit *bahu*, = *beaucoup*, is pronounced by her as *bahū*, not *bahou*, as it ought to be. In automatic writing, and occasionally in the midst of her ordinary writing, Miss Smith uses isolated cursive Sanskrit characters. When we consider her laborious everyday life, exemplary character, and lack of linguistic power, it is unlikely that she ever purposefully 'crammed' a little Sanskrit. She began to talk her jargon early in 1895, and I am informed that a Congress of Orientalists was held at Geneva in 1894. Her case resembles that of Mr. Schiller, who wrote, with a planchette, verses from the 'Chanson de Roland,' which he cannot remember previously to have seen. An artisan, at Galashiels, in the same way puzzled a friend of the present critic by writing down in Greek part of the speech of the Ghost of Elpenor in the 'Odyssey,' with the accents correct, the passage being appropriate to the situation. We can only suppose (excluding imposture) that Miss Smith, Mr. Schiller, and the working-man had seen, casually, and without conscious memory, the Sanskrit, the Old French, and the Greek, which they automatically reproduced. But, especially in the Greek and Sanskrit cases, to suppose this is to suppose a great deal. No efforts to trace Sanskrit that could have fallen under the eyes of Miss Smith have succeeded. On the other hand, she *may* have seen an Arab proverb which she reproduced in Arabic characters. M. de Saussure remarks that, in all Miss Smith's Sanskritoid babble, the letter F never occurs, and F does not appear in Sanskrit. But what of Sivrouka of 1401 as an historical character? M. Flournoy, who is now Sivrouka, looked eagerly for himself in books of Indian history. He found nothing, and historians could tell him nothing. The history of Southern India, in fact, is little known. At last, in a 'Histoire Générale de l'Inde,' by de Marlès (Paris, 1828. Vol. i. pp. 268-

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269), M. Flournoy discovered Sivrouka, and his fortress Tchandra-guizi, and his date 1401. But Marlès gives no authority, and M. Flournoy has been unable to procure certain English books which he may have used. He thinks that Miss Smith got her Sivrouka from Marlès. Two copies of his book, one inaccessible to Miss Smith, 'slumber in the dust' on Genevan shelves. She denies all knowledge of Marlès, who certainly does not supply any of her other Oriental characters. But she must have got at Marlès somehow, awake or asleep, consciously or unconsciously. As to the 'supranormal,' in Miss Smith's case, M. Flournoy has found none. Physical marvels are reported of her before M. Flournoy made her acquaintance. At present, and provisionally, M. Flournoy believes that material objects *do* move without contact, in the presence of Eusapia, whom he studied *after* her exposure at Cambridge. He is ready to throw over this opinion as soon as proof of trickery or illusion is given. But he has seen none of these minor miracles when studying Miss Smith. Nor has he caught her in the fact of telepathy, though other persons appear to have been more lucky. Her best case of 'clairvoyance' (finding a lost object in picturesque circumstances) looks like a revival of an unconscious memory ('cryptomnesia'). In the same way, the historical 'retrocognitions' contain nothing that Miss Smith may not have known or heard mentioned. The evidence for that kind of thing is good only when the vision has been formally recorded before the discovery of the existence of the authenticating manuscript. Of this combination, perhaps, only one example is known; and that instance, though curious, does not quite compel belief.

M. Flournoy's theory of Hélène regards her as a centre of dream-selves who have access to things forgotten by her in her normal state. Again, what to another person might be a vague 'presentiment' (say to avoid a certain path in her walks) takes, for Hélène, the form of a warning in an audible *voice* (that of Leopold) or of a vision of Leopold barring the way. The source of the presentiment is obscure, as in the case of presentiments in general; the rare fact is its expression in an audible or visual hallucination of a guiding spirit, a merely fanciful being. The hallucination of eye or ear answers to the visionary chess-boards on which great chess-players exercise themselves blindfold, but is not voluntarily called up, like these, and is more distinct—in fact, is mistaken for a real voice or figure.

These peculiarities of Miss Smith's voices and visions lead us to the case of Jeanne d'Arc. Her honesty, at all events, is unimpeachable. Mrs. Piper and Miss Smith believe that they converse with the dead. But Jeanne d'Arc, by the assertion of the men who burned her, went to the death of fire unshaken in the same opinion. Even when, before her martyrdom, she is said to

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have doubted whether the spirits with whom she talked were souls of saints, she still maintained that 'she really had revelations and apparitions of *spirits*.' At the stake she returned to her happier faith, and called on her familiar saints.

Now, just as there never was a real Dr. Phinuit, and as there never was a Leopold, so, as far as existing evidence goes, there never was a real St. Catherine of Alexandria. Into the legend of St. Margaret I have not made much inquiry; but there is certainly no known evidence for an historical St. Catherine of Alexandria. Still, Jeanne saw, heard, and touched her, and acted on her advice. It may, therefore, be argued that St. Catherine was but a dream-self of the Maid, an hallucination which, through channels of the eye and ear, conveyed knowledge and wisdom latent in the soul of the Maid herself. Just as Leopold, by voice or gesture, warns Miss Smith not to take this path, or try to move that weight, expressing in visible or audible form a presentiment latent in Miss Smith's mind, so did the glorious vision of St. Catherine, by word or gesture, make manifest to Jeanne knowledge of great duties and momentous events, which had reached her mind—we know not how. In her dream-selves, and through their voices, was knowledge made manifest to her. The marvel is none the less, the mystery is not more intelligible, if we disbelieve in an historical St. Margaret or St. Catherine. These figures, these dream-selves, were but the symbols through which the Maid was instructed. As Leopold is a suggestion from a novel, so Margaret and Catherine may have been suggestions from the storied glass of Domremy Church, or from sacred pictures and images. The question is—not what were they, but—what messages did they communicate? They were such messages as could not come from the everyday mind of the child of twelve. We do not, let us admit, know how Mrs. Piper acquires some parts of her trivial information about people dead or living; and we can only guess how Miss Smith learns that she had better not take this path or try to lift that weight. But the knowledge which somehow reached the child of Domremy was of a much more important character. The evidence is as good as at this distance of time—four hundred and seventy years—it can be. It consists of contemporary letters, and depositions on oath, made by Jeanne at her trial, and recorded by her enemies, or made by persons who had known her, at a second trial, eighteen years later.

All the evidence proves that Jeanne was physically strong and healthy to an unusual degree. She was gay, humorous, tender, and, as her exploits in war and her answers to a crowd of angry theologians prove, had a genius and intellect which may be called 'miraculous' in an illiterate girl who died at nineteen. As to her visions and voices, she does not seem to have given any details about them, except to a board of theologians who examined her in 1429, before she was

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admitted to serve her King, and later, in 1431, at her trial. From reports in letters of 1429, and from the record of her trial, we learn that Jeanne, like Miss Smith, began to see visions and hear voices when between twelve and fourteen. As in Miss Smith's case, the voices seemed to come from one quarter, the right. According to a letter to the Duke of Milan (June 21, 1429, two months after Jeanne's first examination by the theologians), her first voice and vision occurred after she had been racing with other children in the fields. She was 'rapt and distraught in her senses,' says the writer; but, unlike Miss Smith and Mrs. Piper, she was never, so far as we hear, *entranced*. She summoned her Saints in a brief and touching prayer to God, which is recorded. She herself said nothing about running and jumping before her first experience of a light and a voice. The Voice bade her be a good girl and go to church, and later, in spite of her strenuous opposition (her sensible normal self resisting her adventurous dream-self), compelled her to fare to Court and do what she did. The idea of rescuing a kingdom and crowning a king may, perhaps, be not unnatural to an enthusiastic child. The difficulty was to *do* it. Jeanne could not have done it without the Voices of the dream-selves. First, she had to win from Baudricourt, commanding in her native district, permission to go and an escort. Baudricourt at first advised her father to box her ears. But Jeanne announced (February 12, 1429) the great Franco-Scottish defeat at Rouvray, and her tale was in a few days confirmed by official news; then Baudricourt sent Jeanne with an escort to the Dauphin at Chinon. Next she had to win the belief of the Dauphin. This she did by communicating to him a secret. Years afterwards, Charles VII. unmasked that strange impostor, the False Pucelle, by asking her what the secret was. She did not know; and confessed her fraud. In his old age the King told the secret (the words of an unspoken prayer of his own) to de Bois, who, when a very old man, told Pierre Sala, who published the matter in 1516. Her judges, who knew that the King had thus been won, in vain endeavoured to extract his secret from Jeanne at her trial. Her knowledge of an antique sword buried in the church at Fierbois, and unearthed by her direction, increased belief in her. She predicted that she would be wounded, but not mortally, between shoulder and breast, by an arrow, at the siege of Orleans. The prophecy was publicly recorded under date of April 22, 1429, by de Rotselaer, a Flemish diplomatist, and was fulfilled on May 7. Unhappily fulfilled was her frequent remark that she 'would last a year, or little more,' and her other prophecy of her own approaching captivity. She told her judges on the fifth day of her trial, and they put her words on record, that 'the English shall lose a dearer gage' (*majus vadium*) 'than they did before Orleans.' They lost Paris in 1436. Not to dwell on other instances, the great historian of the

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Maid, M. Quicherat, though not one of her devout Catholic admirers, felt obliged to say that thought-reading or telepathy, clairvoyance (*lucidité*) and prescience, in the case of Jeanne, were as well attested as any facts of normal history. The practical value of such experiences was to win national confidence for Jeanne and to enable her to work, by 'suggestion,' on the national spirit. Thus, though belief waxed faint, it lived long enough to turn the tide of English conquest. Jeanne's inspirations were not about popular medicine, details of diseases, or lost brooches. They were on the level of her extraordinary intellect and character. The mechanism may have been, as in vulgar modern examples, that of the dream-self: *not* in conditions of trance, as far as our evidence goes. But the knowledge at the command of the dream-self was concerned with higher themes than those of ordinary presentiments, true or false. How that knowledge reached the dream-self of Jeanne, expressing itself in the symbolic hallucinations of Saints and Voices, is a question as to which any opinion must be premature. Certainly these things were not without the will of Heaven. This at least must remain my theory, though I feel obliged to recognise that the apparitions themselves were not more real, more objective, than such beings as Leopold and Phinuit.

'THE BLUIDY ADVOCATE MACKENZIE' BY FRANCIS WATT



HE crowded churchyard of Greyfriars, at Edinburgh, is rich with the dust of them that made Scots history. On the south side of the church is one specially imposing tomb, built after the style of a classic temple, with ornate Corinthian columns, a dome, and various mortuary embellishments. Here lie (how unfitting the conventional 'rest'!) the ashes of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. Whatever your creed or party, you picture him other than the sugared Latin of his epitaph suggests. And presently for that epitaph you fall to murmuring the old school-boy rhyme :

Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if ye dar :
Lift the snack and draw the bar.

Do you wonder what manner of man was he that bore this legacy of hate to weigh down his name after two centuries? Let us try to picture him : to touch the human being long ago turned to dust, to conjure for a little the Bloody Mackenzie from out his tomb : and, whether or no we dare sit in judgment with this shadow at the bar, let us realise and understand its story.

Here is our first difficulty. His life is mixed up with the history of the period. He held high place, and as official actor he wears the official mask. In an occasional phrase, an individual act, some noted trait of character, the man peeps out. Such things are treasure ; but most often we find them in hostile records. A little space will suffice for his early years. Mackenzie was born at Dundee in 1636. His father, a landed gentleman in Ross-shire, was brother of the second Earl of Seaforth. The family was of the bluest blood in Scotland. From St. Andrews and Aberdeen, Mackenzie proceeded to Bourges, that 'Athens of lawyers,' with its memories of Alciat, Rebuffi, Cujas, and other great jurists, where he read civil law and much else for three years. He was admitted Scots Advocate in 1659, and readmitted after the Restoration. He was fortunate in his entry : a displacement like the Restoration leaves space for young ability ; also, the men of the previous ten years needs must have bowed the knee to the Kirk or to Cromwell—not seldom to both—and opposed with more or less heart their King in exile. Martyrdom or seclusion was a possible alternative ; but the most had attempted a judicious trimming. Our newcomer found many of his competitors burdened with this awkward and even dangerous past merely because they were his seniors. There is no doubt as to Mackenzie's real sentiments. Aristocrat by temper and culture, proud of his family and position, attached to Episcopacy, for whose preservation in Scotland he strove to his undoing, yet (it is one of the many paradoxes of his career) he seemed at first altogether for the people.





The Lord Advocate Muckenzie.

After the portrait by Kneller, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.

Simon Elstner Engraving

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The explanation is professional. An advocate, however able, cannot hope for important employment under Government at his first start. But the man attacked by the State will ferret out fresh talent and energy for his defence. And the novice has every motive to do his best : he must convince the rulers that they will do well to attach to themselves so brilliant an opponent.

His first important case was the Marquis of Argyll's, in 1661. The Marquis petitioned to have as counsel Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, afterwards Lord Advocate and Lord of Session, still remembered by his 'Dirleton's Doubts.' This was refused ; but three advocates were assigned to him, of whom Mackenzie was the junior. Argyll was charged with treason before the Estates in that he had supported Cromwell's rule ; his answer was that he had passively acquiesced in the inevitable, which was no crime. The whole affair was a mass of intrigue for and against. The prosecution was bitter and menacing, the Court mainly hostile. Yet this was how the young advocate spoke : 'I must tell you, my Lords, that some have been so unjust to you, as to fear, that tho' the Probation be not concluding, that yet ye will believe, to the great Disadvantage of my Noble Client, the unsure Deposition of that as foul, as wide-mouth'd Witness, *publick Bruit and common Fame* ; which as it is more unstable than Water, so like Water it represents the straightest Objects as crooked to our Sense ; and that others of you retain still some of the old Prejudices, which our civil and intestine Discords did raise in you against him during these late Troubles : But I hope Generosity and Conscience will easily restrain such unwarrantable principles in Persons, who are by Birth, or Election, worthy to be Supreme Judges of the Kingdom of *Scotland*.' He then urged : 'What is now intended against him, may be intended against you ; and your Sentence will make that a Crime in all Compliers, which was before but an Error and a Frailty. . . . Who in this Kingdom can sleep securely this Night, if this Noble Person be condemned for a Compliance, since the Act of Indemnity is not yet past ? And albeit His Majesty's Clemency be unparallel'd, yet it is hard to have our Lives hung at a *May-be*, and whilst we have a Sentence-condemnator standing against us. Phalaris was burnt in his own Bull : And it is remarkable, that he who first brought in the Maiden, did himself suffer by it.' He concluded by artfully urging the Estates to remit the whole process to the Court for the King's personal consideration. No doubt he judged delay the best course for the prisoner. In the shifting quicksands of current politics great changes were possible.

And now the Parliament were turning to their deliberations when one of those dramatic incidents which crowd Scots history decided Argyll's fate. 'One who came post from London [Mackenzie himself tells the story] knocked most rudely at the Parliament door.' He carries a mass of papers : he is a Campbell : surely he has help

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for the Marquis? So his counsel inferred : else had they protested with might and main against this addition to the Crown case. The packet was opened. It contained letters, in Argyll's handwriting, proving that he had actively supported, not passively acquiesced in, the Protectorate. They were addressed to Monk, who, himself in safety, had at the last moment thrown them into the scale, turning it decisively against Argyll. He was forthwith condemned, and on May 26, 1661, was executed. The passing of such a figure, ‘without mentioning of whom,’ says Clarendon emphatically, ‘there can hardly be any mention of Scotland,’ excited intense interest. He was not a brave man. His enemies—and he had many—hopefully anticipated a ‘scene’ on the scaffold. Mackenzie bluntly told him ‘that the people believed he was a coward and expected that he would die timorously ;’ he said ‘He would not die as a Roman braving death, but he would die as a Christian, without being affrighted.’ They were good haters—those old Scots! Cruel eyes watched his last moments ; cruel voices urged that he buttoned his doublet twice or thrice after he was ready to throw it off, that he ‘shifted to lay down his head,’ and that he protracted time by ‘speaking at all the corners of the scaffold.’ On the other side, his physician told how my Lord's pulse was ‘clear and strong,’ and how (so a post-mortem examination proved) the partridge eaten at dinner a few hours before was perfectly digested. Whatever his natural failings, Archibald Campbell remembered in that supreme hour what was due to his Kirk, his Clan, and his Ancient House. In after days men glorified him as the Protomartyr of the Covenant. Mackenzie's potent advocacy had the compliment of reproof : he wittily turned it off, saying ‘It's impossible to plead for a traitor without speaking treason.’

He did other work. He strove to save ‘famous Guthrie's head’ from the scaffold ; he was unsuccessful, mainly, he assures us, from the obstinacy of the accused, who, scorning to conceal his opinions, would scarce avail himself of professional assistance. Mackenzie notes ‘his great parts and courage,’ and regrets him as impracticable and impossible. The two most prominent names on the Martyrs' Monument in that same Greyfriars churchyard—you may read them writ large thereon to-day—are the noble Marquis of Argyll and the Reverend James Guthrie, and for both Bloody Mackenzie was Advocate. Also he was Counsel for many engaged in the Pentland Rising (1666). And we find him, after he had done everything which earned him his epithet, pleading for accused Covenanters in a brief space between two tenures of office. To do his best for his client is but ordinary and proper counsel's work. As Lord Advocate his aims were necessarily different : he was with the hounds, not with the hare : conviction, not acquittal, was his game. But the doctrine of the pleader's aloofness from his case wellnigh passes the wit of man, and Old Scotland was not given to curious consideration of such

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refinements : to prosecute was to persecute; that the prosecutor had once been a defender was counted to him for added wickedness. But I anticipate.

All his life Mackenzie was a busy man, full of various and distracting occupations. He entered Parliament in 1669, was opposed to Lauderdale, who called him a factious young man. Nay, more : he went counter to the royal wishes. The Court were anxious to bring about a union of the kingdoms. Whilst Mackenzie professed himself favourable, he urged so many objections to the mode that he aided materially to wreck the scheme. He did all this with the most honeyed expressions of loyalty, for he was aiming at State office. I do not forget his 'Moral Essay ; preferring Solitude to Public Employment,' published at Edinburgh in 1665, which John Evelyn took too seriously in answering. Mackenzie was rather fond of those ingenious speculations : two years before he had given his 'Religious Stoic' to the world. The virtues of toleration are lauded in many a brilliant phrase ; but their practical application . . . ! He cultivated letters ; he wrote largely on professional topics ; he perpetrated some atrocious verse. I must do him the justice to say that he did not publish the verse, save by sending it to eminent men of letters, who before the invention of newspaper waste-baskets received much stuff of the kind. Above all, he had his increasingly large practice, civil as well as criminal, to look after. His great and hated rival at the bar was Sir George Lockhart. Mackenzie complimented Lockhart in pompous Latin as *corpus alterum juris civilis* ; in his 'Memoirs' he says 'his insolence and avarice were greater than his learning.' Their fellows judged Lockhart the better lawyer ; but as mere lawyer and nothing more, he played Coke to the other's Bacon.

In 1674 arose a curious dispute in which both were at first on the same side. The Earl of Callendar, having lost a case before the Court of Session, appealed, mainly on Lockhart's advice, to Parliament. The judges were furious ; the advocates determined. These made common cause, and a strike (or rather lock-out) of the Bar ensued. Some withdrew to Haddington and others to Linlithgow—poor markets for their legal wares. The Court took sides with the Session : nominally on the point of law, really because the judges were more under the King's thumb than the Estates. Mackenzie finally patched up the two-years quarrel in a way which pleased the Court ; and he was marked out for promotion. Another legal squabble distinguished the year 1677. The advocates said their place in the Parliament House was encroached on, and that they were hindered in their work. They tried to shut out the noblemen who were accustomed to hang about the courts. A mighty pother arose, and Mackenzie took the opportunity to insult Lockhart. Bannerman, another advocate, forthwith sent a challenge, which

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was promptly accepted. However, the judges bound the pair over to keep the peace. Mackenzie had a violent temper, an insolent manner, a cutting tongue. He had not feared to beard Lauderdale in the Parliament House ; he answered the judges sharply ; he was presently to be where his words had greater weight. Nisbet, then Lord Advocate, had taken fees from both sides, and behaved improperly in various ways. The business was pressed by his enemies, and he must resign. In August Mackenzie was made Lord Advocate, Lockhart being passed over. The appointment lay between the two. A turn in Court currents and history had pilloried the bloody Lockhart. Better for Mackenzie's fame had Bannerman pinked his man ! Mackenzie was likewise knighted, and sworn into the Privy Council. As one of the great officers of State, he was Member both of Parliament and of the Committee called Lords of the Articles, which prepared and practically made the Statutes. The Lord Advocate has always loomed large in Scotland ; then he was greater than an ordinary judge, and the number of important State trials in the next decade was to emphasise his prominence. The new Advocate was (another paradox !) keenly interested in legal reform. He made the procedure of the criminal courts more regular and favourable to the prisoner. He claimed all the credit for this ; but others worked with him. How little forms avail was to be speedily shown.

And now for a word on the time. At the Restoration the Scots authorities became extravagantly loyal, and everything made for absolute rule. In 1661, the famous *Act Recissory* destroyed all legislation since 1633. If Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman, it was still less one for a despot. Episcopacy was re-established, and the trouble began. There was great opposition to the Government, and theological questions entered the sphere of practical politics. In 1666 was the Pentland Rising ; in 1669 the Highland Host ravaged the west ; in 1679 Sharp was assassinated, and the Rebellion of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig flared out. In 1680 the extreme party in the Sanquhar Declaration threw off allegiance to the Government. The Apologetical Declaration, even more extreme, was met by the Abjuration Oath. The net result was that a man must swear his loyalty or be instantly shot. Now, the Government, though they easily crushed open insurrection—Drumclog was the only Covenanting victory—could not destroy the individual. On the one part was the absolute policy of the Stuarts in Church and State ; on the other, the stubbornly hostile Scots nature : a struggle to the death between tyrant and fanatic was the inevitable result. Mackenzie was not the only lawyer in the Privy Council (which body, in fact, governed Scotland) ; but he was the legal mouthpiece, and it was his to translate their policy into the black and white of the Scots Statute Book. In questions of detail, his legal ingenuity had play. By bonds of law-burrows he extended the old system of binding people

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to keep the peace by making suspected proprietors responsible for their tenants. As prosecutor before the Court of Justiciary and in the preliminary examinations before the Privy Council he was prominent. Thus he became 'famous infamous.' He was a thorough absolutist. No King's Advocate, he boasted, had ever screwed the King's prerogative higher; he had never lost a case for the King. He ought to have a statue hard by Charles II. in the Parliament Close. He did not serve Royalty for naught. London was far off; increase of Royal power meant increase of Scots official power. Hence official zeal; but the work was congenial. The dexterous twisting of legal forms, 'the torture of laws' (in Bacon's phrase), gave him a certain pleasure. He stooped to chicane, trickery, cruelty. An irritability of temper made him accentuate and underline the worst Stuart tendencies. In one respect an examination of the trials aids his reputation: a certain heaviness and coldness, an intellectual languor, clouds his writing. Some stimulus, some fire, was required to heat the mass. The excitement of a great criminal trial supplied this. His Crown speeches are, I think, his best remains. They are a curious compound of fiery eloquence, legal argument, and prejudicial matter. They are impressive to read: how much more impressive they must have been to hear!

And these trials? There is Mitchell's case in 1677. Mitchell fired at Sharp in 1668. He missed his aim; but he grievously wounded Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, who sat in my Lord St. Andrews' coach. The crowd, with the quaintly cynical remark that 'it was only a bishop,' let the would-be assassin slip away. Six years afterwards Sharp recognised Mitchell in the High Street, and had him arrested. There was a difficulty about another witness. Possibly the Council made that an excuse for promising Mitchell his life if he would confess everything, for they suspected some far-reaching plot. Mitchell did confess, but avowed he had no accomplices; the Council were disappointed; they brought him to trial meaning to have him punished, but not capitally. Mitchell now refused to plead guilty. He was sent to the Bass Rock, and the matter dropped for the time. With all this Mackenzie had nothing to do. Nay: Mitchell declared on the scaffold that he had been his counsel. However, in 1678 the new Lord Advocate was making a sort of gaol delivery of the prisons, and Mitchell was again brought up. Mackenzie prosecuted. He tells us he got the Council to appoint Lockhart to defend. There are curious points hard to explain about the trial. There was enough evidence to condemn the accused apart from his own formal confession. Sharp remembered him perfectly; and the 'goodman of the Tolbooth'—as, with quaint euphemism, they named the keeper of that 'delectable prison' (so one martyr phrased it)—narrated that Mitchell had confessed the deed to him, which the goodman's son corroborated. Why, then, produce the

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conditional confession? Lawyers have a way of piling certainty on certainty—from excess of caution, they say. Possibly! But another mystery is behind. Incredible to relate, John, Earl of Rothes, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, Charles Maitland of Hatton, Lord Treasurer Depute, John, Duke of Lauderdale, James, Archbishop of St. Andrews, entering the witness-box one after the other, stoutly denied any promise of pardon. Lockhart had a card up his sleeve: to wit, a copy of the page in the Council Records promising the pardon. Presently he produced it. A mere copy was no evidence; yet Mackenzie gave express permission to read it, and then argued thus: (1) The Council had no power to grant the alleged pardon; (2) the confession was prior in time; (3) the proper means had not been taken to bring the original books before the Court; (4) even if such a statement was in the Council books, how weigh it against the evidence of Lauderdale and his crew? The judges held the last two objections well founded. Mitchell was condemned and executed. Mackenzie, in his private ‘Memoirs,’ criticises Lockhart’s management of the case: chiefly in not bringing the Council records properly before the Court. Possibly Lockhart relied on a startling dramatic effect, and thought the surprise would carry all before it. Even he may not have foreseen how far witnesses or judges would go; or was there a deeper motive common to both advocates? Was each eager to disgrace Prelate and Lord? Mackenzie probably thought himself entitled to make the best of his material. Yet in his ‘Vindication of the Government of Charles II.’ he positively denies the existence of the promise of safety.

I turn now to Baillie of Jerviswood’s trial: the one trial (1684) of which I profess to give a complete account. Baillie was from a younger branch of the ancient house of Baillie of Lamington, ‘who say they are the old Balliols.’ He was ‘a man of great natural parts and learned and well travelled.’ Though a loyal subject, he was in favour of the Exclusion Bill. He was attached to the Kirk; he was for reform; he was son-in-law of Johnson of Warriston, who had been executed as a traitor (1663); he had been in trouble with the Government, and heavily fined; he had been on more or less intimate terms with political reformers in London who were inclined to go farther than himself, and he had not betrayed their secrets. These things were enough to hang a man. And here, as ever, there loomed a plot before official eyes. Hopes were held out to Baillie if he would confess and name his accomplices; but he smiled a refusal. The Earl of Tarras, his relation, less constant, was induced to make incriminating statements. Mackenzie protested at the trial that he had given his evidence without hope of favour; but the Act of the Estates that afterwards restored Tarras explicitly notes the promises made to him. The fear of death or torture procured some other scraps. Carstairs—subsequently the eminent Churchman,

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'Cardinal Carstairs' they nicknamed him at William's Court—after a prolonged course of the thumbikins, made a statement on condition that he was not to be called as a witness. It amounted to little, and that little was garbled. Baillie had been long in prison; he was stricken with mortal sickness: the Crown must haste; else death would rob it of its victim. He had but twenty-four hours' notice of his trial. Lockhart was the regular counsel for the defence in such matters; but both Lockhart and Lauder (afterwards Lord Fountainhall) were specially retained by the Crown to assist Mackenzie in the prosecution. The assize had been carefully packed. Among them was David Graham, Sheriff of Galloway, brother of Claverhouse, afterwards one of the actors in the affair of the Solway martyrs. There also was Bruce of Earlshall, as eminent a persecutor as Claverhouse himself; and there was my Lord Balcarres, at least as fervent a Jacobite, whose memoirs give that side's best account of the revolution. About another name hangs a faint aroma of letters; for there was William Drummond of Hawthornden, son of 'Damon, whose songs did sometimes grace the wandering Esk,' the friend and host of Ben Jonson. Such was the Court before which the prisoner was carried from the Tolbooth to the Parliament House 'in his nightgown.' His cousin and sister-in-law, the Lady Graden, gave him cordial from time to time as his strength sank low. His counsel demanded a delay, and quoted my Lord Advocate's writings to prove the right thereto; but the request was promptly refused.

A strange practice prevailed in the Courts at that time: the judges must pronounce an interlocutor finding the libel relevant. Now, however well it might be drawn, it was a point of honour to allege all sorts of objections; to these allegations there were answers; and there followed replies, duplies, triplies, quadruples, and so forth. And the matter of these? Long extracts from the civil law, citations from 'eminent criminalists,' Carpzovius, Julius Clarus, Matheus, Gothofredus, and other Dryasdusts, whose very names are long forgotten. There were references to the laws of France, Spain, and many other lands. There were copious illustrations from biblical as well as classical history, and quotations from Scots Acts, wherein alone was materiality. To the jury, to the spectators, to all save counsel and judges, it must have seemed hopeless jargon; but neither my Lord Advocate nor his opponents forgot their continental education; they went round the mill with infinite gusto. Remember that these debates were '*verbatim dictate*' to the clerks of the Court by the various speakers, and that everybody knew they must end in smoke; and the thing strikes you as ghastly mockery. At last it was over. My Lords 'repelled the defences proponed for the panel,' and the Court went seriously to work.

The witnesses gave reluctant evidence. With a touch of quiet humour, Baillie said of one of them, 'I pity poor Sandie Munroe. I

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saw he looked at me with a rueful countenance.’ Carstairs’ depositions were produced, and, though strenuously objected to, ‘were admitted as adminicles.’ The winter night was far advanced when my Lord Advocate summed up for the Crown. If the inquest found the prisoner innocent, of course there was no plot. ‘All the noise we have heard of it is but a cheat, the King’s judges have been murderers, all the witnesses have been knaves, and such as died for it have been martyrs.’ He dwelt on the panel’s connections. ‘Remember you that he is nephew and son-in-law to the late Worrison, bred up in his family, and under his tutory.’ The law of treason was explained and illustrated ; not overstated, because *that* was impossible. The reluctance of Carstairs was paraded to strengthen the adminicles : whoever refuses his belief ‘does let all the world see that he inclines that conspiracy should be encouraged and allowed.’ His concluding sentence explains his zeal : ‘And I have insisted so much on this probation rather to convince the world of the conspiracy, than you that this conspirator is guilty.’ The suggestion was that the Duke of York was the object of a wicked plot, to strengthen which an official account of the trial was published both in London and in Edinburgh. The striking incident that follows we get from other sources. It was now midnight, when Jerviswood craved leave for a few words. For the jury, he doubted not they would act as men of honour. The witnesses had said things not quite truthful ; ‘but life might be precious to some . . . he most heartily forgave them as one in probability to appear in some hours before the tribunal of the Great Judge.’ He indignantly denied the charge of plotting the King’s death or Duke of York’s ; and then, directly addressing Mackenzie, he reminded him that he had privately assured him of his belief that those charges were unfounded. ‘How then, my Lord, come you to lay such a stain upon me with so much violence?’ Remember how it was told of Baillie that ‘he had a sort of majesty in his face, and stateliness in his carriage,’ and you understand the impressive change of position : the accused had become the accuser ; the doomed man triumphed over his proud and powerful adversary. Every eye was turned on my Lord Advocate, who appeared in no small confusion. ‘Jerviswood,’ he stammered out, ‘I own what you say : my thoughts there were as a private man ;’ but he now acted as public prosecutor by direction of the Privy Council. ‘If your Lordship,’ returned Jerviswood, with quiet dignity, ‘have one conscience for yourself, and another for the Council, pray God forgive you ; I do.’

How to doubt the result before such a tribunal ? Yet the assize debated till three o’clock the next morning. At nine the formal verdict of ‘Clearly proven’ was returned. The hideous formula of old Scots procedure was gone through. The Dempster repeated the sentence : Baillie must die that same afternoon the death of a traitor ; his head to be stuck on the Netherbow, his limbs scattered through

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Scotland, his possessions forfeit, his blood tainted ; which 'was pronounced for doom.' One last insult remained: the Heralds in their gorgeous trappings advanced, 'and after sound of trumpet' tore the Jerviswood coat-of-arms, threw it in his face, trampled it under foot, and declared his race ignoble ; they then proceeded to the Marcat Cross, whereto they affixed the arms reversed, with the bitter inscription, 'The arms of Mr. Robert Baillie, late of Jerviswood, traitor.' But for Baillie the bitterness of death was already past. He bade farewell to his judges in a brief sentence : 'My Lords, the time is short, the sentence sharp ; but I thank my God, who has made me as fit to die as you to live.' Back in prison he fell into 'a wonderful rapture of joy : ' the haven for the battered vessel was so near. One last work he must do—even martyrdom has its conventions—it was the solemn duty of them who suffered in the troubles to leave their 'testimony.' We have scores of such ; but Baillie's is unique : it is brief, moderate in tone, charitable, touched with a light as from beyond the grave. He had a word or two about his family, with a last protest against the charge of disloyalty, which had stung him deeply. Yet the men of that iron age had larger interests than their private affairs, however near ; and most of what he said was for his Kirk and his Country. His time was come. The prisoners crowded round to take farewell. It was but a few steps down the High Street ; but they must carry him out in a chair. 'When at the scaffold he was not able to go up the ladder without support.' He said some words ; but the drums were beaten, and presently all was over. That Scots place of death had another memory. The martyrology of the Covenant is crowded with names. Courage and devotion are therein almost commonplaces ; but the virtues of sanity and moderation are sadly lacking. This is a single record. To tell of these things is to tell *come colui che piange e dice* ; yet I must linger for a little round that scaffold to note two figures, without which the lesson is incomplete. The Lady Graden walked by Baillie's chair, 'saw him all quartered, and took every piece and wrapped it up in some linen cloth, with more than masculine courage,' says even the hostile Lauder. The second figure is a lad of twenty, Baillie's eldest son and namesake. 'If ye have a strong heart,' said his father, 'ye may go and see me mauled (dismembered).' The boy's nature was changed : he was hereafter noted as 'grave, silent, thoughtful.' After the revolution name and estate were restored, and he rose to great place and power. The names of the Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of his wife, the Lady Grizell Baillie (their acquaintance was made when, a child of twelve, she was sent by her father to take a message to his in prison), sweetest of Scots singers, are still remembered. When the '15 ended in disaster, he 'publicly declared himself for mercy,' somewhat to the scandal of his official friends. He simply replied that he had been bred in the school of affliction.

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I pick out one or two illustrative extracts from other proceedings. There is the case of Mr. James Skene, brother of the Laird of Skene, in 1680. He did not extenuate before the Council. ‘They asked me why I poisoned my ball. I told them I wished none of them to recover whom I shot.’ Mackenzie (a far-off relation) made some effort to save him; but the offers were scornfully rejected, and the Lord Advocate had a special portion in the ‘martyr’s’ last testimony. ‘My blood is upon Mr. George Mackenzie, who pleaded for my condemnation.’ Donald Cargill’s case in 1680 was notable because in the September of that year, at the Torwood, near Stirling, before a vast congregation, he had solemnly excommunicated and delivered up to Satan Sir George Mackenzie, the King’s Advocate, on numerous charges, such as ‘for his constant pleading against and prosecuting to death the people of God’; also ‘for his ungodly, erroneous, fantastic and blasphemous tenets printed to the world in his pamphlets and pasquils.’ Mackenzie might have cynically answered that, though he had written in favour of toleration, he observed it as little as Cargill himself. The preacher was taken and ended. Mackenzie stormed a good deal at his trial, and was reported to have declared that permitting the common people to read the Scriptures did more evil than good. The next year Marian Harvey and Isobel Alison, young women in the position of servants, were before the Council; and my Lord Advocate’s discussions merited their reproof. ‘Why did ye not debate these things with men and not with lasses?’ One remark of Mackenzie’s is of interest: ‘It is not for religion we are pursuing you, but for treason.’ Neither forgot my Lord in their last moments. ‘And I leave my blood on Sir George Mackenzie and the rest of that bloody court,’ declared Alison. ‘I leave my blood on the criminal Lords, as they call themselves, and especially that excommunicate tyrant George Mackenzie the Advocate,’ echoed Harvey. The thing was often grotesque. ‘Sir, you must be a great liar.’ So my Lord to Hackston, one of those implicated in the killing of Sharp. ‘Sir, you must be a far greater liar,’ was the retort.

To blame Mackenzie for the use of torture were unfair: it was part of the machinery of Scots procedure: it was used after the revolution. Yet there are individual *notabilia*. Mackenzie threatens to tear out one prisoner’s tongue with a pair of pincers if he will not answer readily. The torturer is about to apply the boot to an ailing lad; the surgeon takes Mackenzie aside, urges that the prisoner cannot endure it, and that it is unnecessary, as he has owned to sufficient for conviction. My Lord indifferently assents, and orders him the thumbikins! Also there were gifts of various forfeitures. William Scott of Harden was fined a large sum because his wife was at a conventicle. Mackenzie got a gift of the fine, which he rigorously exacted with interest; and at one time Claverhouse (whose relations with Lady Mackenzie were favourite subjects for the scandalmongers

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of the day) notes his discontent that in some division of spoil nothing had come to him. Thus his rage when any person of means evaded forfeiture. 'Has the villain played me this trick?' he said when the first Earl of Loudoun died.

In March 1684 Campbell of Cessnock had an escape little less than miraculous. The charge was treason. Lockhart was again ordered to assist Mackenzie. The witnesses had been carefully pre-cognosed; but in the box, from fear, conscience, or confusion, they knew nothing. Mackenzie was beside himself with rage; there was frantic applause in court. 'Never was such a Protestant rore,' he declared, 'except at the trial of Lord Shaftesbury.' William Fletcher was junior advocate for the defence; he irritated Mackenzie, who burst out on him, 'I hate you, William Fletcher, I hate you, I swear I hate you, ye speak nonsense.' He pressed the witnesses so unfairly that the inquest objected; he fell foul of them. The result was an acquittal; there was more applause. Mackenzie said the jury had joined in it, and had them up before the Privy Council. They retorted 'that there were none who shouted more than my Lord Advocate himself.' 'It was his part to do so,' was the somewhat lame reply.

One last case, not religious or political, reported by Lauder of Fountainhall, who in many points admired Mackenzie. In 1682 James Douglas was condemned for having killed his stepbrother. Before the end he confessed to other crimes which involved complete forfeiture. Mackenzie tried a curious legal trick. Let there be a new trial and forfeiture, that this estate might go as Mackenzie wished. A reprieve was obtained, and Douglas was again placed at the bar. He had found out what was intended and retracted his confession. For once technicalities were urged with effect in the panel's favour. The jury, knowing he must die on the old charge, would not convict him on this. Mackenzie was mortified, and showed it. He threatened them with an assize of error; he protested that they were worse 'than the seditious *ignoramus* juries at London.' He suggested 'Lithgow's sogers to cool their fanatiques;' but, adds Lauder, 'these transports of passion were smiled at.'

For completeness, I must mention the trial of the Earl of Argyll, son of the Marquis for whom Mackenzie had appeared. Argyll had taken the test prescribed by the Act of 1681, with a qualification, 'so far as consistent with itself and the Protestant faith.' This was twisted into leasing making, wherefore he was tried in December 1681. Mackenzie prosecuted, and of course the verdict was Guilty. The Government deferred execution, and the prisoner was (probably) allowed to escape. He led the Scots branch of the Monmouth rising in 1683. He was taken and beheaded on the old sentence. Mackenzie is said to have directed this from a feeling of tenderness to the Argylls. He judged the former verdict unsound: it might

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be upset and the forfeiture reversed. Argyll's last proceedings were too plainly treason to make that possible.

Each of these trials was a drama (or rather a tragedy) of surpassing interest to the nation. The Justiciary Court was crammed with an eager audience. A still greater crowd gathered round the Cross or filled the Grassmarket to witness the last scene. True, it was dangerous to express sympathy ; one man, at least, had done so to his undoing. True, the martyrs were cut short in their testifying by the soldiers' drums ; but what they said had been committed to writing or dropped into friendly ears. The story was told by the fireside in many a country town, in many a lonely farmhouse ; it became a hallowed tradition handed down from generation to generation, and Mackenzie was not forgotten. At trial and examination he was much in evidence. Even where Claverhouse was the hand that struck, his seemed the brain that plotted. And now do you understand his title ? He was little concerned ; he and his fellows repaid hate with contemptuous scorn. These men were ‘fanatics.’ To Mackenzie that meant something too bad to live. The word was often in his mouth. John Erskine of Carnock, whose Presbyterian sympathies were known, once consulted him about some law business, and the Advocate took occasion to explain his rule of conduct. ‘He loved not to stand on pinpoints with God, and also he was for liberty and loved good company, tho’ he was loyal and no phanatic in advancing so.’

Old Edinburgh was so packed together, that odd things touched : the noise of the crowd round the gallows must have invaded my Lord's study windows. Rosehaugh's Close (afterwards Strichen's), where he had his town house, was but a little way down the High Street, on the south side. But Mackenzie called Edinburgh the most unwholesome and unpleasant town in Scotland. He was glad to escape to his country house at Shank, itself a place of distinguished memories, ten miles off : a charming place, by the head waters of the South Esk, surrounded by ancient trees and pleasant fields. But, wherever ‘that noble wit of Scotland’ (as Dryden called him) was, he was fully occupied. During these passionate years he wrote and read with amazing zeal. The chief scholars on the Continent were his correspondents ; English men of letters were his friends ; in the Council his scholarship was valued. Once they must communicate with the Dutch Government, and Mackenzie had to put their words into Latin. His Latin served well enough, though in the next century it called forth a ‘solemn sneer’ from Dr. Johnson. One curious piece of work was his. The Bishop of St. Asaph and other English scholars attacked the line of mythical Scots Kings. Mackenzie answered with a ponderous treatise which excited much interest. St. Asaph's presumption in murdering so many of his Majesty's ancestors almost amounted to a criminal offence.

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With it all Mackenzie found time to play the accomplished courtier : he was well known at St. James's, and there were occasional glimpses of royalty at Holyrood. James VII. (as the Scots called him) when Duke of York was twice in Edinburgh as Lord High Commissioner. With him were his wife and Lady Anne, afterwards Queen. There were high jinks at Holyrood—masked balls, play-acting, brilliant parties, golf, tennis. No one was more welcome than Mackenzie. We picture him then as Kneller's portrait on the walls of the Parliament House shows him to-day : the wig of long black hair, the keen, clear-shaven, legal face, the refined, aristocratic expression, a trifle haughty yet not unkind—all this, with the stately Cavalier dress, made, you believe, a highly impressive figure : a brilliant talker too, his tongue rather addicted to caustic sayings, as when one noble succeeds another as official head of the law—'The King every two years,' said my Lord Advocate, 'gives me the trouble of a new Justice-General to breed in the Criminal Court.' No wonder Mackenzie got a little confused with so many avocations. Claverhouse, in a letter to Queensberry (March 1, 1682), touches him off with a certain amusing impatience : 'My good friend the Advocate, who wrote to me very kindly, but very little, in return of anything I desired of him ; but I know he ordinarily loses the papers and forgets the business before he has time to make any return.'

The accession of James VII. in 1685 began the end. The new King was a devoted Roman Catholic ; but to relax the laws against his faith he must cease the persecution of Presbytery. Mackenzie had a conscience : he was as much against 'papists' as against 'fanatics.' James used every effort to win his support. He failed, and in a passion dismissed his Advocate, although he was thought 'the brightest man in the nation.' The younger Stair was put in his place ; but the change worked ill. Stair was made a judge, and Mackenzie was reinstated. His opponent Lockhart a little before had been made Justice-General, only to fall a victim in the very midst of the revolution to the pistol of an aggrieved suitor. It is worth noting that, after Mackenzie was reappointed Lord Advocate, he wrote to Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, to congratulate him on his acquittal in the famous Seven Bishops case.

And then came the revolution ; the Estates were summoned at Edinburgh, and the months before their meeting were full of plot and intrigue. Mackenzie threw in his lot with the lost cause. The position was awkward. The Castle, under the Duke of Gordon, still held for James ; but the town was crammed with wild Whigs from the West, 'seditious Bothwell Brig faces,' to maintain the new order. As Mackenzie and Claverhouse trod those familiar streets they met scowling and menacing looks, and heard threats both loud and deep. A plot for their assassination was suspected. In

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vain they appealed to the Estates for protection. In the midst of those troubles Mackenzie, as Dean of the Faculty, formally ‘inaugurated’ the Advocates’ Library. He had worked at its foundation for years, and the reward of its success lights up his last public days. In a stately Latin oration he discussed law and letters, books and learning, and then turned himself to strike one last blow for the old order. Mackenzie was addressing the Convention, urging an adjournment to some place beyond reach of Castle guns and rabble shouts, when news was brought of Dundee’s dramatic exit from Edinburgh, of which Scott’s ballad so well preserves the spirit. At that very time he was in conference with Gordon on the Castle Rock. All was commotion, the doors were locked, and Mackenzie and some others were placed under temporary restraint; but Dundee moved northward, the Castle batteries were silent, and the Whigs had it all their own way. On April 4, 1689, the Estates declared that James had forfeited the Crown. Mackenzie was the chief of a minority of five. He came not again to the Convention: his public life was over. In the crash of his fortunes the future was dark and confused. He had some thought of resuming practice, but at last recognised that his only safety lay in flight. His exit was not less fitting than Dundee’s. His wild spirit, led by the shade of Montrose, sought the Highland glens, and was happy in a soldier’s death at the close of a brilliant victory. So the warrior ended. The scholar turned as instinctively to Oxford, the stately haunt of letters. The night before he left the Scots Capital he was noted alone at midnight in the Greyfriars churchyard. The very dust might seem hostile: there lay Buchanan, whom he had attempted to confute; there lay many of his victims; a brief time before, Lockhart, his professed rival, had been buried in the spot chosen by Mackenzie for his own grave. The night wind among the tombs must have whispered strange things to the ruined statesman. He left Edinburgh, his head erect, his conscience clear. ‘I never did anything that deserved absconding. I punished crimes, but committed none; and yet I will not return till things be settled, for others may want justice, though I want not innocence.’ Oxford was learned and loyal: it received the Cavalier scholar with open arms. What a contrast Mackenzie must have found between its quiet humdrum life and those passionate days in Edinburgh, so crowded with action and emotion! He brooded over the times, not without result. Almost his last literary effort was a vindication of the Government of Scotland during the reign of King Charles II. I will quote an incident from those days. Once he dined with his old opponent, the Bishop of St. Asaph. Another opponent, Evelyn, reports an extraordinary story told by Mackenzie of how an ingenious Jesuit had introduced Presbyterianism into Scotland in the time of Elizabeth, and had invented extemporary prayer apparently

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as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Protestant faith. (The likeness of this to a famous passage in 'Lothair' has been noted.) The last months of Mackenzie's life were spent at Westminster, where he died May 8, 1691. The body was taken to Scotland, lay in state in Holyrood, was interred with decent pomp at Greyfriars, the various learned societies following it to the grave. A brass plate on the coffin lauded him as, among much else, *patriæ decus religionis vindex justitiæ propugnator*; it described him *comitatis exemplar eruditorum Mæcenæ eruditissimus*.

His works were collected and published in 1716 by the learned Ruddiman in two stately folios. Polite letters in Scotland have ever been on the Cavalier side, and many Latin poems elegantly lamented his end and lauded his many gifts; yet, save a phrase or two, all are dead. If you turn over Lord Dreghorn's reports you find him extensively quoted in the Scots Criminal Courts through the next century; but those curious technical debates are now antiquated. Only a fragment of his 'Memoirs,' preserved by a romantic chance, remains. His heirs in all probability meant to suppress them. If a complete copy lurk anywhere, what a find!

The sinister legend of his tomb perished not. It was rumoured that he had died in fearful agony, 'all the passages of his body running blood.' The pious pilgrims who for two centuries visited the graves of the martyrs forgot not to gaze with horror on the stately mausoleum of their persecutor, within which his spirit could find no rest, as the famous couplet already quoted mentioned. A hundred years ago a lad named Turner, condemned to the gallows for burglary, escaped from prison; some confederate had procured a key of Rosehaugh's vault, and therein harboured as the one place in Edinburgh which no one would rashly approach. He had been a Heriot boy, and some lads from that Hospital, greatly daring, carried him supplies of food. Turner escaped unhurt to foreign parts. The final touch to the Mackenzie legend came from a friendly hand. Scott's sympathies were more for the Cavalier than for the Covenanter. Mackenzie appeared twice in his pages: a gifted yet sombre and guilty figure. He is The Bluidy Advocate Mackenzie of 'Wandering Willie.' Davie Deans is not less emphatic: 'Did he not die and gang to his place as the Bluidy Mackenzie? And winna he be ken'd by that name sae long as there's a Scot's tongue to speak the word?' And so, though Mackenzie was learned and loyal, though he was faithful to a fallen cause, though he gave Scotland, his country, a great library, though he is blamed for much unjustly, it seems vain to argue or even try to remember all this. He is The Bluidy Mackenzie for all time.

SISTER BEATRICE : A MIRACLE PLAY
IN THREE ACTS. BY MAURICE
MAETERLINCK
DONE INTO ENGLISH BY A. BERNARD MIALl

*This Translation
Dedicated with Admiration and Gratitude by the Translator
to the Author.*

A NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR

'SISTER BEATRICE,' says the Author, is really a libretto. The French version, which has been set to music, is written in unrhymed alexandrines, if the term be permissible : that is, in unrhymed lines of twelve syllables. It is possible to employ this metre in English verse ; but it is a medium as yet too little polished by use to refract, without theft or distortion, its immanent sense : it is (so to speak) one of your material metres, more ready to present itself in body than in spirit, being still in a primitive stage of evolution, and waiting the master-hand which shall teach it an easy delivery and self-effacement. In short, it is a metre neither so familiar nor so far developed as to justify its use to a translator, whose duty is to interpret his author, in some remote degree, as his author might wish, rather than to experiment as himself might please.

For myself, I had no thirst to attempt it ; and so, with the approval of M. Maeterlinck, I have turned his play into such blank verse as I might ; holding, with him, that our English unrhymed verse of ten syllables is an equivalent sufficiently near, and perhaps the most proper, of the French unrhymed verse of twelve syllables. But I do not pretend that the author's mood may not be betrayed by the more staccato effect of the shorter line.

Readers may miss in 'Sister Beatrice' what they will call the atmosphere, the glamour, of the Maeterlinckian drama. They will miss it partly, no doubt, because I have translated it ; but partly also because it is partly absent in the French ; they may, perhaps, find more of it in the music, if they are so lucky as to hear it. But the play unsung—it is, as I have said, a libretto—is the play of M. Maeterlinck's which most nearly approaches, in the matter of treatment, the avowedly obvious spirit of the English drama. That the story is all spiritual, or rather, that the spiritual in it has a story, may explain why the treatment may be largely material—that is, articulate.

Other plays of this author might be described—he himself would, perhaps, so describe them—as belonging to static drama : the plays were written about a state of feeling. Here, I think, we have for the first time in M. Maeterlinck's drama a treatment of a legend already crystallised : a legend in England familiar to readers of the poems of Mr. John Davidson, of Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor, and of the first volume of 'The Pageant,' which contained a translation of the mediæval Flemish version—I am unable to say if that be the oldest. This to explain why 'Sister Beatrice' is not most obviously by M. Maeterlinck and by no one else. Of the inner meaning which M. Maeterlinck has read into the legend it is not here my duty to speak.

A. BERNARD MIALl.

LIDO, VENICE,
May 10, 1900.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

THE HOLY VIRGIN (<i>in the likeness of</i> SISTER BEATRICE).	
SISTER BEATRICE.	SISTER REGINA.
THE ABBESS.	SISTER GISÈLE.
SISTER EGLANTINE.	THE CHAPLAIN.
SISTER CLEMENCY.	PRINCE BELLIDOR.
SISTER FELICITY.	LITTLE ALLETTE.
SISTER BALBINE.	BEGGARS, PILGRIMS, &c.

The thirteenth century ; a Convent in the neighbourhood of Louvain.

ACT THE FIRST

A corridor. In the middle is the great entrance-door of the convent. To the right, the door of the chapel, to which a few steps give access, makes an angle with the wall of the corridor. In the angle so formed an image of THE VIRGIN, of the stature of an ordinary woman, stands within a niche, upon a pedestal of marble, which is raised on steps enclosed by a grill. The image is attired after the Spanish manner, in vestments of silk and precious brocades, which lend to it the appearance of a celestial princess. A broad girdle, wrought in gold, clasps the waist ; and a golden fillet, on which glitter precious stones, confines, like a diadem, the tresses of woman's hair that fall about the shoulders of the image. To the left of the convent-gate is seen the cell of SISTER BEATRICE. The door is ajar. The whitewashed cell is furnished with a table, a chair, and a pallet-bed. It is night. Before THE VIRGIN a lamp is burning, and at her feet is prostrated SISTER BEATRICE.

BEATRICE. Pity me, Lady ! me, in mortal sin
About to fall, for he is coming back
To-night, to-night ; and I am all alone !
What must I say to him, what must I do ?
He looks at me with trembling hands, and I—
I know not what it is that he desires.
Since I came first into this holy house
Four years are nearly gone ; ay, four years quite,
Less than six weeks, when July comes to end.
Then I knew nothing : I was quite a child :
And now I still know nothing ; nor I dare
Ask of the Abbess, nor to any tell
This matter that torments my heart—this woe,
Or, else, this happiness. It is, they say,
Allowed to love a man in marriage ; he
Says, when I leave the convent, first of all,
Before he even kiss me, there shall be
A hermit, one that can work miracles,
One that he knows, who shall unite us both.

SISTER BEATRICE

We are told often of the lures of sin,
And of the snares of man ; but him you know :
He is not like the others. Long ago,
When I was little, he would often come
On Sunday to my father's garden ; there
We used to play together. I forgot
Him ; but I oftentimes remembered that
When I was miserable, or in my prayers.
Pious he is and wise ; his eyes are gentler
Than those are of a child who kneels to pray.
Here at your feet he knelt the other night,
Under the lamp : did you not see him there ?
To look at, like your son. Gravely he smiles,
As if he spoke to God, though but to me,
To me who cannot answer him he speaks,
Me who have no possessions. See, I tell you
All, for I seek not to deceive you : see,
I am very wretched, though for three days now
I have been unable to cry any more.
If I refused to listen to his prayer
He swore that he would die ! And I have heard
That such a thing may be : that such as he,
Men that are beautiful, and tall, and young,
Have killed themselves because of love. One day
They spoke of this to Francis, and to Paul.
If it be true I know not ; but the world
Is full of trouble, and they tell us naught.
Hear, Mother, for I know not what to do !
And who knows, Mother, but these hands I stretch
Trembling towards your holy shape shall be
Torches unquenchable in the flames of hell,
To-morrow ?

*[There is heard without the sound of many
approaching horsemen.]*

Listen ! Listen ! Do you hear ?
There are many horses. Now they stop. And now
Men tread the threshold ; now they try the door !

[Some one knocks on the great door.]

What shall I do ? Mother, I will not go,
I will not, if you wish it !

[She rises, and runs to the door.]
Bellidor ?

BELLIDOR. *[From without.]*
Yes, open quickly, Beatrice : it is I !

BEATRICE. Yes, yes !

[She throws wide open the door of the convent,

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and BELLIDOR, clad in a coat of mail and a long blue cloak, is seen on the threshold. On his right hand is a child loaded with costly garments and glittering jewels. Not far from the door an old man holds two richly harnessed horses by the bridle, and leads them to and fro beneath a tree. In the distance, under the starry sky, a limitless moonlit country.

[*Advancing.*] You are not alone? Who is it there, Under the tree?

BELLIDOR. Come, come, and have no fear!

[*Kneeling upon the threshold and kissing the hem of BEATRICE's robe.*

O, beautiful as you come forward so,
Beatrice! to face the stars that wait for you,
As you upon the threshold trembling stand!
Surely they know a mighty happiness
To birth has come, and, like the dust of gold
In silence strewn before a queen's feet,
They are shed over all the long blue ways
We are to journey through. What is it? Say!
What would you do? O, do your feet already
Falter? You turn your head? O no, no, no!
My arms enlace you, hold you for ever fast
In the sight of Heaven! No, you shall not fly,
For love delivers by enchaining you!
O come, come: seek no more the shadow dim
Of the lamps wherein love slumbered. Love has seen
The light he never saw before: the light
Whose every passing ray his triumph gilds,
Unites our youthful spirits, and ensures
Our destinies! O Beatrice! Beatrice!
Behold, I see you, I am near, I touch,
Embrace you and salute you the first time!

[*At these words he abruptly stands up, seizes BEATRICE round the body and kisses her on the lips.*

BEATRICE. [*Recoiling, and feebly defending herself.*]
No, do not kiss me! You had promised me!

BELLIDOR. [*Redoubling his kisses.*]
O, those were never promises of love!
Love cannot say that love will not adore,
And lovers make no promises; never they
Shall promise aught who once have given all.
Love every moment gives the all it has,
And if it promise to reserve or stay

SISTER BEATRICE

One kiss, it gives a hundred thousand more
To efface the wrong done to its lips itself.

[Embracing her more ardently and seeking to draw her away.]

Come, come! The night is passing, and the sky
Paling already, and the horses fret.

There is now only one step more to take,
One to descend——

[Suddenly observing that BEATRICE is failing in his arms.]

You do not answer me?

I hear your breath no more: your knees give way.

Come! Never wait until the envious dawn

Its golden snares outlays across the path

That leads to happiness!

BEATRICE. *[Who is almost swooning.]*

No: I cannot, yet!

BELLIDOR. Love! you grow pale, and all my kisses
die,

Quenched on your lips like sparks in waters cold.

Raise your fair face, and give me your dear mouth

That seeks to smile no more. Ah! it is this,

This heavy veil, that so constrains your throat

And weighs upon your heart. 'Twas made for death,

Never for life!

[With slow and cautious movements he unwraps the veil which envelops the face of BEATRICE, who is still unconscious. Presently the first tresses of hair begin to fall, then others and still others, till all at last, like flames unimprisoned, fall suddenly over BEATRICE's face. She seems to awaken.]

[With a cry of ecstasy.] O!

BEATRICE. *[Softly, as if she came from a dream.]*

Ah, what have you done?

Bellidor? What is this my hands perceive?

This softness that is tender with my face?

BELLIDOR. *[Passionately kissing her dishevelled hair.]*

Behold! behold! It is your proper fire

Awakens you, and you are overwhelmed

With your own beauty! Lo! you are enmeshed

With your own radiance! O, you never knew,

I never knew, how beautiful you were!

I thought that I had seen you, and I thought

I loved you! Ay, and but a moment gone

You were the fairest of my boyish dreams.

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Most beautiful, of all most beautiful
Behold you now in my awakened eyes,
And in my hands that touch you, and in my heart
That now discovers you ! Ah, wait ! wait ! wait !
You must in all be like your face—must be
Utterly liberated, wholly queen !

[He removes BEATRICE's mantle with a sudden gesture, and she appears clad in a robe of white woollen; then, while he makes a sign in the direction of the door, and the child draws near who was with him at the opening of the scene, bearing costly raiment, a golden girdle, and a necklet of pearls, BEATRICE falls upon her knees on the flags, prostrate and sobbing, her face hidden in the folds of the mantle and veil, which she has gathered up.]

BEATRICE. No, no ! I would—I would not. . . .

[Crawling on her knees to THE VIRGIN's feet.]
O, You see,

Lady ! I cannot struggle any more !
No—not unless you help me ! I can pray
No more, no more, if you abandon me !

BELLIDOR. *[Hastening to BEATRICE and wrapping her in the costly garments which he has taken from the child.]*

It is time, Beatrice ! See the raiment, see
The raiment of your life that now begins !
You are no slave I rescue from her lord,
You are a queen I bring to happiness !

BEATRICE. *[Still kneeling, her hands clinging to the grill that encloses the base of the image.]*

Our Lady, hear me ! I can say no more,
And neither can I any longer pray.
No, I can only sob ; I did not know
I loved him quite like this ; I did not know
That I loved You so much. O, listen, look !
All that I ask you is a sign, a sign,
A sign of your hand, a smile of your eyes, no more !
I am only a child who does not understand . . .
They have so often told me that you grant
Everything, and that you were very kind,
That you were pitiful . . .

BELLIDOR. *[Endeavouring to raise her up and to draw her gently away from the grill.]*

Ah, so she is,
For she is Queen of a heaven that love has made.

SISTER BEATRICE

Unclasp your tender hands the iron has chilled ;
Look in her face—it is in no wise wroth,
It smiles, it shines ; her eyes have seen the prayer
That shines in yours ; it is as though your tears
Lit up her eyes that smile. Is it not she
That asks, and you that pardon ? In my eyes
You are confounded, and I seem to see
Two sisters ; and I know that love is here,
And they bless one another with their hands.

BEATRICE. [*Raising her head and looking at THE VIRGIN.*]

I was told often I resembled her . . .

BELLIDOR. Look at her tresses thus, across your own,
While my hands spread the shivering veil of them.
Would one not say, rays of the self-same light,
The self-same bliss ?

[*While he speaks three hours strike on the convent clock.*]

BEATRICE. [*Suddenly standing erect.*]
Listen !

BELLIDOR. Three hours.

BEATRICE. The hour
Of matins that I should have sounded !

BELLIDOR. Come !
The dawn grows nigh, the windows pale to blue !

BEATRICE. The windows that I used to open wide
Before the dawn, so that the morning air,
Fresh, and the daylight, and the song of birds,
Welcomed my sisters as they came from sleep.
There is the cord that rings the bell, to say
Night and their sleep are ended ; there the door,
The chapel door of which no more my hands
Will push the leaves apart to greet the dawn,
And altar candles other hands will light.
Here is the poor folks' basket : very soon
They will come hither, and will call my name,
And see no one at all, and vainly seek
My hands they used to bless when I dispensed
The humble garments that my sisters sewed
In peace and silence of the spacious rooms,
The while they prayed.

BELLIDOR. Come, for the day grows nigh ;
Your sisters will awake ; it seems to me
Already that I hear their steps resound.

BEATRICE. Yes, they are coming ; yes, my sisters come
Who loved me all so well, and thought me too

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So holy ! Here they will discover all
That of the lowly Beatrice remains,
Her veil and mantle lying on the stones.

*[Suddenly lifting the veil and mantle, and placing
them on the grill at the feet of the image.]*

But no : I would not one of them should think
I trampled underfoot the robe of peace
They gave me. If I one day should return,
Tell them, my Mother.

[Folding and arranging the garments with care.]

Not a fleck of dust

Must mar them. Mother, see—I give them you.
And you will keep them. In your hands I place
All my possessions, all I have received
In these four years.

I lay my chaplet here,
My chaplet with the cross of silver ; here
My discipline, and here the three great keys
I carried at my girdle ; this the key
That opens the great door ; the garden, this ;
And this the chapel. I shall see no more
The garden growing green, and no more now
Unlock the chapel where we used to sing
'Mid odour of the incense. You know all,
Lady, and I know nothing.

There on high

Is it writ that naught is pardoned ? And that love
Is cursèd, and that none may expiate it ?
Tell me, O tell me ! For I am not lost
Unless you will it. For I am not lost
If you but make a sign ! I do not ask
A miracle that may not be, but this :
A single sign were all enough : a sign
So small that none should see it ! If the shade
Cast by the lamp that slumbers on your brow
Move but a line I will not go away !
I will not go away ! O, look at me !
Mother ! I gaze and gaze ! I wait !

*[She gazes for a long while at THE VIRGIN's
face. All is silent and still.]*

BELLIDOR. *[Embracing her and kissing her once pas-
sionately on the lips.]* Come !

BEATRICE. *[Returning his kiss for the first time.]*

Yes. . . .

*[Enlaced in one another's arms, they go forth
into the dawning world. The door remains*

SISTER BEATRICE

open. Soon is heard the sound of horses galloping farther and farther away into the distance. The curtain falls, and shortly afterwards the bell of the convent is heard in the dawn, loudly ringing for matins.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT THE SECOND

The last strokes of the bell ringing for matins are heard. Then the curtain rises. The scene is that of the last Act; except that now the great door of the convent is closed, and all the corridor windows are open to the first rays of the sun. Hardly has the curtain risen when the image of THE VIRGIN is seen to stir, to come to life, as at the end of a long, divine slumber; and then she slowly descends the steps of the pedestal, and reaches the grill, and over her glorious tresses and robe she puts the veil and mantle that BEATRICE has abandoned. Then, as she begins to sing softly under her breath, she turns to the right, stretching forth her hand, when, through the door of the chapel, which opens at her gesture, are seen the tapers of the altar, which are magically kindled one by one; after which, continuing her holy song, she revives the flame of the lamp, and, having placed before the pedestal the basket containing the garments which are to be given to the poor, she advances to the great door of the convent.

THE VIRGIN. [Singing.]

I hold to every sin,
To every soul that weeps,
My hands with pardon filled
Out of the starry deeps.

There is no sin that lives
If love have vigil kept:
There is no soul that dies
If love but once have wept.

And though in many paths
Of earth love lose its way,
Its tears shall find me out,
And shall not go astray.

[During the last words of the song a hand knocks timidly at the gate of the convent. THE VIRGIN opens; and there is seen on the threshold a little girl, barefooted, and very

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*ragged and poor. She is half-hidden behind the
oaken door-post, advancing only her head, and
gazing at THE VIRGIN with astonishment.*

THE VIRGIN. Good-day, Allette. Why do you
hide yourself?

ALLETTE. [*Enraptured and afraid, making the sign
of the cross as she approaches.*]

Sister, you are more beautiful than she . . .

THE VIRGIN. 'Tis the Lord's day, and I am very
happy.

ALLETTE. Why have you put that light upon your
robe?

THE VIRGIN. There is light everywhere when comes
the sun.

ALLETTE. Why have you put those stars within
your eyes?

THE VIRGIN. There are often stars in the depth
of eyes that pray.

ALLETTE. Why have you put that light inside your
hands?

THE VIRGIN. There is always light in the hands of
alms-givers.

ALLETTE. I came alone here.

THE VIRGIN. Where are our poor brothers?

ALLETTE. They dare not come because of what folk
say.

THE VIRGIN. What do they say?

ALLETTE. They say that they have seen

Beatrice riding on the Prince's horse.

THE VIRGIN. Am I not like the lowly Beatrice?

ALLETTE. They say they have seen her—that she
spoke to them . . .

THE VIRGIN. But God—He saw her not, He
nothing heard.

[*She takes the child in her arms and kisses her on
the forehead.*]

My little one, Allette, there is none else

That I can kiss to-day. Ay, innocence

Cannot betray me, though it comprehend.

[*Looking into ALLETTE's eyes.*]

How pure the human soul when thus one sees it!

More beautiful the angels are; but they

Have never tears. Poor child, enough, enough!

Behold yours falling: you shall know their number!

[*She places ALLETTE on the threshold.*]

But our poor brothers—where are they? Allette,

SISTER BEATRICE

Go forth to them, to tell them all of love
Full of impatience ; go, and bid them haste.

ALLETTE. [*Who turns her head and looks away from the convent.*]

O Sister Beatrice, they are coming—see !

[*And indeed the poor folk, the sick and infirm, the women carrying little children, have timidly drawn nigh, and, thinking that they recognise BEATRICE, fearful, hesitating, and astonished, they approach the threshold, and, halting without the door, they look and wait.*]

THE VIRGIN. [*Leaning over the poor-basket, which contains clothes.*]

What has befallen ? Brothers, wherefore stay ?

Hasten ! the sun already mounts ; the time

Is ripe for prayer ; shortly my sisters pass ;

The door will soon be shut ; then, till to-morrow,

No more of alms ; O come you, all of you,

O hasten, all of you : the time is now.

A POOR OLD MAN. [*Coming forward.*]

Now, sister, we this night have seen two ghosts . . .

THE VIRGIN. [*Giving him a cloak, which becomes radiant as she draws it out of the basket.*]

Of phantoms of the night dream no more now.

A CRIPPLE. [*Advancing in turn.*]

We have had wicked thoughts this night, my sister.

THE VIRGIN. [*Drawing out of the basket another garment which seems to become covered with jewels.*]

Open your eyes, my brother : it is now

The hour of pardon. Come you, all of you, come !

A POOR WOMAN. I, sister, for my mother need a shroud . . .

ANOTHER POOR WOMAN. I beg you, sister, that our latest born . . .

[*The poor folk, lamenting, and greedy of charity, their arms outstretched, press in a crowd about THE VIRGIN, who, leaning over the basket, fills her arms from it again and again with garments glittering with rays of light, sparkling veils, and linen robes that become luminous. In measure as THE VIRGIN exhausts the basket it overflows with a still greater abundance of raiment, more and more costly and more and more resplendent ; and as though intoxicated by the miracle she herself has worked, she cries out, as she distributes her*]

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*treasures to the poor folk, filling their hands,
covering their shoulders, and wrapping their
children in dazzling and blazing tissues :*

THE VIRGIN. O come you hither, hither, all of
you come !

The shroud of white is here, and here behold
The smiling swaddling bands ! Ay, here behold !
Life, death, and life again ! Come hither, all !
It is the hour of love, and what of love ?
'Tis without limits ! Come you, all of you, come !
Give one another aid ! and all offence
Let each forgive the other ! And through life
Mingle your happinesses and your tears !
Love one another ; pray for those that fall !
Come all, come hither, all of you pass by !
Come, all of you ! God does not see the ill
Done without hatred. Pardon one another :
There is no sin forgiveness does not reach.

*[Now the poor people, stupefied and bewildered,
are covered all with resplendent garments.
Some, their raiment rustling with precious
stones, waving and swaying as they go, flee
into the open, shouting for joy. Others, sob-
bing for gratitude, surround the holy VIRGIN,
and seek to kiss her hands. But the greater
number, silent, and as though stricken with a
divine terror, kneel upon the steps of the
entrance and murmur their prayers. Then
a stroke of the bell is heard ; the basket is
suddenly exhausted ; THE VIRGIN gently
disperses the poor folk who press about her,
and closes the door on them.]*

THE VIRGIN. Go in peace, brethren : 'tis the hour
of prayer.

*[The murmur of the poor folk at prayer is still
heard through the closed door. The murmur
little by little becomes an indistinct hymn of
gratitude and ecstasy. A second, then a third,
stroke of the bell resounds ; and, advancing
from the left end of the corridor, the NUNS,
with THE ABBESS at their head, go for-
wards to the chapel.]*

THE ABBESS. *[Halting in front of THE VIRGIN,
who with bended head, and hands disposed upon
her breast, waits by the closed door.]*

Hear, Sister Beatrice. This month of sun

SISTER BEATRICE

Matins are rung a quarter short of three.

Now you shall three days fast, shall three nights
pray

Before the Virgin's feet who was a mother.

THE VIRGIN. [*Bowing with the humblest gesture of assent.*]

My Mother, God be praised !

[THE ABBESS, *resuming her steps, reaches the pedestal, which before was hidden from her by the wall from which springs the vaulting of the doorway. There she is about to kneel, when, upon raising her eyes, she stops, cries aloud, lets fall the book which she carries, and makes a gesture of inexpressible surprise and horror.*

THE ABBESS. She is not there !

[*Disquieted, then terrified, the NUNS run to THE ABBESS, surrounding her and crowding about the pedestal. The first moment of stupefaction having passed, they all speak, cry aloud, moan, and lament at the same moment, by turns outraged, terrified, sobbing, upright, kneeling, prostrated, or reeling.*

THE NUNS. She is no longer there !

The Virgin gone !

Her image has been stolen !

Infidels !

Our Mother, O, our Mother !

Sacrilege !

What shall we do, my Mother ?

Sacrilege !

The cloister is profaned !

O, sacrilege !

The roof will fall on us !

O, sacrilege !

Sacrilege !

Sacrilege !

Sacrilege !

THE ABBESS. [*Calling aloud.*] Sister Beatrice !

[THE VIRGIN *advances, and halts before the pedestal, close to THE ABBESS. She gazes fixedly at the spot where her image used to stand, and her impassive face and eyes, as though sealed from the outer world, are, as it were, radiant with an imperturbable hope and silence.*

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You, Sister Beatrice, were she in charge,
And it was yours by day or night to wake
And watch above the majesty of her
Who has this convent made her treasury
Of graces, and to house her predilections.
I understand your anguish, and I share
Your terror. Yet fear naught! The Will Divine
Has oftentimes designs that must confound
Our vigilance and zeal. But answer me,
Speak, for you must have seen; speak, you must
know! [THE VIRGIN *does not answer*.
Answer me! Speak! What is amiss with you?
It seems to me that this is strange! It seems
At moments that your face grows radiant . . .
And say, what are these garments, no more now
The same as those we wear? Why, do my eyes
Deceive me? One that looks at you would say
You were no more the same. What have you there,
There beneath your mantle, and that shines
So brightly through it?

[*She feels THE VIRGIN's mantle.*

Ay, and what this stuff

Whose folds transparent run ablaze with light
When my hands touch it?

[*She opens THE VIRGIN's mantle, and beholds the
girdle of wrought gold.*

Mercy! what is this?

[*She removes the mantle entirely, and in the same
movement of outraged stupefaction she snatches
off the veil which covers THE VIRGIN's
hair, and the latter, always motionless, and
as though insensible, appears suddenly clothed
after the manner of and exactly in all points
resembling her image that occupied the
pedestal during the First Act. At this
spectacle there falls on THE ABBESS and
the NUNS who crowd round her a moment
of silent stupefaction and incredulous anguish.
Then THE ABBESS, who is the first to regain
control over herself, covers her face with a
gesture of despairing horror and malediction,
and cries:*

Lord God!

THE NUNS. Our Lady! She has robbed the image!
Speak, Sister Beatrice!

She does not answer!

SISTER BEATRICE

The Demons ! O, the Demons !

Beware the walls !

They will avenge themselves !

O madness ! madness !

O horror, horror ! Let us not await

The thunderbolt ! O, sacrilege ! Sacrilege !

Sacrilege ! Sacrilege !

[There is a movement of recoil, terror, and flight among the NUNS; but THE ABBESS restrains them, raising her hands and her voice.]

THE ABBESS. Listen all, my daughters !

Nay, do not fly ! Let us await our lot ;

Let us not separate ; let all our hands

And all our prayers hedge in the sacrilege,

And strive to appease the ensuing wrath !

SISTER CLEMENCY.

I pray

Thou tarriest not, my Mother !

SISTER FELICITY.

Let us go

To find the priest !

SISTER CLEMENCY. I saw him passing by
Deep in the chapel.

THE ABBESS.

You are right ; yes, go,

Sisters Felicity and Clemency.

Go quickly, yes, go quickly ; he will know

Better than we what should be done to stay,

If yet it be not all too late to stay,

The sword of the Archangel, and to foil

The triumph of the Accurséd One. Ah me !

My sisters, my poor sisters ! horror has

A name no longer, and our eyes have plumbed

The deepest gulfs of hell !

SISTER GISÈLE. *[Approaching THE VIRGIN.]*

Profanatrix !

SISTER BALBINE. *[Approaching her in her turn.]*

Sacrilege ! Sacrilege !

SISTER REGINA. *[Beside herself.]*

Demon ! Demon ! Demon !

SISTER EGLANTINE. *[In a mournful and very gentle voice.]*

O Sister Beatrice, what have you done ?

[At the sound of this voice THE VIRGIN turns her head, looks at SISTER EGLANTINE, and smiles at her divinely.]

SISTER BALBINE. *[To SISTER EGLANTINE.]*

She looks at you.

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SISTER GISELE. She seems to wake.

SISTER EGLANTINE.

Perhaps

You did not know . . .

THE ABBESS.

No, Sister Eglantine,

I will not have you speak to her !

[*At this moment THE PRIEST, wearing his priestly ornaments, appears at the door of the chapel, followed by the two NUNS and the terrified CHORISTERS.*]

THE PRIEST.

Pray, pray,

My sisters, pray for her !

THE ABBESS. [*Throwing herself on her knees.*]

You know, my father . . .

THE PRIEST. [*In a stern voice.*]

Hear, Sister Beatrice !

[*THE VIRGIN remains motionless.*]

THE PRIEST. [*In a loud voice.*]

Sister Beatrice !

[*THE VIRGIN remains motionless.*]

THE PRIEST. [*In a terrible voice.*]

Hear, Sister Beatrice ! Now for the third time

I call you, in the name of the living God,

Whose anger trembles round about these walls,

I call you by your name !

THE ABBESS.

She does not hear !

SISTER REGINA. She does not wish to hear !

SISTER BALBINE.

O misery !

O woe to all of us !

SISTER GISELE.

Father ! Intercede !

Have pity on us !

THE PRIEST. Doubt is at an end.

Now do I recognise the gloomy pride

Of the Prince of Darkness and the Father of Pride.

[*Turning towards THE ABBESS.*]

My sister, I deliver her to you,

And mark that man's indulgence may nowise

Cheat the prerogatives of Love Divine.

Go, go, my sisters : drag the culprit forth

To the foot of the holy altars : then tear off,

There, in the presence of That One to whom

The angels bow—then tear off, one by one,

The vestments and the gems of sacrilege.

Unknot your girdles ; every scourge twist tight,

And from the pillars of the portal take

The heavy lashes of prevaricators,

And rods of grievous penance. May your arms

SISTER BEATRICE

Be cruel, may your hands be pitiless !
Mercy it is that lends them strength, and Love
That blesses them ! Go forth, my sisters, go !

[*The NUNS drag THE VIRGIN forward. She walks indifferent in their midst, docile and impassive. All, save SISTER EGLANTINE, have already untied the double-knotted cords which gird their loins. They enter the chapel, and the doors close ; only THE PRIEST remains, and bows himself before the forsaken pedestal. There is for some time silence. Suddenly a song of unspeakable sweetness filters through the doors of the chapel. It is the sacred canticle of THE VIRGIN, the Ave Maris Stella, which sounds as though sung by the distant voices of angels. Little by little the hymn becomes more distinct ; draws near ; grows fuller ; becomes universal ; as though an invisible host, ever more and more numerous, took it up with a might ever more and more ardent, ever more and more celestial. At the same time there is heard from within the chapel the sound of seats overturned, of candelabras falling, of stalls thrown into confusion, and the exclamations of terrified human voices. Finally the two leaves of the door are violently thrown wide, and the nave appears all inundated with flames and strange splendours, which undulate, blossom forth, gyrate, and sweep past one another, infinitely more dazzling than the splendour of the sun whose rays light the corridor. Then, amid the delirious Alleluias and Hosannas which burst forth on every hand—confounded, haggard, transfigured, mad with joy and superhuman awe, waving armsful of blossoming boughs overflowing with miraculous flowers which increase their ecstasy, enveloped from head to foot in living garlands which fetter their steps, blinded by the rain of flower-petals which stream from the vaulting—the NUNS tumultuously surge into the too narrow doorway, and uncertainly descend the steps, encumbered by the marvellous showers ; and while at each step they*

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strip their burdens of their flowers, only to see them renewed in their hands, they surround the old PRIEST, who now stands upright again, those that follow advancing in turn through the billows of flowers which surge continually over the steps of the chapel-door.

THE NUNS. [*All together and on every hand, while they emerge from the chapel, fill the corridor, singing and embracing one another amid the deluge of flowers.*]

A miracle ! A miracle ! A miracle !
My father, O my father !

I am blinded !
My father, O my father ! A miracle !
Hosanna !

O Hosanna !

O, the Lord

Is close about us ! O, the heavens are opened !
The angels overwhelm us, and the flowers
Pursue us ! Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Sister Beatrice
Is holy ! Ring the bell, O peal the bell
Until the bronze be shattered ! She is holy !
Ah ! Sister Beatrice is holy, holy !

SISTER REGINA. I sought to touch her sacred vestments ! Then——

SISTER EGLANTINE. [*Crowned with flowers more radiant than the rest.*]

The flames break forth, the rays of light spoke !

SISTER CLEMENCY. The angels of the altar towards us turned !

SISTER GISÈLE. The Saints bowed over her and joined their hands !

SISTER EGLANTINE. And all the statues of the pillars knelt !

SISTER FELICITY. The archangels all their wings unfurled and sang !

SISTER GISÈLE. [*Waving heavy garlands of roses.*]
And living roses brake her bonds in twain !

SISTER BALBINE. [*Waving enormous stems of lilies.*]
Miraculous lilies blossomed on the rod !

SISTER FELICITY. [*Waving luminous palm-branches.*]
The lashes blazed into long golden palms !

THE ABBESS. [*Kneeling at the feet of THE PRIEST.*]
My father, O my father, I have sinned,
For Sister Beatrice is holy !

THE PRIEST. [*Kneeling in turn.*] Yea !

SISTER BEATRICE

My daughters, yea, my daughters, I have sinned.
Behold the ways of God past finding out !

[At this moment there is heard a knock on the entrance-door of the convent, and THE VIRGIN, once more human, and humbly clad in the mantle and veil of BEATRICE, appears on the threshold of the chapel. She descends the steps, her eyes downcast and her hands joined together, passes among her kneeling sisters, over the flowers which stand erect as she passes, and resuming, as if nothing had happened, the duties of her charge, she goes to the door and throws it wide open. Three pilgrims enter, poor, old, and haggard, to whom she bows low, and taking from a tripod of bronze near by the aspergus and the basin of silver, she sprinkles the water over their ponderous hands in silence.]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT

THE THIRD ACT

The scene is the same. On the pedestal the image of THE VIRGIN stands, as in the First Act; SISTER BEATRICE's veil, mantle, and bunch of keys are hanging on the grill; the chapel-door is open, and the candles of the altar are lit; the lamp is burning before the image, and the poor-basket overflows with clothing; in a word, all is precisely as it was at the moment when the NUN fled with PRINCE BELLIDOR, except that the entrance-door of the convent is closed. It is early dawn in winter; the last strokes of matins are heard, although no one rings the bell, and in the porch of the chapel the bell-rope is seen rising and falling in empty air. Then, the bell having ceased to sound, a silence falls, to be broken by three blows struck slowly on the convent-door. At the third blow the door moves without sound on its hinges, though no one opens it; the two leaves are thrown wide open upon the white, desolate, and empty countryside; and, amid the whirling of the snow which drives upon the threshold, there comes forward, haggard, thin, and unrecognisable, she who was once SISTER BEATRICE. She is covered with rags; her hair, already grey, is scattered over her face, which is grievously pinched and livid. Her eyes, bruised and black, have in them only the too remote and impassive gaze of those who are

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

about to die, and hold no longer hope of any kind. She halts a moment before the open door, and then, as she beholds no one, she enters, swaying, groping, and leaning on the door, sweeping the corridor with her eyes, with the uneasiness of an animal long hunted. But the corridor is empty, and she takes a few more fearful steps, until, perceiving the image of THE VIRGIN, she gives a cry, in which are mingled—who shall say what vain and weary hopes of deliverance?—and throws herself, kneeling and fainting, at the feet of the statue.

BEATRICE. My Mother, I am here ! Repulse me
not,

For you are all I have now in the world.
I hoped that I should see you once again,
And I have come too late, because my eyes
Are closing : I no longer see you smile ;
And when I stretch my hands out after you
I feel they are dead. I have forgotten how
To pray, I have forgotten how to speak,
And—since I needs must tell you everything—
I have wept so many tears that long ago
I have lost heart ever to cry again.
Forgive me, O forgive me, if I speak
A name that never should be heard again.
You would not recognise your daughter else.
O see to what estate have brought her love
And sin and all that men call happiness !
I left you more than twenty years ago ;
And if so be 'tis not the will of God
Men should be happy, surely then to me
He should intend no ill, for I have not
Been happy. I come back again to-day,
But asking nothing, for the hour is gone,
And to receive I have no longer strength.
I come to die here in this holy house,
If but my sisters will permit that I
Fall where I fall. O, without doubt, they know !
The scandal of my life has been so great
Down yonder in the town, they will have heard . . .
But they, they know so little ; even you—
You who know all things—you will never know
The wickedness that they have made me do,
And all that I have suffered.

I would fain
Tell them to all, the agonies of love !

[Looking around her.

But why am I alone ? Lo, all the house

SISTER BEATRICE

Is void as though my sins had emptied it . . .
O, who has taken then the place I fled,
My place before the holy altars—who?
Who guards the threshold that my feet have soiled?
The lamp is lit; I see the tapers shine;
Matins have rung, and here behold the day
That grows, and none appears.

[Perceiving the mantle and the veil which hang upon the grill.]

But what is here?

[She raises herself a little, draws nearer on her knees, and feels the veil and mantle.]

Already my poor hands are so near death
They know no longer if the things they touch
Are things of this life or the other world.
But is not this the mantle that I left
Yesterday—five-and-twenty years ago?

[Taking the mantle and putting it on mechanically.]

It seems the shape . . . and yet seems very long.
When I was happy, when I walked erect,
It fitted well enough . . .

[Taking the veil.]

Now, the long veil,

That now shall cover up my death. O Mother,
Forgive me if it be a sacrilege!
I am cold, am naked, for my wretched clothes
No longer know a body how to hide
That knows no longer how to hide itself.
Was it not you, my Mother, kept them safe,
Is it not you who give them to me now
Against the hour redoubtable, that then
The pitiless flames that wait me may perhaps
A moment hesitate and be less cruel?

[A sound of steps and of opening doors are heard.]

What do I hear?

[Three strokes of the bell resound, announcing, as in the Second Act, the arrival of the NUNS in the corridor.]

What do I hear? My Mother!

The door swings open, and my sisters come!
I cannot! Never! O, have pity, pity!
For the walls crush me, the light suffocates,
And shame, shame, shame is written on the stones
That rise, rise up against me! Ah! Ah! Ah!

[She falls fainting at the feet of the statue. The NUNS, preceded by THE ABBESS, advance beneath the vaulting, as in the preceding Act.]

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

on their way to the chapel. Many of them are very old; and THE ABBESS walks painfully, bent double, supporting herself on her staff. Scarcely have they entered when they perceive BEATRICE lying motionless across the corridor; they run to her and crowd about her, unquiet, frightened, and dismayed.

THE ABBESS. [*Who first sees her.*]

O, Sister Beatrice is dead!

SISTER CLEMENCY. The heavens

Gave her, the Lord has taken her away!

SISTER FELICITY. Her crown was ready, and the angels called.

SISTER EGLANTINE. [*Raising and supporting the head of SISTER BEATRICE, which she kisses with a kind of pious awe.*]

No, no: she is not dead! She shudders, breathes!

THE ABBESS. But look, how pale she is, how thin, how thin!

SISTER CLEMENCY. As though the night had aged her ten long years.

SISTER FELICITY. She must have suffered and striven till the dawn!

SISTER CLEMENCY. And all alone, against the angelic host

That strove to draw her hence!

SISTER EGLANTINE. She suffered much

Already yesternight; she trembled, wept,

Who ever since the miracle of flowers

Nursed in her eyes her smile miraculous.

She would not have me take her place: she said

'I wait,' she said, 'until my saint returns.'

SISTER BALBINE. What saint?

[*THE ABBESS, raising her eyes at hazard, sees the image of THE VIRGIN re-established on the pedestal.*

[*The NUNS raise their heads, and, with the exception of SISTER EGLANTINE, who continues to hold the fainting form of BEATRICE in her arms, they all turn with cries of ecstasy and throw themselves on their knees at the foot of the pedestal.*

THE NUNS. The Virgin has returned! Our Lady!

Our Mother saved! And she has all her jewels!

Her crown is fairer, and her eyes more deep,

SISTER BEATRICE

And sweeter her regard ! She has come back
From Heaven, and brought it back again to us !
Yes, on the wings of her most holy prayers——

SISTER EGLANTINE. Come ! Come ! I hear her
heart no longer ! Come !

*[The NUNS turn and once more crowd about
BEATRICE.]*

SISTER CLEMENCY. *[Kneeling near her.]*
Ah, Sister Beatrice, you shall not leave
Your sisters on this high miraculous day !

SISTER FELICITY. The Virgin smiles on you, her
lips appeal !

SISTER EGLANTINE. Alas ! she cannot hear ! She
seems to suffer——
Her face grows hollow.

SISTER CLEMENCY. Bear her to her bed.
Come, let us bear her yonder to her cell.

SISTER EGLANTINE. No : let us rather leave her
nigh to Her
Who loves and fences her with miracles.

*[The NUNS enter the cell, returning with cloths
and linen sheets, on which they lay BEATRICE
at the feet of the statue.]*

SISTER CLEMENCY. She cannot breathe——undo her
veil and mantle.

*[She does as she advises, and the NUNS behold
BEATRICE covered with rags.]*

SISTER FELICITY. My Mother, have you seen her
dripping rags ?

SISTER BALBINE. See, she is quite benumbed with
melting snow !

SISTER CLEMENCY. We never knew her hair had
grown so white.

SISTER FELICITY. Her naked feet are soiled with
wayside mire.

THE ABBESS. My daughters, let us hold our peace ;
we live
Near heaven ; the hands that touch her will remain
Luminous.

SISTER EGLANTINE. See, her breast is heaving ! See,
Her eyes are going to open !

*[BEATRICE opens her eyes, moves her head a little,
and gazes around her.]*

BEATRICE. *[As though emerging from a dream, and
still bewildered, in a distant voice.]*

When they died,

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

My children—when they died. Why do you smile ?
They died of want.

THE ABBESS. We do not smile ; we are
But glad to see you coming back to life.

BEATRICE. Me, coming back to life !

[Looking around her with advancing recognition.

Yes, I remember.

I came here in the depth of my distress.
Look on me not so fearfully ; I no more
Shall be the butt of scandal : you shall now
Have all your will of me. No, none shall know,
If you should fear that any tell, and I—
I shall say nothing ; I submit to all,
For they have broken all my body and soul.
I know, I know you cannot wait for me
Here in this place, and at the Virgin's feet,
So near the chapel, and so near to all
That pure and holy is, to die. You all
Are very good ; you have been patient ; yes,
You have not cast me out of doors at once.
But if you may, if God allows it too,
O, do not cast me forth too far from here !
There is no need that any tend me now,
Nor need that any me commiserate :
Though I am very sick, I suffer now
No more, no more . . . Why have you laid me
here
On these fair sheets of white ? Alas ! white sheets
Are nothing now to me but a reproach,
And straw defiled is all the fitting bed
Of dying sin. But still you look at me,
And still say nothing. And you do not look
Angry. I see tears in your eyes. I think
You do not know me yet.

THE ABBESS. *[Kissing her hands.]*

But yes, yes, yes !

Surely we know you, surely—you, our saint !

BEATRICE. *[Snatching her hands away with a kind
of terror.]*

Kiss not these hands—they have done so much ill !

SISTER CLEMENCY. *[Kissing her feet.]*

O soul elect come down to us from heaven !

BEATRICE. Kiss not these feet that used to run to
sin !

SISTER EGLANTINE. *[Kissing her forehead.]*

Kiss this pure brow, then, crowned with miracles . . .

SISTER BEATRICE

BEATRICE. [*Hiding her face in her hands.*]
What would you do? What has befallen? Once,
When I was happy, one was never pardoned.
Kiss not this brow: it has been friends with lust:
But you that touched it, tell me who you are?
I am not certain but my weary eyes
Deceive me, but if they see yonder still
You are Sister Eglantine.

SISTER EGLANTINE. Yes, I am she:
That Sister Eglantine whom you have loved.

BEATRICE. You, five-and-twenty years ago, I told
I was unhappy.

SISTER EGLANTINE. Five-and-twenty years
Since, among all our sisters, God chose you.

BEATRICE. You tell me that, and no least bitter-
ness
Lurks in your voice. What has befallen me
I cannot understand. I am weak and ill,
And cannot recollect—and every word
Astounds me. I was inattentive. See,
I think that you deceive yourselves. I am—
Cover your faces, make the holy sign!—
I am Sister Beatrice.

THE ABBESS. But yes, we know!
Our Sister Beatrice, our sister, ours,
Purest among us, the miraculous lamb,
The angels' godchild, the immaculate flame!

BEATRICE. Ah, is it truly you? I did not know.
Mother, you used to go so upright; now
How you do stoop! I also learned to stoop;
And now behold me fallen! Yes, I know
All of you; there is Sister Clemency.

SISTER CLEMENCY. [*Bending her head and smiling.*]
Yes, yes.

BEATRICE. Sister Felicity—

SISTER FELICITY. [*Also smiling.*] It is.
Sister Felicity who came the first
Out of the blossoming chapel.

BEATRICE. And I think
You have not suffered, for you seem not sad.
I was the younger; I am the elder now.

THE ABBESS. That is no doubt because of love
divine
Being a terrible burden.

BEATRICE. Mother, no.
It is the love of man that is the burden,

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The weary burden. You do pardon me,
You also pardon me?

THE ABBESS. [*Kneeling at BEATRICE's feet.*]

O daughter mine,

If one have need of pardon, it is she
Who can at last prostrate herself before
Your feet.

BEATRICE. But do you know what I have done?

THE ABBESS. You have done naught but miracle,
have been

Since the great day of flowers, our soul's light,
The incense of our prayers, and the source
Of grace, the gate of marvels!

BEATRICE. But one night,
Now five-and-twenty years ago, I fled
With the Prince Bellidor.

THE ABBESS. Of whom do you speak,
Of whom do you speak, my daughter?

BEATRICE. Of myself!
I say, myself! You will not understand?

One evening, five-and-twenty years ago,
I fled, and when three months were at an end
He did not love me. Then I lost all shame,
I lost all reason, and I lost all hope.
All men in turns this body have profaned,
This clay to its God unfaithful. And I took
Pleasure in this, and called them after me.
I fell so low that Heaven's angels thence
Could not have risen for all their mighty wings.
So many crimes I have committed, I
Have often even sin itself defiled!

THE ABBESS. [*Gently placing her hand on SISTER
BEATRICE's lips.*]

Daughter, the shadow tempts you: speak no more,
For rising anguish robs you of yourself.

SISTER CLEMENCY. She is worn out with miracle.

SISTER FELICITY. And grace
Confounds her.

SISTER EGLANTINE. The air of heaven weighs her
down.

BEATRICE. [*Who struggles, pushes away the hand of*

THE ABBESS, *and sits up.*]

I do not wander! No, I tell you, no!
This is no air of heaven, but of earth,
And this is truth! Ah, you are all too mild!
You are too soft and imperturbable!

SISTER BEATRICE

BEATRICE. [*Hiding her face in her hands.*]
What would you do? What has befallen? Once,
When I was happy, one was never pardoned.
Kiss not this brow : it has been friends with lust :
But you that touched it, tell me who you are ?
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Deceive me, but if they see yonder still
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I lost all reason, and I lost all hope.
All men in turns this body have profaned,
This clay to its God unfaithful. And I took
Pleasure in this, and called them after me.
I fell so low that Heaven's angels thence
Could not have risen for all their mighty wings.
So many crimes I have committed, I
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BEATRICE's lips.*]

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For rising anguish robs you of yourself.

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This is no air of heaven, but of earth,
And this is truth! Ah, you are all too mild!
You are too soft and imperturbable!

SISTER BEATRICE

And you know nothing ! I would rather far
You should afflict me, but should learn at last !
O, you live here and do your penances,
And say your prayers, and seek to expiate sin,
But, look you, it is I, and all my kind,
Who live beyond the pale and have no rest,
That do the bitterest penance to the end !

THE ABBESS. Pray, pray, my sisters : now the final
trial !

SISTER EGLANTINE. The triumph of the angels
irks the Fiend !

BEATRICE. Yes, yes : it is the Fiend : the Fiend
prevails !

See you these hands ? They have a human shape
No longer : see, they cannot open now.
I had to sell them after soul and body.
They buy hands also when no more is left.

THE ABBESS. [*Wiping away the sweat which bathes
BEATRICE'S face.*]

May Heaven's angels who about thy couch
Now watch thee, deign before thy streaming face
To spread their wings !

BEATRICE. Ah ! Heaven's angels ! Ah !
Where are they, tell me, and what do they do ?
Have I not told you ? Why, I have not now
My children, for the three most lovely died
When I no more was lovely, and the last,
Lest it should suffer, being one night mad,
I killed. And there were others never born
Although they cried for birth. And still the sun
Shone, and the stars returned, and justice slept,
And only the most evil were happy and proud.

THE ABBESS. The strife is terrible about great
saints.

SISTER EGLANTINE. It is on Heaven's gates the
infernial fire

Wastes the vast angers of its futile rage.

BEATRICE. [*Falling back exhausted.*]

I can no more—I stifle—what you will
Be done to me. I had to tell you all.

SISTER EGLANTINE. The archangels bear her forth.

SISTER FELICITY. The phalanxes
Of the celestial host have brought back peace.

THE ABBESS. The evil dream has fled. Now smile
again,

My poor and holy sister, while you think

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

On all the blasphemies you did not speak.
A baneful voice usurping on your lips
Exhaled them in the rage of final loss.

BEATRICE. It was my voice.

THE ABBESS. My good and holy sister,
Assure your heart, and have you no regrets.
For that was not the voice that all we know,
The dear and gentle voice, the angel's pilot,
The health of sickness, that so many years
Quickened our prayers.

SISTER EGLANTINE. Fear nothing, sister; nay,
In the last conflict never shall you lose
The palm and diadems of a life of love,
And innocence, and prayer.

BEATRICE. Never an hour
Since that unhappy hour, in all my life,
There never was an hour that was not kept
By mortal sin.

THE ABBESS. My daughter, pray to God !
You are most holy ; yet the enemy
Tempts you, and scruples lead your sense astray.
How should you have committed all these sins
So dreadful ? It is nigh on thirty years
You have been here, of threshold and of altar
Most humble servitor : my very eyes
Have followed you in all your deeds and prayers,
And I can answer before God for them
As would I for my own. But would to Heaven
That mine were like to yours ! It is not here,
Within these cloisters, but without, beyond,
Out in the world estrayed, that sin triumphs.
And of that world, all thanks to God, you know
Nothing, for never have you issued forth
Out of the shadow of the sanctuary.

BEATRICE. Never gone forth ? O, I can think
no more !

It was too long, so long, too long, ago !
I am near death ; but you should tell me truth :
Is it that you deceive or pardon me,
Unwilling I should know it ?

THE ABBESS. None deceives,
None pardons. We have seen you every day
Before the altar punctual, to our hours
Attentive, and to all the humble cares
Of alms and of the threshold.

BEATRICE. I am here,

SISTER BEATRICE

My Mother, and I do not think I dream.
Look at this hand : I tear it with my nails ;
See, the blood shows and flows ; the blood is real.
I have no other proofs. So tell me now,
If you have pity, here in face of God,
For we are close to God when people die.
If you do wish it, I will say no more ;
But if you can, for pity tell me, now,
What did you say, and what it was you did,
When five-and-twenty years ago you found,
One morning, that the gate was opened wide,
The corridor deserted—when you found
The altar abandoned—when you found the veil,
The veil and mantle? Mother, I can no more . . .

THE ABBESS. Daughter, this memory—I understand
Must trouble you and overwhelm you still.
Though five-and-twenty years ago befell
The wondrous miracle whereby your God
Elected you. The Virgin left us then,
To mount again to heaven, ere she went
Investing you with her most holy robe
And sacred ornaments, and lastly crowned
You with her golden crown, to teach us so
In boundless mercy that while she was gone
You took her place.

BEATRICE. But who then took my place ?

THE ABBESS. Why, no one took it, since you still
were there.

BEATRICE. There, every day ? I was among you all ?
I moved, I spoke, you touched me with your hand ?

THE ABBESS. As now, my child, I touch you with
my hand.

BEATRICE. Mother, I know no more ; except I
think

I have no longer strength to understand.
I am still submissive, and I ask you naught.
I feel that all are very good ; I feel
That death is very gentle.

Is it you
Who understand the soul is wretched—you ?
There was no pardon here when here I lived.
I have said often, when I was not happy,
God would not punish if He once knew all.
But you are happy, and have learned it all.
In other days all folk ignored distress,
In other days they cursed all those who sinned ;

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

But now all pardon, and all seem to know. . .
One of the angels, one would almost say,
Had spoken out the truth. Mother, and you,
My Sister Eglantine, give me your hand :
You are not angry with me ? Tell them all,
My sisters—what is it they should be told ?
My eyes no longer open, and my lips
Stiffen. At last I fall asleep. I have lived
In a world wherein I knew not what desired
Hate and ill-will ; and in another world
I die, and understand not what desire
Nor whereat aim mercy and love.

[She falls back exhausted among the sheets.
Silence.

SISTER EGLANTINE. She sleeps.

THE ABBESS. Pray, pray, my sisters, till the triumphant hour !

[The NUNS fall on their knees around the bed of
BEATRICE.

THE END

SHELLEY'S VIEWS ON ART

BY RICHARD GARNETT



SHELLEY'S attitude towards fine art is not one of the most significant or the most important aspects of his mind ; but, even as a single element in a rich intellect, it possesses sufficient interest to justify independent treatment, and it is instructive in a high degree if regarded as an illustration of the manner in which poets and men of letters in general look upon art, which is not that in which artistic production is usually contemplated by the artists themselves.

Shelley's views on art, it need not be said, are in no respect authoritative. Their value—and they have considerable value—is not derived from any profound æsthetic knowledge or study on the part of their promulgator. He is quite unlike Goethe, who corrected the immaturity of his first instinctive impressions of art by a strenuous course of study, and by much actual practice in artistic production. Goethe, consequently, is listened to with deference as one who has taken pains to qualify as a connoisseur. Were he living now, the most distinguished of contemporary artists would resort to him with something of a tremor, and feel elated or depressed in proportion as his verdict upon them was favourable or the reverse. Shelley would be consulted, not as an oracle, but as a mirror. The artist would not expect to be enlightened by his dicta ; but he would instruct himself by discovering the impression he had produced on a mind so sensitive, acute, and sincere. Shelley never criticises contemporary artists ; but our perception of the merits of the Greeks and the men of the Renaissance is vivified by discovering how they are regarded by him and such as he.

One caution, however, is essential. Shelley would have been a better art critic in our day than he could be in his own. The revival of a feeling for pure Hellenic art in Europe may be said to date from the public exhibition of the Elgin marbles in England, which occurred as Shelley was on the point of leaving his country never to return. Up to that period Greek art could not be understood, simply because no one knew what it was. The classical tradition, which quite rightly laid it down that Greece had exemplified the perfection of art, inevitably ascribed this character of perfection to the best works then attainable, which were not, properly speaking, Greek, but Græco-Roman, many of them works of great merit, but as secondary and imitative as any modern productions modelled upon antique examples. In like manner, the inferior Italian painters were ranked by public opinion much nearer to the great masters than would now be permitted, and the tourist visited Italy under an obligation to adore Guido and venerate Guercino. This remark is less applicable to literature, because literature possessed

RICHARD GARNETT

the models which art wanted. Unlike the Elgin marbles, the literary masterpieces of antiquity were already in men's hands, and required nothing but insight to be appreciated. It is true that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in their blind veneration for anything and everything classical, had put the Latin imitators too nearly on a par with their Greek prototypes ; but sounder views were already beginning to spread. Shelley himself was one of the few to whom this long-delayed insight had been granted. With little aid from art or æsthetics, he was, together with Goethe, Keats, and Landor, busy in dispelling former conventions, whether by the incomparable ease and grace of his direct translations from classical originals, or by the spirit of myth and personification which he imported from these into his original verse. The same Hellenic spirit would have made him a regenerative force in art if his archæological equipment had been more complete.

It is not easy to say whether Shelley had received any technical instruction in art ; but, as drawing masters were in his day frequent ornamental appendages to the graver studies pursued or supposed to be pursued in schools public and private, it is likely that he had. If this had proceeded far, it is probable that he would have made some attempts to sketch the beautiful scenery and imposing ruins that so often overcame him with admiration in his foreign travels ; but the only recorded effort in any respect analogous is a portrait from memory of a goblin which had visited him in a bad dream. When, nevertheless, he fell into a reverie over the composition of poetry, his hand would wander over his note-book and aimlessly delineate trees, boats, or human countenances, the latter sometimes of a strangely Blake-like character. A few of these have been worked up into elaborate drawings, displaying weird invention and considerable faculty of draughtsmanship. Of his ability as a colourist nothing can be said, for he never possessed a paint-box, and if he had, his drawings seem the vague impulse of a passing mood, which would have vanished before the exertion of depicting it. The fine feeling for colour displayed in his poems, however, leads to the conclusion that his occasional criticisms upon painters as colourists must deserve respect. Yet it may not be without significance that his most elaborate æsthetic utterances concern a department of art which in his day entirely dispensed with colour—sculpture.

Shelley's art criticisms may be divided into three classes—those which, whether with a view to publication or not, he wrote down with deliberate care ; those which occur casually in his letters ; and, lastly, passages in his poetry. The first section are, of course, the most important ; but they are solely concerned with sculpture. It would seem probable that he recorded his observations on sculpture in Rome in a note-book which has been lost ; but three passages, on

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the Arch of Titus, on the Laocoon, and on a Borghese vase, were fortunately, though probably inaccurately, transcribed by Captain Medwin, a great snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. According to him, the more important notes on Florentine sculpture were written down in the gallery itself, 'in a burst of enthusiasm.' These, too, Medwin copied, and with his usual inaccuracy; but Mr. Buxton Forman has fortunately been able to restore the text from an authentic manuscript.

Shelley's note on the Laocoon is especially interesting, because it brings him into conflict with Byron. 'Byron,' he says, 'thinks that Laocoon's anguish is absorbed in that of his children, that a mortal's agony is blending with an immortal's patience. Not so.' The allusion is to the celebrated description in 'Childe Harold':

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending; vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links, the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Shelley, on the contrary, thinks that

Intense physical suffering, against which he pleads with an upturned countenance of despair, and appeals with a sense of its injustice, seems the predominant and overwhelming emotion, and yet there is a nobleness in the expression, and a majesty that dignifies torture.

No one will question that Shelley was right. Byron did not, in this instance, 'compose with his eye upon the object.' The feelings which he attributes to Laocoon rather belong to the elder boy, of whom Shelley writes:

His whole soul is with—is a part of—that of his father. His arm extended towards him, not for protection, but from a wish as if instinctively to afford it, absolutely speaks. Nothing can be more exquisite than the contour of his form and face, and the moulding of his lips that are half open, as if in the act of—not uttering any unbecoming complaint, or prayer, or lamentation, which he is conscious are alike useless, but—addressing words of consolatory tenderness to his unfortunate parent.

In the younger child [Shelley adds] surprise, pain, and grief seem to contend for mastery. He has not yet arrived at an age when his mind has sufficient self-possession or fixedness of reason to analyse the calamity that is overwhelming himself and all that is dear to him. He is sick with pain and horror. We almost seem to hear his shrieks.

This description alone would suffice to establish Shelley's claim to speak on works of art, in so far as the interpretation of the artist's purpose and the delineation of the effect on the spectator are concerned. Technical criticism is a different matter; yet few will contradict Shelley when he declares that 'every limb, every

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muscle, every vein of Laocoon expresses with the fidelity of life the working of the poison.' At the same time, while thus enthusiastic, he anticipates, in another place, the objections that have been made to this famous work, by expressing a fear that it may be thought to transcend the modesty of nature : that is, since its perfect truth to nature cannot be questioned, that it pertains to the province of painting rather than to that of sculpture. Such criticism, even if somewhat fastidious, proves that a higher and purer ideal has been revealed to us, since even so consummate a critic as Lessing took the name of Laocoon as the title of his own treatise on the laws of art, as though it symbolised something absolutely faultless. It may, indeed, be faultless in its own sphere ; but the Elgin marbles and the Melian Venus have taught us that there is something higher ; and this Shelley, who had barely seen the marbles and had never seen the as yet undiscovered Venus, divined as by an infallible instinct. It is as though modern art had been thought to have culminated with Rembrandt, in the absence of any knowledge of the works of the Italians. The place and merits of the Laocoon must of late have become better understood through the discovery of the Pergamene sculptures of the wars of the Gods and the Giants, near in period and akin in spirit.

The Arch of Titus does not afford very much material for æsthetic criticism, and Shelley's comment upon it is mainly descriptive. Let us for a moment interrupt the sequence of these notes by citing his observation upon the figures of Victory sculptured upon the arch, from a letter written about the same time.

Their lips are parted : a delicate mode of indicating the fervour of their desire to arrive at the desired resting place, and to express the eager respiration of their speed. Indeed, so essential to beauty were the forms expressive of the exercise of the imagination and the affections considered by Greek artists, that no ideal figure of antiquity, not destined to some representation directly exclusive of such a character, is to be found with closed lips.

Excluding one most beautiful piece of landscape description, a general view of Florence, Shelley's Florentine notes number no less than fifty-six. Many of these, however, are but bare memoranda of the subject of a statue, or brief anathemas on the misdoings of some miscreant restorer. It would, nevertheless, be impossible here to enter upon all or nearly all of those which deserve serious attention. We must be content with extracts from a few of the more important—enough, however, to demonstrate Shelley's artistic enthusiasm and the general superiority of his judgment to the standard of his day.

None of the Florentine antiques aroused Shelley to so high-wrought a pitch of enthusiasm as a statue of Pallas, and most interesting it would be to learn whether the charm it exerted upon him was objective or subjective. Is it really a work of

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such merit? Or did it merely mirror the impassioned feeling of the poet?

The face uplifted to heaven [he says] is animated with a profound sweet and impassioned melancholy, with an earnest, fervid and disinterested pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong; it is the joy and the poetry of sorrow, making grief beautiful, and giving to that nameless feeling which from the imperfection of language we call pain, but which is not all pain, those feelings which make not only the possessor but the spectator of it prefer it to what is called pleasure, in which all is not pleasure. [In the 'Defence of Poetry,' Shelley speaks of 'that delight which is in the grief of love.'] It is [he continues] indeed divine, as Wisdom pleading earnestly with Power, and invested with the expression of that grief because it must ever plead so vainly.

This is a favourite idea with Shelley. In the first draft of his *Hellas*, Christ appears to plead before the Father for Greece against Islam; and Shelley elsewhere apostrophises Liberty as

Last of the intercessors
Who 'gainst the crowned transgressors
Pleaded before God's love.

By a curious anomaly this effigy of Pallas was in Shelley's time placed upon a Bacchic altar, adorned with reliefs of Mænads, whose whirling forms, perhaps conventional enough, Shelley invests with the tumultuous sublimity of his own imagination:

The tremendous spirit of superstition, aided by drunkenness and producing something beyond insanity, seems to have caught them in its whirlwinds, and to bear them over the earth as the rapid volutions of a tempest bear the ever-changing trunk of a waterspout, as the torrent of a mountain river whirls the weeds in its full eddies. Their hair, loose and floating, seems caught in the tempest of their own tumultuous motion.

It is interesting to find this idea repeated in his 'Epipsychidion':

When some heavy tress
The air of her own speed has disentwined.

The note concludes with a remark, not æsthetic, but historico-philosophical and deeply true: 'A monstrous superstition only capable of existing in Greece, because there alone capable of combining ideal beauty and poetical and abstract enthusiasm with the wild errors from which it sprang.' Speaking of the effects of the naturalisation of Bacchic worship in Rome, which compelled the Senate to suppress it, he adds: 'The strict morals of the Romans sustained a deep injury little analogous to its effects upon the Greeks, who turned all things—superstition, prejudice, murder, madness—to Beauty.'

Modern taste might not entirely sanction Shelley's enthusiasm for the Niobe; but certainly this group possessed the power of inspiring in him the finest language, and awakening the deepest thoughts. After speaking of the 'careless majesty' stamped upon the countenance as upon 'the rare masterpieces of Nature's creation,' he adds:

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Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of that clear and tender beauty which is the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the strings of that which makes music within my thoughts, and which shakes with astonishment my most superficial faculties.

In strong contrast with this eulogy is the condemnation of Michael Angelo's Bacchus, which, though extolled for its fine workmanship, is condemned as deficient in that unity which, as Shelley acutely remarks, could not well be conceived as pertaining to Bacchus in an age when his divinity was not realised. It is, indeed, true that, from the influence of degrading associations comparatively unknown to the ancients, we find it easier to realise the divinity of the Goddess of Harvests than that of the God of the Vintage, and easier still to recognise the divine attributes of a Muse or a Grace, an Apollo or a Venus. It must be remembered in partial vindication of Michael Angelo that this statue was an early work, which renders its technical merit the more remarkable. Addington Symonds, who entirely confirms Shelley's criticism, says it is the best representation conceivable of a drunken young man. Two others of the notes are highly interesting, not so much from their æsthetic importance as from their adumbration of circumstances in Shelley's own history. The group of Bacchus and Ampelus—'figures walking as it were with a sauntering and idle pace, and talking to each other as they walk, as expressed in the motions of their delicate and flowing forms,' reminds him of the only delightful part of his own school experiences: 'Just as you may have seen (yet how seldom from their dissevering and tyrannical institutions do you see!) a younger and an elder boy at school walking in some remote grassy spot of their playground with that tender friendship towards each other which has so much of love.' When, again, he speaks of a statue of Æsculapius, 'with the forefinger in an attitude of instruction' and 'the gentle smile of the benevolent lips a commentary upon the instructions,' he must be thinking of Dr. Lind, the good physician who befriended him in boyhood, and whom he has immortalised in 'Prince Athanase' and 'The Revolt of Islam.'

These notes on the Florentine sculptures are the only formal and deliberate appearance of Shelley in the character of an art critic. His views must otherwise be collected from expressions in his letters, chiefly relating to works of art which have recently come under his observation, and from detached passages in his poems. He was not one of those poets whose temperament is in a supereminent degree artistic, limiting the phrase, as it often is limited, to taste for pictorial or plastic art. His sympathies were rather with the art of music. Whether his taste as a musician was sound it is impossible to pronounce, but he unquestionably derived a more rapturous

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pleasure from audible than from visible art ; and though his own songs are, it is understood, not always the best adapted to the requirements of the composer, it is admitted that his command of verbal harmonies was superior to that of any poet of his age, Coleridge perhaps excepted. It seems probable, however, that not a little of the delight which imaginative poets of warm affections derive from music may be attributed to the circumstance that music, from its close association with the performer, imparts a human element of interest in which the other arts are necessarily deficient. As Omar Khayyam's cupbearer must be not only a minister of wine, but also a cypress-slender minister, so the music, vocal or instrumental, when performed by the right sort of person, borrows enchantment from the beaming eyes, flowing tresses, and snowy fingers of the performer, which, in a sense different from that intended by Shelley, 'teach witchcraft to the elemental strings.' It may be doubted whether Jane Williams's guitar would have rung so sweetly in Shelley's ears if Jane Williams had not touched it, to the accompaniment, moreover, of Mediterranean moonlight. Still, with every allowance for the effect of these accessories, it remains true that Shelley was pre-eminently of a musical nature, with a joy in all flitting and evanescent effects of air, sound and cloud, and light and shadow : rather ethereal than plastic. His analogue among painters is Turner rather than Raphael, and when he treats of painters we shall see that his favourites are those whose charm chiefly consists in expression, and who exhibit the deepest spirituality.

Criticism, even when most scientific, is so largely a matter of subjective feeling that nothing less than an oracle could authoritatively tell us how far Shelley's eulogies on some of the Italian painters are to be regarded as founded on a discriminating judgment, and how far the beauties he discerned were but the effluence of his own impassioned feeling. It must be remembered that he approached the shrines of Guido with a greater disposition to admire than would be possible in our day. In our time, indeed, many a young man would deem that he proved his sensitiveness to the finer shades of culture by refusing to look at anything later than the middle of the sixteenth century. It was so different in Shelley's time that he must be held to have exhibited considerable independence of judgment by declaring that, for all the unanimity of connoisseurs in favour of Caracci, he cannot admire him. On the other hand, he wanted the assistance which a truly enlightened connoisseurship might have afforded him. The early Florentine school, in particular, was little known. There was no one to direct Shelley's attention to Masaccio or Filippo Lippi, much less to Sandro Botticelli, a painter in whom he must have greatly delighted had he been acquainted with him. He did not, indeed, like Goethe, accord scarcely a day to Florence in his anxiety to

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reach Rome ; his stay there was long, and his investigation of its sculpture at all events, as we have seen, very thorough. But his knowledge was in many respects very defective, and he never became saturated either with the spirit of Italy or with the spirit of Renaissance art to anything like the same extent as another illustrious poet who for a long time made Italy his home—Robert Browning.

The first pictures of importance which Shelley saw in Italy were those at Bologna, described in his letter to Peacock of November 9, 1818. Here Guido dominates ; but one of the two specimens of Correggio which Shelley saw 'gave me,' he says, 'a very exalted idea of his powers.' The subject is Christ beatified, and it must be fine indeed if it is as fine as some portions of Shelley's description.

The whole frame [he says] seems dilated with expression ; the countenance is heavy, as if weary with the weight of the rapture of the spirit ; the lips parted, but scarcely parted, with the breath of intense but regulated passion ; the eyes calm and benignant ; the whole features harmonised in majesty and sweetness. The sky is of a pale aerial orange, like the tints of latest sunset ; it does not seem painted around and beyond the figure, but everything seems to have absorbed and to have been penetrated by its hues.

A remark by Shelley on a picture of Guido's representing the Rape of Proserpine—'Proserpine casts back her languid and half-unwilling eyes to the flowers she had left ungathered in the fields of Enna'—reminds one of his own song on Proserpine and the mention of Enna in his 'Arethusa.' The picture was probably not without influence on the former of these exquisite compositions ; but he has more to say on another whose subject must have been infinitely less congenial to him. It is Guido's picture of Samson drinking water out of an ass's jawbone, in the midst of the slaughtered Philistines. Here it is remarkable and characteristic to observe how Shelley turns aside from the principal figure—the triumphant Hebrew Hercules—to the pathetic figures of the overthrown Philistines, treated, as it would seem, by Guido in a spirit of tenderness congenial to his own.

One prone, with the slight convulsion of pain just passing from his forehead, whilst on his lips and chin death lies as heavy as sleep. Another leaning on his arm, with his hand, white and motionless, hanging out beyond. In the distance, more dead bodies ; and, still further beyond, the blue sea and the blue mountains, and one white and tranquil sail.

This introduction of the distant sail into the picture was an exquisite touch of poetry in the painter, and was not lost upon the poet. Such a touch, indeed, would, in the eyes of the poet, redeem even a bad picture. Shelley, when judging of a work of art, inevitably placed himself at the poetic point of view—that is, he put feeling and expression as conspicuously into the first place as the great master of oratory put delivery. We have seen that, while he had quite sufficient æsthetic perception to appreciate the technical

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excellences of Michael Angelo's Bacchus, these do not in his view redeem the cardinal offence of its misconception of the spirit of the Greek myth ; so that, if the two had been positively incapable of combination, he would have craved truth to poetry even at the expense of fidelity to nature. This, of course, cannot be the view of the artist himself, with whom technical rather than spiritual excellence must be the first consideration ; for the latter he shares with the poet, while technical mastery is his own peculiar *differentia*, the one endowment which gives him his place in the ministry of the Beautiful. It must not be thought, however, that Shelley's conception of the office of art is in any respect didactic. He does not look for sermons in sculpture, though he might, with Shakespeare's duke, have found them in unsculptured stones. He merely regards the expressiveness and spirituality which he desiderates, when they are to be had, as the spontaneous efflux of the artist's nature, and unquestionably he who unites a nature thus productive to technical mastery must stand higher than the mere craftsman. Only in one place does Shelley attribute didactic efficiency to a picture, and then to a disagreeable one. After remarking that he can take no pleasure in Guercino's pictures, he adds that one is unquestionably powerful, but the power is of a repulsive sort. It is an ideal representation of the founder of the Carthusians.

I never saw such a figure as this fellow. His face was wrinkled like a dried snake's skin, and drawn in long hard lines ; his very hands were wrinkled. He looked like an animated mummy. He was clothed in a loose dress of death-coloured flannel, such as you might fancy a shroud might be after it had wrapped a corpse a month or two. It had a yellow, putrified, ghastly hue, which it cast on all the objects around, so that the hands and face of the Carthusian and his companions were jaundiced by this sepulchral glimmer.

And the moral which Shelley derives from the picture is by no means that intended by the painter : 'Why write books against superstition, when we may hang up such pictures ?'

In one point Shelley—here in advance of his age—sympathises with the general modern feeling. He looks upon the restoration of a work of art as at best a necessary evil. 'It made me melancholy,' he says, 'to see that they had been varnishing and restoring some of these pictures,' though he must have admitted this to be sometimes necessary, as in the case of such as had been pierced by the French bayonets. This leads him into reflections which will find an echo in the mind of every artist.

How evanescent are paintings, and must necessarily be ! Those of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more, and perhaps they bore the same relation to Homer and Æschylus that those of Guido and Raphael bear to Dante and Petrarch. There is one refuge from the despondency of this contemplation. The material part indeed of their work must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances connected with them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations ; the systems of philosophers are modelled

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to gentleness by their contemplation ; opinion, then legislation, is infected with their influence ; men become better and wiser ; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent than that from which they fell.

It will have been noticed that Shelley here names Guido and Raphael in the same breath. It will be remembered that he had not seen much of Italian art at the period when this letter was written. Experience of the masterpieces of Rome and Florence doubtless greatly affected this estimate of Guido in so far as it was relative ; but the sunny cheerfulness of such performances of Guido's as his *Aurora* on the one hand, and the tender sentiment of his *Madonnas* and *Magdalens* on the other, must always have exerted a peculiar charm upon Shelley. He probably came to see in Raphael the perfection of what he had admired in Guido, while perhaps Raphael may have been even a little too academic. Perhaps Correggio would, on the whole, have been more attractive to him than any other painter if only Correggio had preserved a larger infusion of that poetical, as distinguished from merely pictorial, feeling which imparts such value to the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and the earlier Titians. Unfortunately, Shelley had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Venetian school in its poetical prime, or with the intensely spiritual art of Umbria. To one very great artist he may appear unjust, and yet his verdict on Michael Angelo is that of the generality, although his expressions are stronger. He concurs with most persons in condemning the celestial compartments of Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' but admits that 'every step towards Hell approximates to the region of the artist's exclusive power.' His great objection to Michael Angelo is his deficient sense of beauty ; but this verdict was delivered without any acquaintance with Michael Angelo's drawings, and before having seen his sculptured figures of 'Day' and 'Night.' The precipitate judgment, however, elicits the profound remark : 'To want a sense of beauty is to want the sense of the creative power of mind. What is terror without a contrast with and a communion with loveliness ? How well Dante understood this ! Dante, with whom this artist has been so presumptuously compared !' And, after a harsh, though not wholly unjust criticism of the 'Last Judgment' as a sort of Titus Andronicus in painting, he turns to the more congenial tenderness of Titian's 'Danae' and Guido's 'Magdalen.'

Architecture was always interesting to Shelley, and he is always interesting upon it ; but he is almost destitute of technical knowledge, and can only speak of the general impression. Milan Cathedral fascinated him, as it was afterwards to fascinate Tennyson ; but the elder poet seems most impressed with the exterior, the younger, with the interior, features of the edifice.

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The effect of it [says Shelley], piercing the solid blue with those groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the serene depth of this Italian heaven, or by moonlight when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing.

Tennyson, on the other hand, though praising the 'mount of marble, the hundred spires,' does not stand on the earth and gaze up to them like Shelley, but looks beyond them as he stands among them, and celebrates what he beholds in a marvellous stanza :

How faintly-flushed, how phantom-fair
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air !

This is not the cathedral, but the view from the cathedral. The interior, which is pronounced by Shelley of a more earthly character, evokes Tennyson's highest enthusiasm :

O the chanting quires !
The giant windows' blazoned fires !
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory !

Shelley thought this interior had the aspect of 'some gorgeous sepulchre,' but excepted one nook, 'a solitary spot behind the altar where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit and read Dante there.'

With St. Peter's, the interior especially, Shelley is disappointed, as is said to be usually the case upon first visits, admitting, however, the magnificence of the façade, and that the whole is 'an astonishing monument of the daring energy of man.' The truth would seem to be that this creation of the later Papacy, standing in the midst of a city, had neither the association with history nor the association with nature necessary to captivate a taste untrained to the perception of architectural principles, of which, however, he is not wholly ignorant, as appears from his praise of the just proportions of the Pantheon. When he very greatly admires architecture it is generally in connection with its natural environments, and hence he is peculiarly delighted with ruins. It rejoices him to think that,

unlike the inhabitants of the Cimmerian ravines of modern cities, the ancient Pompeians could contemplate the clouds and the lamps of heaven, could see the moon rise high behind Vesuvius, and the sun set in the sea, trembling with an atmosphere of golden vapour, between Inarime and Misenum.

From his account of the ruins of the temple of Pæstum, though fully sensible of their intrinsic sublimity, he appears more impressed by 'the effect of the jagged outlines of mountains, through groups of enormous columns on one side, and on the other the level horizon of the sea.' It is needless to cite his famous description of the baths of Caracalla, in his day so overgrown with ivy and self-sown shrubs and wild flowers as to have become almost an object of nature. In a similar spirit, although while writing of a sublime piece of sculpture

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Shelley does not omit to celebrate the combination of irresistible energy with perfect loveliness in the equestrian figures of Castor and Pollux, he remarks that 'they are seen in the blue sky of Italy, overlooking the city of Rome, and surrounded by the light and music of a crystalline fountain.'

The direct references to works of art in Shelley's poems are not very numerous, and are usually concerned with sculpture rather than painting. In 'The Revolt of Islam' the emancipated nations erect a marble pyramid adorned with three sculptured images symbolising Equality, Love, and Wisdom. In 'Marianne's Dream' a marble portal is

Filled with sculptures rarest
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human.

And in 'Prometheus Unbound' there are two lines on sculpture so frequently quoted for their justice and beauty as to have become almost proverbial :

Praxitelean shapes, whose marble forms
Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.

But there is one poem entirely devoted to a single picture, one whose character was specially adapted to fascinate the imaginative spirit of Shelley : no other than the Medusa in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, a subject which we have most of us lately seen treated by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The first stanza reads :

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine.
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly,
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seem to lie
Loveliness, like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

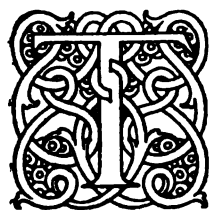
This poem is, perhaps, the only one in which Shelley has deliberately set himself to translate a picture into verse, and he is, perhaps, open to the charge of having adhered too closely to his original. He wrote at Florence, either with the picture actually before him or at least with a very vivid impression of it upon his recollection. Keats's similar translation in 'Endymion' of Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne, which, as it was not then placed in a public gallery, he had probably had but few opportunities of contemplating, is more successful, because less anxiously modelled upon an original. A much more remarkable instance of the effect of a picture in inspiring Shelley is that portrait, genuine or otherwise, of Beatrice Cenci by Guido which in a manner compelled him to write his tragedy of

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the 'Cenci.' Yet there is nothing in the play from which it could be surmised that Shelley had ever seen the portrait.

We find in Shelley, then, as good an instance as we are ever likely to encounter of the judgments on fine art passed by a person of rare gifts, endowed beyond most men with penetrative insight and with delicacy as well as intensity of feeling, but devoid of the technical equipment of a professional art critic. Of the literary value of such judgments there can be no question : they bring beautiful things before the mental sight when the originals are inaccessible. Their practical value to artists is more disputable. Artists are apt to resent the interposition of outsiders, feeling, as of course they have every right to feel, that the merit of a picture largely depends on a knowledge of a number of technicalities only to be acquired by study and practice beyond the sphere of the connoisseur. In the writings of the pre-Raphaelite school we may discern some impatience at the interposition of Mr. Ruskin, an artist rather than an amateur, but one who had never absolutely enrolled himself in the brotherhood by sending his pictures to an exhibition and affixing a price to them. This feeling is most natural : no man conscious of having undergone a severe novitiate likes to be criticised by one who has exempted himself from such an ordeal. Artists should remember, however, two things : one, that the fame and the less illustrious rewards for which they strive depend upon the award of a public outside the limits of their profession, and that it is greatly to their advantage that this public opinion should be regulated by intellects of the calibre of a Shelley's or a Ruskin's ; secondly, which is even of more importance, that a merely professional standard must necessarily become a merely academical standard, and that a merely academical standard is in the long run synonymous with convention, stagnation, and inanity. The creative mind must be kept flexible, prehensile, fluid ; and this object is often best attained by criticisms which, if sometimes imperfect for want of exact knowledge and technical accomplishment, at all events reveal to the artist what a world of thought and feeling lies outside the sphere of rule and tradition, and may often delight him with the conviction that he has builded better than he knew. Guido, we may be sure, had little notion that a Cenci tragedy lay in his Cenci portrait. In the world of art, as elsewhere, poets, to borrow Shelley's great saying, are in the last resort ' the unacknowledged legislators of mankind.'

A FRENCH GOVERNESS BY EDITH SICHEL



THE race of Governesses is now almost extinct, driven out by the invading hordes of university teachers. The governess of the last generation—the lady born in Central Germany, and offended about many things—she who taught the glorious motions of the universe by means of an orange and a knitting-needle—is fast disappearing from the planet that she dealt with thus intimately. If only there were time and space to write about every interesting subject, some one might give us a remarkable book on the Evolution of Governesses. It is a more fruitful theme than would at first sight appear, for governesses have gone through many periods. They seem to have begun in France, where, as early as the fifteenth century, we read of the Court Chaperone or ‘Gouvernante,’ who superintended the ‘Chamber of the Damsels’ and never left them except at the approach of their Confessor. She taught no more than intricate needlework and the proprieties, existed nowhere outside the Court, and was but the rudest foreshadowing of the ladies who succeeded her some two hundred years later. For the heyday of governesses—their zenith of opportunity—was in the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the France that produced Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Campan. These names—at any rate, the first two—prove that there have been immortal governesses as well as immortal poets; and it is fitting that France, the home of deportment, should have been their birthplace.

Madame de Maintenon was so much made of in her lifetime that posterity owes her nothing, and is perhaps justified in behaving somewhat coldly to her memory. Love it would be difficult to give her: amazed curiosity and admiration of her dignity and her distinction are the warmest feelings that she inspires, whether as the toiling wife and secretary of the scholar Scarron, the Court Governess, the Mother of the Church, the Abbess of St. Cyr, or the consort and widow of the King.

‘There is nothing so agreeable as to make oneself esteemed,’ she once wrote to her brother; and Sainte Beuve, with his customary insight, puts her character into a nutshell when he says that she was ‘always occupied with others and never loved them.’ Like him, we feel her charm while we are reading her letters; but directly we shut the book the charm disappears. Still, a life of consistent self-sacrifice and self-discipline, with self in the guise of influence as its object, is rare enough to command our respect; and so does her strong but fastidious will, which was not content with gaining whatever it strove for, unless it achieved its purpose in the best possible taste.

Her story reads like a political fairy tale. She was born in a Poitou prison in 1635. Her father, son of the great Calvinist,

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D'Aubigné, was a rake and a ne'er-do-weel, his father's despair—a political and aristocratic Micawber who was never out of a scrape. Her mother, on the other hand, was a *dévoté* and a Stoic, with fine practical faculties—a stern fidelity to duty—and real depth, though little grace, of heart. She was glad to place the baby Françoise with her Huguenot sister-in-law, Madame de Villette, who brought up the child in the Reformed faith till she was seven years old. Then she returned home, an eager little Protestant, willing to take the maternal buffets for non-observance of Catholic rites, in the spirit of a martyr.

About this time the family migrated to La Martinique, in the West Indies, where for several years she was educated rather severely on scant means and Plutarch's Lives. It is a relief to hear that once, when the house caught fire, and her mother was anxious to save the books, she was found crying for her doll and its toy bed. She began very early to have adventures in the grand style. Once, on the journey out, she fell ill, was said to have died, and was just about to be lowered into the sea when her mother, clasping her for the last time, felt a faint movement that convinced her of life. Another time she was miraculously saved from a serpent. When she was about eleven her father died penniless; and his wife and children returned to France, the mother to engage in a lawsuit about a family estate, the little girl to return to Madame de Villette and become a stauncher Protestant than before. This was put an end to by her mother's sister, Madame de Neuillant, a bigoted Catholic, who procured an order from Anne of Austria to remove her from heretical influences and take her into her own care. This lady, who lived on her country estate and was very rich, combined a rather sour religion with provincial parsimony, and used her niece as a servant. Madame de Maintenon tells us she was sent every morning into the fields in a peasant's dress, to look after the turkeys—work pleasant enough if she had not been obliged to wear a mask for her complexion's sake, and to carry a volume of Pibrac's elegant quatrains to learn by heart. She did menial jobs in the *basse-cour* also, quite unconverted meanwhile, till her exasperated aunt ended by sending her to an Ursuline convent in Poitou. She was eventually converted at fourteen in a Paris nunnery of the same sisterhood, after obstinate discussions with eminent divines. And a little later she returned home, to live first with her poverty-stricken mother and then with Madame de Neuillant. It was the latter who introduced her to the paralysed Abbé Scarron, scholar, sufferer, wit, buffoon, who had expressed a desire to see 'la jeune Indienne,' or 'la belle Indienne,' as she was subsequently called. When she entered the room, full of brilliant guests, and met their stare of curiosity, she became conscious that her stuff frock—the only one that her aunt allowed her—was far too short, and she burst into tears. This was perhaps the most impulsive action of

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her life ; perhaps, too, the only occasion on which her vanity was wounded.

She could not have begun better (though this time her cleverness was unconscious) than by inviting the compassion rather than the jealousy of wits, and she soon became intimate with the Scarron circle. Not for long, however, for when she was about fifteen she was obliged to accompany her mother, whose affairs compelled her to retire to the country ; and shortly afterwards Madame d'Aubigné died there, broken down and almost starving. The girl remained where she was, for several months alone, and practically destitute but for the Abbé Scarron's letters. At the end of the fourth month (she was sixteen) he wrote and begged her to marry him : an offer which she promptly accepted, because, as she afterwards admitted, acceptance was better than going into a convent.

'The poor cripple' was the phrase with which in later days she designated her husband, and it expresses her whole attitude towards him—faithful, attentive, cold, and indefatigable. It was not even compassionate, for she disapproved of the jester's mask under which he persistently hid his bodily distress. She made herself his secretary (he was one of the first men of letters in Paris), and often wrote all day for him, trying, as she takes care to inform us, to modify the lightness of his language. The cloven hoof—or should we call it the winged sandal?—of her influence began to appear, and she felt sure that with him she had succeeded. He, on the other hand, took pains to initiate her into the habits of the world, and produced her there as if she were some choice edition of one of his favourite classics. He gave her great opportunities. All the best people of the time frequented his house, the grand folk and the literary ones : Ninon de l'Enclos, the Richelieu and Albrets, Madame de Sévigné, Lafontaine, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the charming Madame de Sablière. Madame Scarron at once took her place among them. She was witty, she was tactful, she was tall ; she had a beautiful figure, chestnut hair, a brilliant complexion, and the most speaking black eyes in the world—so says Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who described her under the name of 'Lyriane.' Added to this, she had a certain reserve and a conventual charm which made her seem more piquant to this world of fashion. These would have availed her less, however, had she not possessed the invaluable social qualities of gaiety and good sense—supreme good sense, we may say. The quality of gaiety, Sainte Beuve remarks, is the one which as her readers we do not recognise ; a good deal of the charm she exercised over her contemporaries was no doubt due to it, and would have gone far to soften the pontifical manner of her writings. 'Gay by nature, sad by circumstances,' she said of herself later, in her Court days ; and the 'nature' was probably more conspicuous in her youth.

Curiously enough, of all the galaxy whom she entertained, it was

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Ninon de l'Enclos who took her up the most warmly. 'Elle était trop gauche pour l'amour,' said Henry IV.'s dowager mistress about Louis XIV.'s future wife; and this may possibly have been the secret of the elder lady's friendship for the younger. In spite of this, Mademoiselle de l'Enclos tried to blacken Madame Scarron by insinuations about her friendship with her husband's friend, Villarceaux, though even Ninon said she had no real proof of her guilt, and there is no reason to credit this single accusation against her. She herself—and how she would have gloried in a conquered temptation!—alludes to this period as free from passion and from any moral trial.

She went on writing gay and often improper epistles in verse at her husband's dictation, till his death left her, at twenty-five, an attractive and almost penniless widow. After much delay, a pension was obtained for her from the King; but meanwhile she had no lack of friends. Madame de Richelieu, most fastidious of great ladies, adopted her as one of the family, and she lodged near the Richelieu Hôtel. The Maréchal and Maréchale d'Albret hastened to show her an equal affection; all her acquaintance followed suit. She had, as in later days she was particular to impress on the young ladies at St. Cyr, a special talent for making herself invaluable in a household. In her lecture to the 'Classe Bleue' on how to make oneself loved, she gives the recipe on which she acted: never to talk of oneself, always to discover—if possible, to forestall—the wants of others, to be pleased with everything and turn one's hand to any task, to expect nothing and resent no neglect: all the Christian duties, in fact, performed from motives of good taste. The discipline of taste is perhaps severer, drier, less rewarded, than the discipline of religion; and it needed something like sweetness, at any rate a large amenity, to enable her to practise her precepts. But she possessed, in a still greater degree, an instinct for calculation, which, in her case, amounted to genius. All through her life it was her creed that, failing the religious motive, the desire for reputation was as good as any other and ought to be earnestly cultivated. Years afterwards, when she was over seventy, she told the same pupils at St. Cyr that at this early time in her career she performed her deeds of virtue—even nursed a poor man through the smallpox—from no love of God, but because she wished her goodness to be different from that of other people. She actually records that on one occasion she deliberately made herself ill, and then went out to pay a visit—in the hope that she would hear her friends exclaim, 'What a courageous woman!'—but she only ended in feeling so faint that she had to beat a hasty retreat.

The restraint she imposed on herself was the more surprising because she had a brilliant tongue which loved to amuse—and did amuse till 1666, when first she came into contact with the Abbé

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Gobelin—the man who became her Director, and occupied that post for the greater part of her Court life. Till then she had not been devout; but his subtle, courtly religion kindled her faith, and one of the first spiritual exercises he prescribed for her was ‘to make herself a bore to others.’ One cannot but admire the fortitude with which she, the centre of her circle, sat silent in the midst of coruscating gossip, social and intellectual, till her silence told, and the talk slackened: she saw her friends yawning round her and knew that it was owing to her dulness.

It was about this time, before the long-demanded pension had been granted, that poverty had forced her to accept the invitation of her friend, the Queen of Portugal, formerly Princesse de Nemours, to accompany her to the Portuguese Court. She was anxious before her departure to gratify one wish—to see the new Court beauty, Madame de Montespan, who was talked of as a wonder of the world. Mademoiselle d’Heudicourt offered to present her, and the introduction was achieved. Madame de Montespan, much charmed by her homage, deplored her desertion of France; Madame Scarron told her the reason and how her pension had been delayed. ‘I will speak to the King myself,’ exclaimed Madame de Montespan, and she was as good as her word. The King was testy. ‘Encore la Veuve Scarron,’ he said; and when we think of the indefinite extension of that ‘Encore’ it seems as if the irony of life had spoken for him. For Madame de Montespan also, the pension was ensured—Madame Scarron stayed in France at her intervention—her own hand had forged the sword that was to kill her. It was she too who, when the time came, thought of the widow as a desirable governess for her children. Her first child was born in 1669, and a governess became necessary. When the post was offered to Madame Scarron, then thirty-five years old, she cautiously said that she would only become the governess of the King’s children, and refused to accept it till Louis XIV. himself begged her to. It was no sinecure, and the secrecy alone was worth a large salary. At the birth of each of the four elder children the doctor was blindfolded and did not even know of the King’s presence, though on one occasion his Majesty gave him a glass of wine. Madame Scarron, closely masked, received the child and bore it away wrapped in a shawl to Paris. Her house was in the Rue Vaugirard; and, in order to keep her oath of secrecy, she was obliged to go on with all the rush of her daily life, as nobody was to know of the existence of the children, and any change in her habits might have roused suspicion. No workmen were admitted to repair the house; she had to supply any need of them herself, plumbing, papering, and painting with her own hands. She was even bled, because she had a habit of blushing and feared it might lead her to betray her charge. As the Montespan family increased, the governess

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placed them out in different parts of the town, and, muffled in veils, sallied forth every night to visit and superintend each one of them. No detail of their diet, their clothing, the awakening of the infant intelligence, was neglected; the nurses under her must have worked hard for their living. At first she saw little of the King, who thought her a prude and a blue-stocking, and did not like her. But in 1775, when the firstborn (who died) had been succeeded by the little Duc de Maine, the Duc de Vexin, and Mademoiselle de Nantes, the children were legitimised: the secrecy was over, and she brought the Duc de Maine to Court.

The little boy adored her and hardly knew his mother. It was not long before Madame Scarron found out that Madame de Montespan was jealous, had a temper, and loved 'scenes.' She made them on every occasion with her governess, whom she envied, dreaded, and found indispensable. 'For God's sake, do not make any of your great eyes at me!' she once exclaimed to Madame Scarron, who, no doubt, was as provoking as calm people know how to be. The quarrels were reported to the King by his mistress, and Madame Scarron complains of being constantly misrepresented. From rather disliking her as 'Your Bel Esprit' (his manner of alluding to her), Louis XIV. came to regard her as a queer-tempered person who had to be humoured. The first thing that made him change his mind was a day he spent alone with her pupil, the Duc de Maine, whose wit and reason reflected credit on his teacher. It was about this time that Madame de Montespan employed Madame Scarron to write for her one of her daily notes to the King. He at once perceived the difference, and from that moment sought occasions for corresponding with the governess of his children. Not long after, he entered Madame de Montespan's apartments in the middle of a dispute between the two ladies. He asked the cause. Madame de Montespan was sobbing too violently to inform him. Madame Scarron, as composed as a statue, begged him to step into the next room, where she gave him her version and said she must resign her situation. It may have been at this interview that the King defended his mistress by dwelling on her sensibility, which was so great that she wept at tales of generous deeds. But in the end Madame Scarron impressed him with her sincerity. He implored her to stay, and she consented.

For some time her tyrant had been moving the King to give his governess a pension, that she might buy an estate and retire from Court; and now he acceded to her request. In 1674 he gave her a sum of money large enough to enable her to buy the estate of Maintenon (the name which, after the purchase, she adopted as her own); but she remained at her post, and the King very sensibly avoided further complications by sending her off to the Baths of Barèges with the crippled Duc de Maine. This was the beginning of an era. On the journey, she wrote that she was receiving

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letters 'from one man alone.' Her triumph was complete when, on her return, the little boy, who had never been able to walk, limped into his father's room holding her by the hand.

From that time she had ascendancy over the King. We cannot forbear from sympathising with Madame de Montespan, who must have found Louis's new-born taste for the domestic virtues very annoying. There was one famous occasion when, flashing with jewels, she rushed for a moment into the royal nursery to say good-night to her sick children, and found him there in sentimental contemplation of Madame de Maintenon, who, pale and disordered from long watching, was rocking the Duc de Maine on one arm, while with the other hand she soothed the wailing Mademoiselle de Nantes.

In order to measure the new influence on the Great Monarch, we must try to realise his charm. The nature of his morals has perhaps blinded the world to his sense and intellect. He seems to have had a real power in conversation—the power of hitting the nail on the head, of using few words, all of them apt, of delicate discrimination and a brilliant sobriety which never sought for effect; and these qualities, which became more conspicuous as he grew older, found a ready response in Madame de Maintenon. But past fascinations must always remain a mystery, and in her case can only be partly accounted for. The secret of her boundless sway over him lay somewhat in this need of his for mental companionship (a middle-aged mode of flirtation, not unknown to others beside kings); still more, perhaps, in the fact that she was a woman of common sense at a moment when common sense was hard to find—scarcely discoverable in the corrupt Court. 'A King's title,' he used to say, 'is "Sa Majesté," a Pope's "Sa Sainteté";' Madame de Maintenon's is "Sa Solidité,"' and this was always his name for her.

Her attitude towards her patroness is more difficult to write about. As early as 1674, urged forward by Gobelin and Bossuet, she had resolved on the ousting of Madame de Montespan, or, as she put it, the conversion of the King. In the latter purpose she was quite sincere and devoutly concentrated—single in aim, if not in dealing. She could afford to be mean in the interests of religion, for she was convinced she was the instrument of God—by means of the Archbishops. In her own eyes she was not untrue to a friend: she was sapping an unlawful tie likely to damn her Sovereign here and hereafter, and was bringing him back to the wronged and deserted Queen. Her fervent desire to leave the Court, which she daily expressed to her Director during her first years there, waned after the Montespan's disgrace, and vanished altogether with the Queen's death.

In all this there was an overweening love of power and of affairs—especially Church affairs—and a grand passion for the King's salvation, the King's position, the King's training: everything, it

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would seem, but the King's self. Or, if she loved him (and the same may be said of her rival feeling for the Church), it was with the almost extravagant adulation of a governess for her pupil after he has grown up, when she still regards him as her handiwork.

The plot of Bossuet and the priests against Madame de Montespan first took effect in 1675, when one of them refused to give her Communion at the Easter Festival. Louis broke with her, for a time only; and the next five years were made up of such breaks and returns. It was during one of these that the poor creature, devoured by panic fright and superstition, went with Madame de Maintenon to a fortune-teller in Paris, who prophesied her fall, but, turning to her companion, declared that she would mount high—a saying which did not improve Madame de Maintenon's relations with her mistress. But the more Madame de Montespan hated her, the less could she do without her. Presents were showered on her daily, and they remained together 'arm-in-arm, but not loving each other the better for that' (as Madame de Maintenon wrote on one occasion), till the King's final separation from his mistress in 1680—when Madame de Maintenon's lips conveyed the fatal verdict. And this was only brought about (after interludes of several minor loves) by the appearance of a new star, Mademoiselle de Fontanges, 'sotte comme un panier et belle comme un ange.' Not too 'sotte' to administer a snub to Madame de Maintenon, who tried to wean her from her sins. 'You talk of putting off a passion, Madame, as if it were a coat,' she observed—and went on as before. 'The King,' said the enraged Montespan to Madame de Maintenon, 'keeps three mistresses: me nominally; that creature actually; and you from inclination.' Madame de Maintenon, meanwhile, went about from one mistress to the other, exhorting and persuading them. After a year Mademoiselle retired to a convent, and then at last Sa Solidité triumphed. She restored the King to the devoted Queen, who lavished gratitude upon her; and the Dauphin's marriage, soon after, enabled Royalty to appoint her as the Dauphine's 'Dame de l'atour,' a post of importance. The little Duc de Maine was now ten years old and consigned to the care of a tutor; but the governess, unable to resign her sceptre—she never wielded a rod—turned her attention to training the tutor, who must have been blessed with a patient temper, and to forming the young Duke's style by correspondence.

She was much taken up with her countless philanthropies—the founding of industries on her Maintenon estate, the supervision of workpeople—more especially with her poor girls' orphanage at Neuilly, which was now under the courtly care of her great friend, Madame de Brinon. But ever foremost she was working at the King's further salvation—at obtaining for him the highest place in the New Jerusalem.

He now no longer pretended he could do without her, and never

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parted from her. She was mistress of the most delicate art in flattery : she told him his faults—another reason of her charm for him. She even once reproved him for reproving his musketeers on the score of their morals—and he submitted to her censure. ‘What it would be to be loved by one who can love so well!’ his Majesty exclaimed to her one day with all the sentiment of a cold man ; and his platonic were highly favoured by the pious little Queen, who believed in Madame as in a divine institution. The latter accompanied her Sovereign and the Court to Luxembourg, the central point of the war in the Netherlands ; after which, in the autumn of ’82, they all repaired to Fontainebleau. It was here that the Queen fell ill, and died after three days’ illness, causing her husband, he said, the first vexation in twenty-three years of married life. It may be added that he made this victory of tact easy for her by his absence ; but this was now forgotten, and for a day or two he was dissolved in grief. Well in sight of Canaan, Madame de Maintenon, for the first time in her Court life, lost her self-control : she was agitated, unstrung, and refused to approach the King till the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld, thitherto by no means her friend, pushed her by the arm into the Royal presence. ‘This is not the time to leave him, Madame : in his present condition he really wants you,’ said the great connoisseur of human vanity ; and one wonders whether he spoke the words as man or as cynic. There are many of his maxims which might have been the result of a conscientious study of Madame de Maintenon. She did not meet the King again for some days, but remained at Fontainebleau in a highly emotional condition, amazing to all who knew her. She walked out daily in the forest, unattended save by a friend, and frequently burst into tears—both of which proceedings were quite unheard of. When she again saw the royal widower, less than a week after the Queen’s death, he only rallied her on her sad looks—his had disappeared.

It is supposed that soon after this they were betrothed. She was far too clever a tactician to yield at once, and often sent him away in suspense. ‘He easily desponds, but is not repelled,’ she wrote of him in one of her letters ; and the result justified her policy. They were married in 1684 : probably in June. About this date a mysterious Mass was celebrated secretly in the King’s apartment at midnight, Madame de Maintenon being the only woman present. Père la Chaise, the King’s confessor, was there ; and Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, to bless the union ; together with Minister Louvois and the Marquis de Montchevreuil, as witnesses, and the royal valet Bontemps, to prepare the altar. There has never been a statement in black and white about her marriage ; but she alluded to it in her talks with the Superior of St. Cyr and with the Abbé Choisy ; in her letters to her only brother she more than once almost confesses it. The first instance is characteristic :

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she begs him not to come to Paris, as it will look so strange for them not to meet—and that they cannot do, because of the station in which God has placed her without her seeking. 'I shall never get higher; I am too high already,' she adds. Even on her heights she was not contented. 'Ce serait donc Monsieur le Père que vous voulez?' was her brother's retort to her complaints on one occasion. But he was wrong: she wanted more—a whole hierarchy of angels to acknowledge her position. Partial recognition she obtained. The royal children always spoke of her and the King as the 'Chefs de famille'; Louis openly called her 'Madame'; and a few people, her confessor for one, addressed her in private as 'Votre Majesté.'

She had no bed of roses. Though she did all the work of a queen and more, she had little of a queen's glory and no one was afraid to importune her. The description of her days is almost terrifying. It is interesting to compare it with those she had planned for herself a few years earlier, when she thought of retiring from the Court to Maintenon. Then she was to rise at eight in winter, at seven in summer, and pray for an hour before summoning her women to dress her. After this she was to give the needful interviews to workmen and mercers, and go to church till dinner-time. Two afternoons a week were to be devoted to visits of duty or pleasure, till 10 P.M.; two to receiving visitors until the same hour, when prayers were read with the servants; bed followed at eleven. Of the remaining three days, one was to be taken up with going to see the poor of the parish, another with the local Hôtel Dieu, the third with the prisons; and the evenings were to be spent alone, working or reading. On the eve of feast-days or of taking Communion she was to see no one—certain private devotions were never to be omitted—she was to wear neither gold nor silver, and the tenth of her income was to be dedicated to the poor. This was her scheme, and she defined it as the rudiments of a pious life.

Very different is the day she describes in 1705 to Madame Glapion, her confidante at St. Cyr. She rises at cock-crow for Mass and private devotions, for people begin to crowd her room at half-past seven: first, the King's physicians, one after another, followed by the royal valet; then the ministers, the Archbishop, the young dukes and princes, each remaining till some one superior in rank arrives. Everybody leaves when the King appears, and he remains till he goes to Mass. All this time she is not yet dressed: 'if I were,' she says, 'I should not have had time for my prayers. I am still, therefore, in my nightcap; but my room, notwithstanding, is just like a church.' After Mass the King returns; then comes the Duchess of Burgundy and a company of ladies, who stay while Madame dines. Her digestion is impaired by the conduct of the indiscreet

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duchess who treads on everybody's toes, or else by her confidences about her domestic unhappiness.. The general 'strife of minds . . . unlike anything else' disturbs her, and she is so hemmed in by ladies that she can get nothing to drink. At last the world goes off to dinner, and she is left with her two invalid friends, Madame d'Heudicourt and Madame de Dangeau. This might be a free time for amusement, 'for chat or for a game of backgammon;' but the Dauphin takes that hour for his own, and 'is the most difficult man in the world to entertain, for he never says a word.' After dinner, 'the King and the whole royal family come into my room and make it frightfully hot.' The King departs after half an hour's talk; but the rest remain to tell the last scandal, ignorant that their hostess is full of far graver subjects, State affairs and the like, which often depress her. When they quit her there arrives a file of ladies, one by one, friends and foes, to confide their troubles and beg for her influence with the King. And when he comes back from hunting, he goes straight to her—'the door is shut and no one comes in again.' They are alone together, and she must amuse him. 'Sometimes he is subject to fits of uncontrolled weeping; at others he is unwell. There is no conversation.' Presently ministers and courtiers arrive, often with bad news that prevent her sleeping at night. If the King does not need her, she goes a little apart and uses this time for prayer. Afterwards she sups off fruit and meat, which, for fear she should be wanted, she eats hurriedly, though hurrying always makes her ill. By this time it is late.

I have [she says] been up ever since six in the morning, and have not had time to breathe all day. I am worn out, I have fits of yawning; and more than all the rest I begin to feel the effects of age.

Louis bids her go to bed—she complies. Her women come to undress her; but either the King wants to speak to her, or a minister is waiting and Louis is afraid her women may hear.

This puts him out and me too. . . . At last I am in my bed and my women are sent away. Then the King draws near, and sits down at the head of the bed. . . . There is no one there whom I can ask to give me what I need. Sometimes I want some clothes to be aired; but there is no woman present. . . . Sometimes, when I have had a very severe cold, I have been nearly suffocated by keeping in my cough. . . . The King stays till he goes to supper, and about a quarter of an hour before that the Dauphin and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy come in. At ten, or a quarter past ten o'clock, everybody goes away. I am at last by myself and I can refresh myself according to my needs; but the anxieties and fatigue of the day often hinder me from sleeping.

She certainly had ground for her stately grumblings (she prided herself on never complaining), and the King never yielded an inch to her tastes. He kept her talking for hours in draughts, till she thought of inventing a hood to her chair; and he insisted on having her windows wide open while she lay shivering with fever. On one

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occasion she wrote that 'she was perishing of Symmetry,' for the sake of which her Fontainebleau windows—'as big as arcades'—were not allowed either curtains or shutters. These were no trifles to a woman who was growing old, and they went on till she was eighty. Nor was she exacting in her demands; on the contrary, she was always austere. Some time already before the King's death she had reduced herself to one meal a day, consisting of a single dish supplemented by a cup of chocolate, which she took later and subsequently gave up. During her widowhood at St. Cyr, although she had passed her four-score years, she ate her meals at the common table with the nuns.

One wonders how far the King really cared for her after marriage. 'He loves me,' she once said to a friend, 'but only so far as he is capable of loving.' Her scoldings were taken as well as ever. On one occasion she told him he had done very wrong, and he acquiesced; later he repentantly referred to his fault. 'All that is past, Sire,' she replied; but he insisted on humbling himself. As years went on, his dependence on her increased. 'What does Reason say?' he was wont to ask, and did not at all like transacting business without her. She was present at one at least of the State Councils, sitting apart at her spinning wheel—an emblem of feminine modesty and machination—in her dress of *feuille morte* colour, permanently adopted because it brought out the lustre of her eyes.

The affairs of the Church doubled her labours. Her mission for converting others besides the King developed even before the Queen's death, when, not content with proselytising at home, she directed her attention to the distant Duchesses of Portsmouth and of York. She besieged all her Huguenot relations with letters, and refused to apologise to her cousin—one of the Villettes—for carrying off and converting, without his knowledge, his little girl of nine, whom she kept and educated. However, in spite of all this, the old story that she urged the King to persecute the Protestants and revoke the Edict of Nantes (which he did in '84) seems only to be founded on a letter long supposed to be hers, but really forged by La Beaumelle, who invented many others for her also. In reality, we find more than one passage in her letters about this time, persuading Louis to be less severe in his conduct towards the Huguenots. Had it been otherwise it would not have tallied with the rest of her character: she had too much good taste to like persecution. She became, however, more and more the centre of orthodoxy ('L'Abbesse universelle' and 'La femme d'affaires des évêques,' St. Simon calls her); but nothing of her work remained, and, woman-like, she dealt more in ecclesiastical intrigues than in enduring affairs. Later, between 1695 and 1699, when first the Quietist and then the Jansenist heresies appeared and she was bent upon crushing them, she was more occupied with the making and unmaking of

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archbishops than with the ideas she was suppressing. She was guilty of the fanatic's mistake of believing that thought can be stamped out by persons carefully chosen to effect such a purpose. Her conception of her importance in the Church was stronger even than her common sense, and led her (to resume the words of the spiteful St. Simon) into 'a sea of frivolous, delusive, wearisome, sham occupations, an infinity of letters and answers, the direction of select souls and all sorts of childishness.'

Such a line of conduct was bound to be very effectual at the moment, and it is not surprising to find her the darling of Rome. Innocent XI. sent her a martyr's body from the catacombs as a delicate attention; and Alexander VIII. consulted her about the King's business and addressed her as 'our very dear daughter in Jesus Christ, the noble woman, Lady of Maintenon.'

She was one of those women who sigh over having too much to do, and all the time invent fresh tasks for themselves. Her real talent, as she always said, was for education, a gift which might have found scope enough in the training of the young and giddy Duchess of Burgundy (wife of the Dauphin's son), whom the King had entrusted to her care. But the work she cared most about was her orphanage at Noisy, a home for both rich and poor, which soon after developed into the royally-endowed Convent School of St. Cyr. Nothing so fully embodies her spirit as this institution for educating the daughters of poor noblemen and housing aristocratic nuns. Its courtly, rather interested, piety, its cold high-bred good sense, its capable organisation, and impeccable success were all characteristic. Louis XIV. provided the young ladies with pensions when they left, and visited them more than once—calling them 'his Daughters of Zion' and always impressing on them the need of his favourite virtue, Regularity. It was to amuse his jaded mind that his wife invented the famous dramatic performances of her pupils. At first they played 'Andromaque'; but the heroine acted with too much passion, and the powerful foundress applied to Racine to write a Biblical play for her. 'Esther' was the result, in the presence of the King; and Racine, who had retired to the chapel to pray for a blessing on his drama, was summoned thence to receive His Majesty's compliments. There was a second representation before James II., Mary of Modena, and Madame de Sévigné; by-and-by 'Athalie' followed. But by this time Madame de Maintenon had discovered that the girls' heads were turned—that they had too great a zeal for intellectual things—that the whole system of their education must be changed. After this poetry and accomplishments were discarded, and they chiefly learned housewifely arts and common sense. She instructed them herself admirably in temporal and spiritual deportment, and her discourses are models of elegant sanity. Simplicity alone suited her fastidious senses; and so she preached it, and believed

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her sermons to be purely religious. The young ladies were to dress in homespun and live on their estates and hate Paris and submit to their husbands, whether these were good or bad, sots or rakes. Above all, they were never to be women of influence, the most miserable fate on earth! Sometimes she disguised her sermons in little plays and dialogues, taking herself as the central figure and recommending her virtues, even her faults, for their imitation.

She was distracted from St. Cyr by the death from small-pox of the Dauphin, in 1711; still more by a greater calamity in the following year, when his son, the Duke of Burgundy, the little Duchess (whom she loved as much as she could love), and their baby, all died in a few days of measles. The King did not survive them long. In 1715 he passed away with a calm and august courage, begging pardon for his faults, saying farewell to all, even his servants, and commending Madame de Maintenon to the care of the Regent Orleans. He transacted a good deal of State business with a lucid brain, bidding her destroy some papers which might have made mischief between two of his Ministers, and laughing at other documents that would be useless after his death. 'I do not regret leaving anybody but you,' he said to her; on which she bade him transfer his thoughts to his salvation. She hardly left his bedside day or night, and, though she was eighty years old, she did not take off her clothes for three days. But directly he became unconscious she consulted her Confessor as to the need of her presence, and on being told that the King would not want her again she hurried away in her coach to say Masses for his soul at St. Cyr. There was still something to be done, and doing was always her method of salvation. The King did not, however, die till two days afterwards. He had been conscious enough to mutter prayers to himself till the end. It is for thus deserting the King that she has been the most severely blamed; but her deed was the outcome of her nature—a nature that was more practical than loving—and she cannot be censured for an isolated action in harmony with herself.

How far such a woman had a heart it is difficult to say. She only felt affection where she influenced, and could love nothing but success. Failure was a bugbear to her, and her practice of the Christian virtues failed wofully in this respect. Even her attentions to the poor, thoughtful and regular as they were, were done officially, for the sake of her soul, and were not warmed by charity. The creatures she was most near loving were the little Duc de Maine and the Duchess of Burgundy. But the former, with some justice, she looked upon as her creation; and the latter had to be perpetually reclaimed from the gambling-table, to which, in spite of her sweet nature, she was incurably addicted. To her adopted niece—a girl of

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independent spirit—Madame de Maintenon was very chilly as long as the girl lived with her ; and it was only when she married and made a social success that her aunt recognised her merits.

In speaking of those she was near loving, we should perhaps have made earlier mention of her only brother, to whom so many of her letters are addressed. She was really attached to him, was patient about his frequent scrapes, and made noble sacrifices—financial and otherwise—for his sake. Nevertheless, her affection was overpowered by the fact that he was only a ‘bourgeois de Paris,’ and when he married a bourgeoisie of fifteen Madame de Maintenon’s heart—we should say her taste—was almost broken. But despair was not for her. With her usual courage and capability, she set about schooling her ill-bred sister-in-law. ‘Je suis en train d’éducation,’ she announced, and she found plenty to correct. Madame d’Aubigné must not eat jam at the wrong meals (there were meals for jam and meals for butter) ; she must leave off imitating the grimaces of Madame de Longueville and laughing in a forced manner ; she must write oftener, and then Madame will ‘have the complaisance to answer her ;’ she must walk out with a ‘prudish woman from the middle classes,’ and not pretend to a fashionable chaperone. When she was good she should be rewarded ; when she was not she should have no presents ; and when she was exacting Madame de Maintenon sent her a long list of the favours she had already conferred on her, among which were a ‘robe de chambre de peluche couleur de feu,’ a ‘sac de velours cramoisi,’ two caps in *point de France*, and other garments, amounting in all to 2661 francs. In spite of her regrets for her brother’s position, she never tried to make his wife into a woman of the world, and had the good sense to do no more than try to equip her for the post she occupied.

Nowhere is the superiority of her practical qualities over her feelings more apparent than in these particular letters. She arranged the embarrassed finances of the couple in a masterly way, going into every detail of their income and necessities—the candles that were needed in each room and the proper uses of candle-ends and scraps of chicken. Their annual expenditure, she reckoned, should come to £480, allowing £20 a month for food, light, and firing in a household of eleven, £40 for rent (which she called an overstatement), £40 for Madame d’Aubigné’s dress, and £120 for her brother’s private expenses. If she were allowed to play absolute Providence, she acted with real beneficence ; but she turned Providence into a governess, and if her advice was refused she was offended.

It is an accepted axiom that poets alone are extravagant ; but it is no less true that mentors have their excesses, and Madame de Maintenon’s correspondence might stand as a proof of this assertion. Like many reprovers of others’ folly, she had fear of making herself absurd :

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I had [she once observed] a great fund of religion, which hindered me from doing any evil . . . which made me hate anything that could bring me into contempt.

She ran riot in self-preservation—mental preservation, be it understood—and composed a kind of spiritual grammar by which she regulated her feelings.

The liking that people had for me [she says] was an abstract friendship—a friendship founded on esteem rather than on love. I have never wanted to be loved intimately by any one: I wished to be loved by all the world and to hear my name pronounced with admiring respect . . . above all, to be approved of by people of standing—that was my idol.

It was not a lovable idol. Prudence is only a means, and when it is taken as an end it revenges itself on the blunderer. The reputation that Madame de Maintenon cherished has certainly suffered for her coldness.

The last years of her life were perhaps the most amiable, for in the retirement of St. Cyr she reigned supreme and was constantly exercising her best faculty—that of teaching. Until her death, at eighty-four, the children and the novices came every afternoon to her bedroom for instruction. She rose at six every morning, attended two Masses in the Chapel, returned there at four, and remained till six in the evening. One day a month she prepared her soul for death, and her good works were countless. 'Ah, Madame!' said one of the adulating nuns, 'it is not everybody who has a heart like you.' 'Je le sais' was all that Madame answered. Another time, when she was pressed to write her life, she refused. 'It would,' she said, 'be only a spiritual record. None but the Saints could be interested.' Such was her conclusion—a fair measure of the position she assigned to herself.

In 1717 the Czar and his Interpreter came to her bedside to pay her a visit. He asked her what was the matter. She answered that it was old age and weakness; but, as he did not understand and the Interpreter could not interpret, the call came speedily to an end. This was practically her last State function. In April, 1719, she fell ill of fever, and knew that she was dying. Her Confessor begged her to bless her household. She abased herself by refusing; but he insisted, and she raised her hands in benediction. It was her last action, and soon after she died in peace. She was buried in the Church of St. Cyr with great pomp, and followed to the grave by Cardinals and Princes of the Blood.

She might be the text of a hundred sermons; but it is not for us to preach them. One merit she certainly had, and that was to tell the truth about herself as far as she knew it. Whoever will turn to her writings—her 'Letters and Conversations'—will find her whole self there. They are fascinating reading, whether as human documents or as models of elaborate simplicity and lucid advice.

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When we have put them down little remains to be said, and that little Madame du Deffand has said for us. 'I have finished reading her,' she wrote a century after Madame de Maintenon's day; 'and the result is a high opinion of her mind, a low opinion of her heart, and no taste at all for her person; but I persist in maintaining that she was by no means false.' It is not the epitaph Sa Solidité would have chosen; but there are many to endorse it.

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BY EDWARD GARNETT

I



ONE of the most perfect artists the world has produced since the days of the Greeks,' was Taine's verdict upon Turgenieff. And Flaubert writes thus of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace':

Up to the end of the second volume we only see Nature and Humanity. There seem to me to be some things in it like Shakespeare! I uttered cries of admiration as I read the book—long as it is. Yes: it is strong, very strong.

What this saying, 'the greatest artist,' means is perhaps worth inquiring into for the benefit of the English mind, which in general finds itself very much at sea when it is a question of recognising in what respect a man's art is mediocre, excellent, fine, or great. To place the Russian masters side by side may help us to determine the separate provinces in art their genius conquered. So we may arrive at the artistic rank of each of these great creators.

II

The Russian school of realism undoubtedly stands out as the high-water mark touched by the development of the novel in the last half century. In England, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, and Henry James; in France, Flaubert and Maupassant; in America, Howells; in Italy, Mathilde Serao, are names that may be cited to show how throughout Europe great artists have everywhere developed the novel into a true and deep criticism of contemporary life, manners, and thought. The great Russian realists, however, have the advantage over other European artists that, owing to special conditions, they have been able to master and express their country's life as a whole, while other European artists almost always speak for special classes of society. The practical division of the Russian world into two great classes—that of the peasants and that of educated men in authority—has this great advantage for the Russian artist, that the relation of the individual life to the nation's life is simpler and clearer than with us in Western Europe. The representative character of Russian work can thus be recognised at a glance, whereas in our highly complex commercialised societies—such as England and America, where the community is graded in every stage of mental development—the fine artist whose work is really a criticism of society, be he a Meredith or a Henry James, is to-day half defeated by the over-complex spirit of modernity and by the variety of the human world which he is struggling to analyse. The tendency, that is to say, of the novelist in Western Europe is to become less and less representative and more and more a specialist.





Leon Tolstoy.

From a portrait painted in 1887 by J. E. Repin in the Galerie Trétiakoff at Moscow.

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The whole intellectual movement of the European novel from the 'forties to the 'nineties, from Balzac and Dickens to Maupassant, may be regarded as one manifestation of that spirit of curious inquiry into life, of absorption in the actual, and of an instinctive acceptance of fact, which we sum up conveniently in the phrase 'the modern scientific spirit.'

And, accepting this definition, we shall find that in this intellectual movement of the novel the Russian school of realism, represented by Turgenieff and Tolstoy, has sounded the deepest note of modern life, in that their pictures are not only the macrocosm and microcosm of the Russia of their day, but also, in the emancipated spirit which inspires them, contain the deepest criticism of modernity. The Russian realists' breadth of view, their intense seriousness and deeper intellectual sincerity, arise in part from the fact that in the Russian world, stretched before their eyes, all the great problems of life were naked and undisguised, while in the older European world society had already become too confused, too artificial in its outlook, too contradictory, for the artist easily to find human figures that were not merely true to their special environment, but also symbolical of the new spirit of life that was transforming their age. In any case, the Russian realistic novel did not rest content with criticising and recording the appearances of changing society, as was the work in chief of the English school of fiction of the same epoch, but it criticised modern life by showing its connection with the past from which it had sprung, and by exhibiting society as a whole organism evolving under the pressure of the new ideas. It may be claimed, in fact, for Tolstoy and Turgenieff that, by being less under the compulsion of their age's outlook, they criticised its tendencies better. Less weary, less disillusioned, and less cynical than Flaubert and Maupassant, they are less optimistic, or less naïve or insular than Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot; and, great as all these representative artists may be, the Russian masters surpass them in breadth of outlook and in depth of spirituality. Again, it must be stated that the nineteenth-century widening of Europe's mental horizon took in Russia, in the 'forties and 'fifties, the form of a spiritual renaissance, and Tolstoy and Turgenieff in a sense are intellectually the offspring of Russian civilisation fusing with nineteenth-century culture. It is, however, especially from the clashing of two antagonistic worlds before their eyes—the primitive peasant world and the educated upper-class world—that the Russian realists derive their deep sincerity and their critical insight; for the rival worlds provide in turn a resting place, a vantage point, from which the character, the value, of each in turn may be appraised. That this clashing of a modern society with a feudal serf society has been a source of inspiration to the great Russian writers, and has largely determined their philosophy, is evident when we pass in review the

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long chain of work, which starts, in Turgenieff's case, with the first of the 'Sportsman's Sketches' (1847). And that this vast, half-sleeping world of peasant life is the national background which has served to give their pictures depth and perspective and gradation of tone is no less evident when we hold the last link of the chain in our hands and find it ends in 'Resurrection,' Tolstoy's world of workers (1900). No Western European nation presents to the artist's eye a community in so primitive a stage as are the Russian peasants, and it is not surprising that the Russian artist's imagination was stimulated by the spectacle to see clearly the fundamental questions of man's life on earth.

III

Tolstoy's striking originality, first evidenced by 'The Cossacks,' was soon proved in 'Sebastopol' (1856) to lie in his extension of a characteristically Russian method of analysis to precisely that range of emotions, frames of mind, and attitudes to life which European society has for hundreds of years been generally content to glorify and idealise. 'Sebastopol' is the first truthful analysis of war, of the passions, behaviour, and motive force of men in battle; and it is the deepest general summary of war by an artist of rank that modern literature has seen. When we lay 'Sebastopol' and an historical document such as Marbot's 'Memoirs' side by side, we see that their pictures are as the obverse and the reverse of the self-same medal. Only, while the minds of men in battle have been filled with much the same sentiments, destructive of war, that Tolstoy arrived at when under fire, human society has had to content itself for hundreds of years with pictures of the warlike emotions that drive nations into fight, and serve to idealise war for each fresh generation. That is to say, Marbot, in giving a narrative of the well-known side of war—the moods of courage, energy, and elation which make the dash and vicissitudes of a military life fascinating to the professional soldier—carefully avoids divulging that dark and chaotic world of human suffering, animal brutality, and cheap death, which is repulsive to him as a human being. All the latter class of feelings, with which Marbot's mind is stored, only exist as the dark spectacular background, to be automatically effaced and suppressed and ignored whenever it threatens to close in upon him. Accordingly, Marbot gives his readers a very one-sided document, a conscious and pleasing glorification of war, broken only accidentally by genuine pieces of realism, as in his account of the treacherous slaughter of his old comrades in the water meadows during the French army's retreat from Leipzig. But Tolstoy in 'Sebastopol' shows us a picture of war as a whole, and of men's mental, moral, and emotional outlook while engaged in killing their fellows. 'Sebastopol' gives us war under all aspects—war as a squalid, honourable, daily affair of mud

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and glory, of vanity, disease, hard work, stupidity, patriotism, and inhuman agony. Tolstoy gets the complex effects of 'Sebastopol' by keenly analysing the effect of the sights and sounds, dangers and pleasures, of war on the brains of a variety of typical men, and by placing a special valuation on these men's actions, thoughts, and emotions, on their courage, altruism, and show of indifference in the face of death. He lifts up, in fact, the veil of appearances conventionally drawn by society over the actualities of the glorious trade of killing men, and he does this chiefly by analysing keenly the insensitiveness and indifference of the average mind, which says of the worst of war's realities, 'I felt so and so, and did so and so ; but as to what those other thousands may have felt in their agony, that I did not enter into at all.' 'Sebastopol,' therefore, although an exceedingly short and exceedingly simple narrative, is a psychological document on modern war of extraordinary value, for it simply relegates to the lumber-room, as unlikelike and hopelessly limited, all those theatrical glorifications of war which the men of letters, romantic poets and grave historians alike, have been busily piling up on humanity's shelves from generation to generation. And more : we feel that in 'Sebastopol' we have at last the sceptical modern spirit, absorbed in actual life, demonstrating what war is and expressing at length the confused sensations of countless men who have heretofore never found a genius who can make humanity realise what it knows half-consciously and consciously evades. We cannot help, therefore, recognising this man Tolstoy as the most advanced product of our civilisation, and likening him to a great surgeon, who, not deceived by the world's presentation of its own life, penetrates into the essential joy and suffering, health and disease, of multitudes of men ; a surgeon, who, face to face with the strangest of Nature's laws in the constitution of human society, puzzled by all the illusions, fatuities, and conventions of the human mind, resolutely sets himself to lay bare the roots of all its passions, appetites, and incentives in the struggle for life, so that at least human reason may advance farther along the path of self-knowledge in advancing towards a general sociological study of man.

It was quite evident from 'Sebastopol' that the chief traits of the Russian mind—its power of self-criticism and its intellectual honesty—were here combining with a peculiarly incisive insight into human motives to create what was practically a revolutionary analysis of society's life. And Tolstoy's power, in fact, lay precisely in this direction. His oscillation between ascetic and hedonistic standards in his early manhood gave him a peculiar standpoint from which to scrutinise 'the glamour of the senses,' just as his intimate acquaintance with the worldly and fashionable life of 'society' was balanced by an extremely critical yet sympathetic understanding of the peasants' typical virtues and vices, as we see in 'Anna Karenin.' Everything

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combined to aid Tolstoy's intense scepticism and intense moral desire for truth to arrive at his showing how the average man's 'idealisations' are built up under the pressure of his social environment.

IV

This deep-searching sincerity, struggle against all self-deception, and passion for the analysis of society's imposing appearances (the prestige of authority, and the panaceas and formulas of civilisation), is Tolstoy's secret motive power in the construction of those two great epics, 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karenin,' which are practically the social history of the Russia of 1807-13 and the Russia of 1870-74. The beauty of Tolstoy's method in these novels is that, while he is secretly impelled by a desire to find the moral standard by which to judge all men's character, energy, and appetites, his own burning desire for the truth endows him with his intense penetration, and, further, forces him to set down conscientiously everything exactly as he sees it in life. Thus, in 'Anna Karenin' the hero, Levin (Tolstoy himself), in his search for moral happiness has to enter into touch with men of all classes, from the Court circle to the humblest mujik, and it is necessary to scrutinise the most secret impulse of their innermost hearts in order to judge of their guiding principles. Consequently, Tolstoy's vast canvases are filled with an amazing variety of men and women, all truthfully portrayed, and all indeed acting out their inevitable lives from the innermost springs of their being. Indeed, Tolstoy's vision of life in 'Anna Karenin' may be likened to the lantern of Diogenes searching for a man, which flashes before our eyes the great world's market-place and catches each face at the moment when it is betraying itself. And let us note here that those critics who have tried to separate Tolstoy the artist from Tolstoy the moralist have mis-read the essential nature of his genius. The eye with which Tolstoy examines mankind owes its very penetration to the moral impulse that his brain is charged with. The reason why his women, Dolly, Natasha, and Anna, are acceptable in every thought, feeling, and emotion to women, not as men's women but as the living thing, is mainly that he is interested primarily in the woman's soul. Tolstoy's passion for sincerity enables him to approach women with very little of that sense of æsthetic, half-sexual pleasure which leads to the idealisation of woman's every thought, emotion, and action. He has surprised woman, got through her defences, penetrated her secret emotions as girl, wife, mother, because he is never absorbed in woman as she appears to men, but rather, as a moralist, is judging woman as she appears to herself. And note that Tolstoy, though as an artist he enjoys watching the average sensual man—such as Stepan Arkadieitch, or any other character complete in itself—and of recording ironically that its nature is enrooted in a healthy enjoyment of the good things of

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life, is never so sympathetic with the egoistic as with the altruistic side of men's natures. Always in 'Anna Karenin' and 'War and Peace' there is the hidden moralist, first noting assiduously that the average man's life is compounded chiefly of a great deal of vanity and a little sensual pleasure; always there is the moralist dissatisfied with Nature's scheme for man, and passing on in the search for some higher good. Tolstoy's morality in these earlier works, however, is so broadly based and generous that everything that is healthy in man secretly appeals to and captivates him; and occasionally he half-consciously voices Nature's own morality—the triumph of the strong man overflowing with the joy of life, and the death of all that is weak and worn-out in the struggle for life (see 'Three Deaths'). Both 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karenin,' however, implicitly contain all the social theories and religious doctrines which Tolstoy was shortly afterwards to deduce logically in his later life-creed of 'The Kingdom of God is Within You.' But *en route* to this spiritual goal, which may be said to have been absolutely inevitable directly the fires of youth and active impulses to action had exhausted themselves, Tolstoy, fortunately for the world, did expound artistically in his novels his own special psychological analysis of society. It has been too little remarked (in respect of Tolstoy's own development) that 'War and Peace' contains the theory of society's mechanical influence on the mass of its members, and presents war as the essential triumph of man's animal nature over his moral impulses; just as 'Anna Karenin' contains Levin's final conviction that the simple life of the peasantry supplies a solid moral basis for existence which the artificial upper-class life lacks.

From these three conceptions of society's life, presented with quiet intensity of conviction, followed Tolstoy's deduction that the individual members of the State are forced to support and adopt lines of conduct which are essentially immoral. Hence the rejection of the State, the State Church, State-made wars, State exploitation of the peasants, was the next step in Tolstoy's development. Simultaneously he declared his spiritual creed—simply reliance on the teaching of Christ. Why Tolstoy's abandonment of the worldly for the spiritual life should have surprised European intelligence it is hard to say. For an examination of 'Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth' (his earliest work) shows that, even as a young man, Tolstoy was hesitating between the worldly life and the life of faith. Even at sixteen he was burning to devote himself to the well-being of others. Let the reader compare the following passages:

This voice of repentance and of passionate longing for perfection was the feeling that predominated in my mind at that period of my development, and it was the root of my new opinions concerning myself, other people, and all creation. Blessed voice of comfort! how often in those sad moments, when my soul silently submitted to the power of worldly falsehood and corruption, did it boldly rise

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against all that was evil, denouncing the past, making me love the bright present, and promising amendment and happiness in the future ! Blessed voice of comfort ! will a time ever come when I shall hear thee no more ?—*Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*, chap. iii. : 'Youth,' 1852-7.

In this way the idea that the only certain means of salvation from the terrible evil from which men were suffering was that they should always acknowledge themselves to be sinning against God, and therefore unable to punish or correct others, became clear to him. It became clear to him that all the dreadful evil he had been witnessing in prisons and gaols, and the quiet self-satisfaction of the perpetrators of this evil, were the consequences of men trying to do what was impossible : trying to correct evil while being evil themselves. Vicious men were trying to correct other vicious men, and thought they could do it by using mechanical means. And the only consequence of all this was that the needs and cupidity of some men induced them to take up this so-called punishment and correction as a profession, and have themselves become utterly corrupt and go on unceasingly depraving those whom they torment. Now he saw clearly what all the horrors he had seen came from, and what ought to be done to put a stop to them. The answer he could not find was the same that Christ gave to Peter. It was that we should forgive always an infinite number of times, because there are no men who have not sinned themselves, and therefore no one can punish or correct others.—*Resurrection*, last chapter (1900).

We see Tolstoy, therefore, early and always possessed by a spirit of wide analysis of life, searchingly sceptical as to the baits, appearances, and allurements of the world, exhausting all forms of human activity, pushing forward steadily to the ascetic ideal—renunciation of self. If it be conceivable that the Levin side of Tolstoy—craving after faith, righteousness, and self-abnegation—could have died down, what future artistic work would the new Tolstoy have given to his generation ? It is incredible that any work at all could have ensued—even in the nature of Swift's bitter satires on mankind—for Tolstoy has already recounted in 'Anna Karenin' how Levin was brought to the verge of suicide when his spiritual faith and hope were temporarily darkened (chap. xii. part viii.). Leo Tolstoy as an artist without spirituality is unthinkable. It was ordained by the laws of his inner growth that his craving for an ethical basis for life should triumph, and that the author of 'War and Peace' should merge into the author of 'The Kingdom of God is Within You' and of 'Resurrection.' It was certainly unfortunate, both for Tolstoyism and for the European world, that the author of 'Resurrection' should not have seen his way earlier towards propagating his own creed by means of his art consistently and continually, for the power that 'Resurrection' has exerted over contemporary Russia proves how enormous a force Tolstoy's later art wields over his countrymen. But so it was to be. And we must insist strenuously that from his very beginnings Tolstoy must be looked upon as an innovator, as a spiritual seer, as a great critic of humanity expressing himself by means of art, and not as a great artist, pure and simple, suddenly lapsing into religious

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fanaticism and early Christian mysticism. 'Resurrection,' indeed, comes to us as the vindication of Tolstoy's rejection of the worldly life.

V

'Resurrection' is, as it were, the city of refuge in which the many contradictory roads of life that have opened themselves before the author of 'Anna Karenin' are lost sight of at the gates. 'Resurrection' is the stronghold of a human faith common to nearly all races and communities of men, a faith put forward under a thousand creeds, a faith which even the hardest and most callous spirits subscribe to in the hour of suffering—the faith of man's mercy towards man. The import of the book may be said to lie in its demonstration of how every society's conventional automatic morality tends to become a crushing instrument for evil in the hands of the State. Whether we accept the precept that forms the coping-stone of Tolstoy's moral edifice, 'Resist not evil,' or not, it cannot be denied that his spirit of altruism is congruous with the general practice of the European scientific world of to-day, and that Tolstoy arrives, by the aid of his sympathetic imagination, at much the same conclusions regarding the afflicted and distressed as European doctors arrive at by the aid of physical investigation. When 'Science' ceases its daily practice of altruism, it will no doubt have a right to condemn Tolstoy's gospel of the brotherhood of man; but not before. Without question, 'Resurrection' as a document, as a creed, as a piece of art, fittingly sums up Tolstoy's life-work, and incorporates all the essential ideas on the problems of society that he has originated in analysing human life. Again we must remark that it is idle to speculate whether the art of 'Resurrection' would not be greater had the author lost consciousness of his ethical doctrine. Certainly the lines of 'Resurrection' are as inflexible as iron; but, in its severe strength and simplicity, it recalls some great bronze, with its relief of a procession of human figures. The author's indignation and pity at the stupidity of mankind have given 'Resurrection' a grandeur of design and an artistic unity which will make it endure through the generations, even as Juvenal endures to this day. Though 'Resurrection' is essentially Russian, its spirit may be looked upon as the highest expression of the general humanitarian movement of the nineteenth century, and as foreshadowing the change slowly appearing in the European mind in regard to war. The novel itself, however, is a genuine growth of the Russian soil; and, apart from its general significance as to the ideas of the age, its teaching must be regarded as the way of escape open to the free Russian spirit struggling against the behests of the Russian autocracy. The attempts of Liberals to introduce free institutions into Russian political and social life having been severely

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checked, the revolutionists having been exiled and suppressed, and the Russian bureaucracy still exercising complete authority over the eighty-five millions of peasants, Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance simply symbolises the protest of the Russian conscience against the State's manufacture of the wholesale social evils that affect the Russian people. If 'Resurrection' be looked upon merely as an indictment of the vicious effects on a people of absolute State Government, it remains of exceeding significance as a sign of the times; but the special theories Tolstoy develops in it of society's mechanical influence upon individuals mark an advance in the self-consciousness of the race. Thousands of novels have dealt with the action of individuals upon one another; the doctrine of heredity has of late years given rise to novels in which the action of the family upon the individual is a principal influence. Now comes Tolstoy, and attempts the far more complex task of exhibiting the action of organised society both upon the man and upon the multitude. The simplicity with which Tolstoy gets his effects must be seen to be understood. We quote a passage:

The heat in the large third-class carriage, which had been standing in the burning sun all day, was so great that Nekhlúdoff did not go in, but stopped on the little platform behind the carriage which formed a passage to the next one. But there was not a breath of fresh air here either, and Nekhlúdoff breathed freely only when the train had passed the buildings and the draught blew across the platform.

'Yes, killed,' he repeated to himself, the words he had used to his sister. And in his imagination in the midst of all other impressions there arose with wonderful clearness the beautiful face of the second dead convict, with the smile of the lips, the severe expression of the brows, and the small, firm ear below the shaved bluish skull.

And what seemed terrible was that he had been murdered, and no one knew who had murdered him. Yet he had been murdered. He was led out like all the rest of the prisoners by Máslennikoff's orders. Máslennikoff had probably given the order in the usual manner, had signed with his stupid flourish the paper with the printed heading, and most certainly would not consider himself guilty. Still less would the careful doctor who examined the convicts consider himself guilty. He had performed his duty accurately, and had separated the weak. How could he have foreseen this terrible heat, or the fact that they would start so late in the day and in such crowds? The prison inspector? But the inspector had only carried into execution the order that on a given day a certain number of exiles and convicts—men and women—had to be sent off. The convoy officer could not be guilty either, for his business was to receive a certain number of persons in a certain place, and to deliver up the same number. He conducted them in the usual manner, and could not foresee that two such strong men as those Nekhlúdoff saw would not be able to stand it and would die. No one is guilty, and yet the men have been murdered by these people who are not guilty of their murder.

'All this comes,' Nekhlúdoff thought, 'from the fact that all these people, governors, inspectors, police officers, and men, consider that there are circumstances when human relations are not necessary between human beings. All these men, Máslennikoff, and the inspector, and the convoy officer, if they were not *governor, inspector, officer*, would have considered twenty times before sending people in such heat in such a mass—would have stopped twenty times on the way, and, seeing that a man was growing weak, gasping for breath, would have led him into the shade, would have given him water and let him rest, and if an accident had still occurred

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they would have expressed pity. But they not only did not do it, but hindered others from doing it, because they considered, not men and their duty towards them, but only the office they themselves filled, and held what that office demanded of them to be above human relations. 'That's what it is,' NekhlúdoFF went on in his thoughts. 'If one acknowledges, but for a single hour, that anything can be more important than love for one's fellow men, even in some one exceptional case, any crime can be committed without a feeling of guilt. It is only necessary that these people should be governors, inspectors, policemen; that they should be fully convinced that there is a kind of business, called Government service, which allows men to treat other men as things, without human brotherly relations with them, and also that these people should be so linked together by this Government service that the responsibility for the results of their actions should not fall on any one of them separately. Without these conditions, the terrible acts I witnessed to-day would be impossible in our times. It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but you cannot deal with men without it, just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men.'—*Resurrection*.

The passage we have quoted may serve to sum up better than can any words of ours the main qualities of Tolstoy's life-work. We find that he impresses on the European mind, for the first time, an adequate recognition of the way human life builds itself up out of man's trivial thoughts and emotions, which latter, when dressed up and represented in imposing guise as the State, the Law, the Conqueror, the Church, establish a tyranny over the undeveloped individual's good sense, deepest instinct, and over, indeed, his actual perceptions. Any adequate analysis, in modern thought, of the laws of the mental and moral growth of the community is yet in so fragmentary a state that Tolstoy's psychological analysis of society's life as an organism hypnotised by the reiteration of conventional ideas cannot be criticised adequately. How far do these conventional ideas retard the community's life? And how far are they the necessary outcome of its present stage of development? In any case, Tolstoy has shown with extraordinary clearness how much society is governed by its false ideas, and with what a small stock-in-trade of appearances the men in power are enabled to govern the mass of men. Far in advance of his age, Tolstoy, by his analysis of society's self-deceptions, will appeal to generations of men more highly cultivated than our own. His novels will survive as much through their ideas as through their presentation of life.

VI

To compare Turgenieff with Tolstoy is to contemplate two entirely different worlds, whose atmospheres cannot even mingle. Tolstoy, though an innovator of greater originality than Turgenieff, is not so great an artist. Tolstoy's people always come close to you, and their voices sound in your ears; to him human life is all actuality,

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motion, and character. He gives you much atmosphere, shifting horizons, a ceaseless swirl of people coming and going, and the particular eddies of daily necessity bearing you in and out of the current of the whole community. The great mixed world of Russia is ever present in Tolstoy's work. Life, with all its seriousness, subtlety, and variation, is conveyed by him with a truthfulness that no other European artist of this century has rivalled. To Turgenieff this rich world of common work-a-day interest is too large, too near, too overpowering, above all too transitory, to be thrust upon us. Turgenieff knows that to the artist life is chiefly a matter of perspective; like Corot, when he paints Nature he seeks to place himself at that just distance whence the character of his subject falls into relation with the mother earth and with the infinite sky overhead. Turgenieff, moreover, again like Corot, seeks to express his pictures of life, his drawings from nature, only by means of those lines and tones, those harmonies and contrasts, to which every generation of men must respond, simply because these tones and harmonies evoke that highest kind of pleasure in us which we call beauty. And, accordingly, Turgenieff in studying the composition of his subject loses in its broad masses and tones all that detail of life which does not carry out the particular scheme. But this exquisite discrimination between the details which reveal man's relation to life and the details which merely exhibit his individuality do not make Turgenieff in any sense less of a realist than Tolstoy. The difference between the realism of these two Russian masters is simply that, while Tolstoy is reproducing every note and tone he can catch in life, Turgenieff is intent upon rendering those finer harmonies in the volume of sound which Tolstoy does not hear. Turgenieff, therefore, sacrifices an immense mass of fact, action, and variety in life's scheme for the sake of giving a special poetical interpretation, which he deems of far greater importance. And this special interpretation arises simply from considering man's existence in relation to the whole mighty scheme of Nature. To attain to it in looking at man, Turgenieff's eye instinctively seeks for the significant detail which suggests to us that the individual springs from generations and generations of similar types before him, and that there will be generations of similar types to follow. In order to attain a lifelike picture, Turgenieff scrupulously reproduces the form of contemporary life; but in his artist's view this contemporary form is only of value in so far as it displays a permanent element in it and the persistence of human types always reappearing, unchangeable in their secret essence. This faculty of detecting in life's protean variations things essentially unchangeable is the secret of Turgenieff's poetic power. In a few lines he and Tolstoy will draw a portrait of an ordinary man as he lives and walks about the earth. But what an extraordinary difference between the two portraits! We find that,





Ivan Turgenev.

From a portrait painted by J.E. Repine, in the Musée Roumiantzoff at Moscow.

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while Tolstoy has dwelt chiefly on the differences that mark the man out from his fellows, Turgenieff has shown us the family characteristics of a widely-scattered species of man animating this particular individual. Still, Turgenieff's people are particularly rich in individuality. Take his women. The character of Maria Nikolaevna, the seductress in 'The Torrents of Spring,' in its rich individuality puts Tolstoy's women to shame. Beside her, Kitty, Anna, and Natasha are seen to be mere highly-generalised types of woman; while Maria Nikolaevna, Irene, Natalya, Madame Odintsov, Liza, Elena, and Vera show subtle variations of character which no other European novelist has ever paralleled.

In fact, not only are Turgenieff's women infinitely feminine in body and soul, but also in their characters they are much more individual and therefore much more alive. This power of fixing in a man's portrait both the individual and the permanent human type is the secret of only the greatest artists. Turgenieff may be classed among the great poets who see human life and nature as a whole, and know so instinctively its essential elements as to grasp instantly the significance of any changes and permutations that come before them. In his rank as an artist Turgenieff stands midway between the great novelists, satirists, and dramatists who have mirrored their age and the few supreme poets who have created the greatest types known to mankind, such as Don Quixote and Hamlet. Turgenieff did not present any fresh great type of man or woman unrecorded by art before he wrote; but as a compensation he has bestowed on us a rich gallery of portraits of types familiar to men that no other artist has seized. Take as examples Panshin, Liza, and Varvara Pavlovna, in 'A House of Gentlefolk'; Arkady and Pavel Petrovitch, in 'Fathers and Children'; General Ratmirov, Gubarov, and Madame Suhantchikov, in 'Smoke'; Stahov, Bersenieff, and Schubin, in 'On the Eve'; Paklin and Sipiagin and Valentina, in 'Virgin Soil.' All these characters are modern men and women, international types familiar to well-educated society; but they are also true to every age, and human life will never fail to reproduce them. We have not space to mention more than Hor and Kalinitch, Punin and Baburin, Pyetushkov and the Duellist, as examples of artistic skill in seizing the exact shades of character that make up a man's individuality—a skill in which Turgenieff may have been equalled, but has assuredly never been surpassed. Neither have we space to analyse fully the fecundity and richness which characterises the particular world of Russian life which Turgenieff imaged. We can only point out that no other European artist has contrived to convey, through the conversation and inter-influence of half a dozen characters gathered together in the same country house, an idea of the whole nation's life, with the relation of the people to the soil and of their past environment to their mental outlook clearly

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established, as Turgenieff has done. As we have before hinted, Turgenieff's poetical conception of Nature dominating the life of man, mother earth bearing each fresh generation in turn with new needs, new faith, new outlooks sprouting from the human grain, is what gives the Russian artist's work its balance, its harmony, and the sense it conveys of life as a growth. In Turgenieff's novels life grows before our eyes; nothing is constructed or fabricated; whatever the people do, or think, or feel, or say, is always inevitable. And art can reach no higher perfection than this. Examine the following passage from 'Fathers and Children':

One day a peasant from a neighbouring village brought his brother to Vassily Ivanovitch, ill with typhus. The unhappy man, lying flat on a truss of straw, was dying; his body was covered with dark patches; he had long ago lost consciousness. Vassily Ivanovitch expressed his regret that no one had taken steps to procure medical aid sooner, and declared there was no hope. And, in fact, the peasant did not get his brother home again; he died in the cart.

Three days later Bazarov came into his father's room and asked him if he had any caustic.

'Yes; what do you want it for?'

'I must have some . . . to burn a cut.'

'For whom?'

'For myself.'

'What, yourself? Why is that? What sort of a cut? Where is it?'

'Look here, on my finger. I went to-day to the village, you know, where they brought that peasant with typhus fever. They were just going to open the body for some reason or other, and I've had no practice of that sort for a long while.'

'Well?'

'Well, so I asked the district doctor about it; and so I dissected it.'

Vassily Ivanovitch all at once turned quite white, and, without uttering a word, rushed to his study; from which he returned at once with a bit of caustic in his hand. Bazarov was about to take it and go away.

'For mercy's sake,' said Vassily Ivanovitch, 'let me do it myself.'

Bazarov smiled. 'What a devoted practitioner!'

'Don't laugh, please. Show me your finger. The cut is not a large one. Do I hurt?'

'Press harder; don't be afraid.'

Vassily Ivanovitch stopped. 'What do you think, Yevgeny; wouldn't it be better to burn it with hot iron?'

'That ought to have been done sooner; the caustic even is useless, really, now. If I've taken the infection, it's too late now.'

'How . . . too late . . .?' Vassily Ivanovitch could scarcely articulate the words.

'I should think so! It's more than four hours ago.'

Vassily Ivanovitch burnt the cut a little more. 'But had the district doctor no caustic?'

'No.'

'How was that, good heavens? A doctor not have such an indispensable thing as that!'

'You should have seen his lancets,' observed Bazarov as he walked away.

Up till late that evening, and all the following day, Vassily Ivanovitch kept catching at every possible excuse to go into his son's room; and though far from referring to the cut—he even tried to talk about the most irrelevant subjects—he looked so persistently into his face, and watched him in such trepidation, that

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Bazarov lost patience and threatened to go away. Vassily Ivanovitch gave him a promise not to bother him, the more readily as Arina Vlashevna, from whom, of course, he kept it all secret, was beginning to worry him as to why he did not sleep, and what had come over him. For two whole days he held himself in, though he did not at all like the look of his son, whom he kept watching stealthily, . . . but on the third day, at dinner, he could bear it no longer. Bazarov sat with down-cast looks, and had not touched a single dish.

'Why don't you eat, Yevgeny?' he inquired, putting on an expression of the most perfect carelessness. 'The food, I think, is very nicely cooked.'

'I don't want anything, so I don't eat.'

'Have you no appetite? And your head?' he added timidly; 'does it ache?'

'Yes. Of course it aches.'

Arina Vlashevna sat up and was all alert.

'Don't be angry, please, Yevgeny,' continued Vassily Ivanovitch; 'won't you let me feel your pulse?'

Bazarov got up. 'I can tell you without feeling my pulse; I'm feverish.'

'Has there been any shivering?'

'Yes, there has been shivering too. I'll go and lie down, and you can send me some lime-flower tea. I must have caught cold.'

'To be sure, I heard you coughing last night,' observed Arina Vlashevna.

'I've caught cold,' repeated Bazarov, and he went away.

Arina Vlashevna busied herself about the preparation of the decoction of lime-flowers, while Vassily Ivanovitch went into the next room and clutched at his hair in silent desperation.

Bazarov did not get up again that day, and passed the whole night in heavy, half-unconscious torpor. At one o'clock in the morning, opening his eyes with an effort, he saw by the light of a lamp his father's pale face bending over him, and told him to go away. The old man begged his pardon, but he quickly came back on tiptoe, and, half-hidden by the cupboard door, he gazed persistently at his son. Arina Vlashevna did not go to bed either, and leaving the study door just open a very little, she kept coming up to it to listen 'how Enyusha was breathing,' and to look at Vassily Ivanovitch. She could see nothing but his motionless bent back, but even that afforded her some faint consolation. In the morning Bazarov tried to get up; he was seized with giddiness; his nose began to bleed: he lay down again. Vassily Ivanovitch waited on him in silence; Arina Vlashevna went in to him and asked him how he was feeling. He answered, 'Better,' and turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch gesticulated at his wife with both hands; she bit her lips so as not to cry, and went away. The whole house seemed suddenly darkened; every one looked gloomy; there was a strange hush; a shrill cock was carried away from the yard to the village, unable to comprehend why he should be treated so. Bazarov still lay, turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch tried to address him with various questions; but they fatigued Bazarov, and the old man sank into his arm-chair, motionless, only cracking his finger-joints now and then. He went for a few minutes into the garden, stood there like a statue, as though overwhelmed with unutterable bewilderment (the expression of amazement never left his face all through), and went back again to his son, trying to avoid his wife's questions. She caught him by the arm at last, and passionately, almost menacingly, said, 'What is wrong with him?' Then he came to himself, and forced himself to smile at her in reply; but to his own horror, instead of a smile, he found himself taken somehow by a fit of laughter. He had sent at daybreak for a doctor. He thought it necessary to inform his son of this, for fear he should be angry. Bazarov suddenly turned over on the sofa, bent a fixed dull look on his father, and asked for drink.

Vassily Ivanovitch gave him some water, and as he did so felt his forehead. It seemed on fire.

'Governor,' began Bazarov, in a slow, drowsy voice; 'I'm in a bad way; I've got the infection, and in a few days you'll have to bury me.'

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Vassily Ivanovitch staggered back, as though some one had aimed a blow at his legs.

'Yevgeny !' he faltered ; ' what do you mean ? . . . God have mercy on you ! You've caught cold !'

'Hush !' Bazarov interposed deliberately. ' A doctor can't be allowed to talk like that. There's every symptom of infection ; you know yourself.'

'Where are the symptoms . . . of infection, Yevgeny ? . . . Good Heavens !'

'What's this ?' said Bazarov, and, pulling up his shirt-sleeve, he showed his father the ominous red patches coming out on his arm.

Vassily Ivanovitch was shaking and chill with terror.

'Supposing,' he said at last, 'even supposing . . . if even there's something like . . . infection . . .'

'Pyæmia,' put in his son.

'Well, well . . . something of the epidemic . . . '—*Fathers and Children*, pp. 331-7.

The state of society that Turgenieff paints in 'Fathers and Children,' and, in fact, in all his novels and tales, is much less modern than the Petersburg life that Tolstoy draws in 'Anna Karenin.' Yet Turgenieff's pictures will never fade, while Tolstoy's men and women will appear as remote to future generations as Fielding's and Richardson's do to us to-day—that is to say, they will appear both puzzlingly remote and puzzlingly near. The method that Turgenieff followed was indeed the method of the few great artists for all time. Turgenieff never admitted a figure into his canvas that did not either stand for what was essential to his age or permanent in human nature. Dimitri Rudin is true of all Russian natures ; Bazarov (1862) is true of all scientific spirits ; Varvara Pavlovna is true of all coquettes ; Sipiagin and Kallomyetsev are true of all time-servers and compromisers ; Liza is true of all religious natures. Accordingly, the information about his age that Turgenieff preserves for posterity is only presented in terms of beauty to the human mind. And these terms of beauty are unaffected by the passage of time.

VII

Turgenieff's solitary artistic failure—a comparative failure, it must be allowed—was 'Virgin Soil.' And to examine into the causes of this is to penetrate very near to the secret of the Russian school's superiority to the French and English schools. Turgenieff, although perfectly familiar with the change which the study of science was producing on Russian educated youth of the 'sixties (as his Bazarov shows), was not familiar (he had been absent from Russia) with the rapid developments in political and social outlook that were producing fresh types of men altogether, and culminated in the later Nihilist and Terrorist movements. 'Virgin Soil' is an adequate sketch of the inception of the Nihilistic movement, and as such it has never been surpassed ; but assuredly, if Turgenieff had been living in the Russia of the early 'seventies, and had not settled in Baden and Paris, he would have found types more representative of

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Russian political developments than those which he was content to portray in 'Virgin Soil.' Now, this illustration of Turgenieff's one failure points to the causes of his great triumph elsewhere. The realism of both Tolstoy and Turgenieff is based on the closest possible study of Nature, without the slightest suspicion of exaggeration or falsity. The capacity for severe self-criticism that marks the Russian nature combines with a searching scepticism as to life's appearances to make those great Russian realists aim first at truth and at nothing but the truth. And the truth in their hands carries with it the mark of its particular relation to the whole range of universal truths of which it is a part. Whereas we are conscious that the English school of fiction shirks, a little, particular regions of truth as being too dark, too grey, too horrible for exact portrayal, or, indeed, for examination; and whereas the French school rather aims first at effect, at effects light and delicate, or beautiful, powerful, and extreme—in Turgenieff and Tolstoy the spirit of analysis of life arrives at conveying a juster truth, because their severe examination of life implies that their standard has no objection to fact. The 'healthy optimism' of the English mind implies an unwillingness to be impressed by all the moods of life; and hence a certain one-sided attitude of judgment, and a spirituality kept clean and wholesome in its careful presentation of fact. On the other hand, the artistic pleasure of the French school in demonstrating that life's brutalities dominate and control man's spirituality suggests a rather partial interpretation, a certain cynical subjection to fact. But the intense seriousness with which Tolstoy and Turgenieff face the sombre side of life implies that their full realisation of all life's cruelty, evil, and irony is but the expression of the truest realism. With them spirituality evolves from the very reality itself, and all the life on earth which they depict breathes of its mysterious relation to the unseen universe.

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER

BY STEPHEN GWYNN



HAVE a weakness—every one confesses

To some such small delinquency as this—

For old Brantôme, although the world professes

To find him shocking—and, indeed, he is :

But, after all, the work which so distresses

Our moral age was not so bad in his :

He dedicates it to a dear dead duke

And may have thought it quite a proper book.

Besides, he wrote two books, and one of them

Treats of great queens or ladies of the court,

A volume no archbishop need condemn :

And if at times these ladies took their sport

The chronicler, with his discreet 'Ahem !'

Glosses the matter. Were they not, in short,

Suns of the world ? 'Twould never do for one

Mere mortal to monopolise the sun.

His very fairest fair, his saint of saints,

Is hapless Mary Stuart, loveliest

Of all the queens that truth or fancy paints,

And, Brantôme gives his word, among the best.

In France he saw her happy ; her complaints

He heard in bitter Scotland. Like the rest,

He worshipped, being a man : sat down to write,

And leaves her character one stainless white.

How she was born to greatness, and how bred

In loveliness, he tells ; how graced in arts ;

How many a wise and witty thing she said,

Capped verse with Ronsard and displayed rare parts

In Latin speeches : then, how she was wed,

And, more than Queen of France, was Queen of hearts :

Yet Queen of France she was for two bright years,

Dismally ended with a widow's tears.

But her white beauty in her solemn weeds,

As royal fashion was, of purest white,

Wore that dim radiance that all else exceeds,

Like a June lily in the moon's pale light.

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'Twas the pathetic loveliness that pleads,
Rather than claims our homage as a right,
When she, sweet derelict, for good or ill,
Set out to voyage at the tempest's will.

Rough Scotland summoned her : and, truly, fain
She was to put her queenship clean away
And be content with but her dower, Touraine.
Yet the harsh regents urged : she might not stay.
So with great company and gilded train
(For all the Court convoyed her on her way)
She came to Calais : spent there, Brantôme tells,
A week in the sad ritual of farewells.

Then she perforce embarked ; but ere the galleys
Had left the port, another ship set sail,
Struck on a rock not half a league from Calais,
And Mary's self heard drowning sailors wail,
Yet might have been at Paris in her palace
For all that speediest succour could avail :
A strange dark omen, that she was not slow
So to interpret, being loath to go.

Yet forth they fared, and soon a fair wind blew :
Chained galley slaves had rest : but she, poor Queen,
Stood on the poop and watched while fainter grew
The shore where all her happiness had been :
And still her cry was ' Adieu, France, adieu,'
Till night drew on and nothing could be seen.
—All this we all have read in song and ballad ;
But, Brantôme adds, she only ate a salad.

(His small familiar touches are delightful,
Making one see.)—She lay on deck all night,
Awaiting dawn : and fate was not so spiteful
But that with morning France was still in sight
And she herself had bid the watch at nightfall
To rouse her, fearing nothing, with the light.
So for a few sad hours she found relief
In iteration of an exile's grief,

Till France was lost. Then she began to pray
For English ships to drive them back perforce ;
But the wind bore her northward, and the gray
Sea fog encompassed them ; they heard the hoarse

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Surf on a stony coast and groped their way
Till Leith was near and beacons marked their course.
But Chastellard leaps up on deck and cries,
'Light us no lamps : we have our lady's eyes.'

Poor gallant poet-madman !—Little show
Of gallantry received them at the port,
And Mary wept aloud to see the row
Of sorry hackneys trapped in sorry sort,
How far unlike the glitter and the glow,
The pomp and pageantry of France's Court !
And when she reached her house of Holyrood
The welcome boded little joy or good.

For from the very first a certain friction
Declared itself—one might have said a strife :
Her almoner gave a rash benediction
To Protestants ; they all but took his life
In Mary's presence : no obscure prediction
Of Rizzio shrieking and the bloody knife.
And when the frightened Queen withdrew, a number
Of bagpipes skirled, to lull her into slumber.

Yet all the sunshine was not left in France,
And Scotland too had hearts that could take fire,
As what heart would not ? for a single glance
Of eyes that seemed the very world's desire.
And Brantôme tells us how she led the dance,
And when she donned their barbarous attire
(Meaning by that, no doubt, the Highland plaid)
What a bewitching Highland lass she made !

Indeed, such details make the staple stuff
Of all his chronicle : he tells us little
Of Knox's preachments, Murray's plots and rough
Hard-fisted politics : repeats no tittle
Of all the scandal, though 'twas rife enough.
As to her plotting Darnley's death, poor wittol,
He scorns the charge : hers was no cruel nature,
And Bothwell was a rude unpleasing creature.

Alas ! her subjects were not all so nice
And kindly-minded. They imprisoned her.
But gaolers too had hearts that were not ice :
So she escaped and made a mighty stir,

STEPHEN GWYNN

Levied a gallant army in a trice
And headed it like any valiant sir.
But when Lord Murray took the field to meet her,
Alack ! the gallant army grew discreeter.

They left her basely.—So began the long
Captivity : the years grew to nineteen.
The captive plotted, which, no doubt, was wrong :
So in the twentieth came the closing scene.
She died, we learn, for reasons good and strong :
At any rate, she died as should a queen.
Her gentlewomen told the tale ; its thrill
Of pity quickens Brantôme's pages still.

For, when the Lords Commissioners appeared
In that gray prison-house at Fotheringay,
She welcomed them, nor seemed as one who feared,
Not loath to hear what they were loath to say :
But told them, slow captivity endeared
Relief that came to her in any way.
Only, she craved their courtesies to accord her
The needful space to set her house in order.

But Shrewsbury checked her roughly . ' Madam, no,
To-morrow morning between seven and eight,
Be ready ! ' Paulet bade her undergo
Her doom with fortitude. She answered straight,
She thanked him ; but she needed none to show
The way in which a queen should bear her fate.
Still, since the end was urgent, that at least
She asked for—the attendance of her priest.

It was denied her. Well, (we all can quote
Lucan,) the gods are on the side that wins.
But once theology is well afloat
On a floodtide, the Devil surely grins.
At all events, Mary sat down and wrote
For general absolution of her sins.
It is, perhaps, the best way before dying :
Details are never quite so edifying.

This duty done, she set herself to make
Pathetic little presents to each friend—
' This ring, this kerchief—wear it for my sake,'
—Spending in gifts all that she had to spend,

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER

Save one rich velvet : ' This,' said she, ' I take.

I must go somewhat fine to meet my end.'

Tranquil and kind, consoling those that wept,

She moved among them ; then withdrew and slept.

Yet rose ere dawn and robed her and prayed long,

Long, long, and passionately. Then she drew

Close to the flickering fire where in a throng

Huddled her womenfolk, pale, faint, and few ;

And spoke and cheered them, bidding them be strong

Against the work that there was yet to do :

For they must witness all and how she bore

The worst.—Then came a rough knock at the door.

Black-robed she rose and in her hand she took

A little ivory crucifix. The sight

Made those that entered pause and stand to look,

For colour mounted in her cheek so bright

That all the years away that moment shook

And left her young as on her bridal night.

Then, ere they spoke, she said, distinct and slow :

'Gentlemen, I am ready. Let us go.'

And never, Brantôme writes, to any ball

With a more courtly or more winning grace

Moved she than when she swept into the hall

Before the gazers crowded in their place ;

Nor could the hideous scaffold there appal

The courage that was radiant in her face.

'Twas draped in common crape, meagre and mean

As though she died a felon, not a queen.

Scant courtesy had she of them. As she spoke

Tranquilly there, commending to the nation

Her son, beseeching kindness for her folk,

And for herself to God made supplication,

A Protestant divine in on her broke,

Pestered her with contentious exhortation,

Railed at her crucifix, would not let her pray,

Even at the block, to God in her own way.

Yet all this rudeness had no power to wreck

Her patient dignity, and even the cry

Wrung from her women she was prompt to check

With finger laid on lip and warning eye.

STEPHEN GWYNN

Then they came near to help her bare her neck
And decently apparel her to die.
But the rough headsman tore away her vest
And stripped to all the marvel of her breast :

Yet asked her pardon ; and her voice was heard
In gentle answer with unlabouring breath.
And then her eyes were bandaged ; her last word
Was ' Lord, into thy hands '—and then came death.
Blow fell on blow and blow, till at the third
The headsman cried, ' God save Elizabeth ! '
Then lifted up the head and in men's sight
Tore off the coif, to show the hair was white.

O envious heart of woman ! Though she gain
A thousand triumphs in a thousand ways,
Yet in her inmost soul she most is fain
For woman's worship and for woman's praise.
Throne, statecraft, victory, all, all, were vain :
She craved for roses mid her sombre bays.
Elizabeth was wooed for power or pelf ;
But men sought Mary for her own sweet self.

Why else was there poured out that brimming vial
Of malice ?—Grant that it was wise to smirch
Her name with charges unapproved by trial,
Yet why withhold the priest ? why that research
For ignominy ? why the last denial
Even of burial by her mother Church ?
I cannot pardon to the great Queen Bess
This paltry posthumous vindictiveness.

Well, there they stand, pursuer and pursued,
Famous alike now by the common voice.
One is the bad, no doubt, and one the good :
In one the gods, in one the devils, rejoice.
One has been canonised by Mr. Froude,
The other by old Brantôme : take your choice.
Say, for the name that each has after death,
Would you be Mary or Elizabeth ?

One stands revealed to our astounded eyes
The strangest figure seen on any stage :
No reek of adulation can disguise
That nightmare harriidan, ignoring age,

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER

Grotesquely pushing death aside with cries
Of her fierce will's indomitable rage :
With power to the last moment unabated
And to the last, served, courted, worshipped, hated.

The other overawes the noise of shame,
Silences it with music of her choir,
Too fair for judgment, too adored for blame,
Like Helen glorious from the Trojan fire :
Her face is in all hearts, about her name
Whispers the sighing voice of all desire.
—O ageless beauty, O immortal youth,
I think old Brantôme merely spoke the truth.

AUNT MAISIE'S INDISCRETION

BY W. EARL HODGSON

I



ON the morning of Sunday next before Easter I found myself in church. Lest this should seem strange in the light of the revelations which are to follow, I must make a clean breast of Aunt Maisie. She is not a bad old thing as old things go ; but the qualification is important. My experience of life is not yet sufficient to justify me in any opinion as to which is the worse, an old thing who goes too fast or an old thing who does not go at all. If Aunt Maisie had had enough consideration for her age to give her brain and her tongue a rest, I might have suffered from her self-respect. At times, undoubtedly, I have profited by her curiosity about affairs with which her venerable years might have been expected to put her out of touch. On the other hand, an ancient gossip flitting about Town with the loquacious vivacity of a girl in her second Season is an encumbrance to a young man if she has been pleased to make him her heir. In that case woman's interest in you, and her care for you, are apt to be too much of a good thing. If you are not unobservant, you must have noticed that a fellow is not always the same person. He is one thing in his family circle, another thing to the world at large, and quite another to a scrutinising aunt. That is not because he is a deceiver. It is because, as a pundit has said, truth has many facets. Of truth embodied in your individuality the ordinary person sees one facet only. Instinctively you know which it is. Naturally, therefore, you are not so much all things to all men as one thing to each man according to demand, and one thing to each woman according to the supply with which you would fain be charged. In short, I was in church because of Aunt Maisie. A few days previously she had rebuked me for having been insufficiently dejected during Lent, and I wished to atone for my backsliding. Why I had that wish, the foregoing statement of my peculiar relations with Aunt Maisie will have made clear.

Into the pew she bustled, a good many minutes after me. She had an evil look. I felt a premonition in my very bones. No sooner had she got over her preliminary devotions than she was turned to the people in the pew behind us, the Bethunes, whispering in great pride of life. As I looked down the church, too, I beheld so many faces smiling and well-informed that I could not doubt she had been distributing her news, whatever it was, during her progress up the aisle. There was a semblance of order, for a few minutes, while the Canon was opening the service ; but that was no more than rouge-deep. By the time we had admitted that we had strayed from our ways according to primitive usage, the people were demoralised.

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Their faculty of attention was exhausted. All over the serried ranks through which Aunt Maisie had passed, I saw them nodding one to another, confirming intelligence, or accepting surmise. The lost sheep were much less concerned about the absolution of their general sins than about a certain specific instance to be discussed at luncheon.

We were out into the Square, at last, without any spiritual revival worth mentioning. My aunt, who is shrewd about a subject of gossip, and knows that, like port, scandal improves by keeping, had wilfully endured the sermon ; and so almost the whole congregation had stayed to the bitter end. Outside the sacred porch, so many friends and acquaintances flocked round her, and buzzed about her, that she sent the carriage empty away, and, after declining pressing invitations to luncheon, proceeded on foot, with a few of her familiars, homeward. On the way I gathered what the ado was about ; and, as it concerned myself too closely to warrant my presence at Aunt Maisie's mid-day meal, I slipped off to the Club, to eat in solitude and in apprehension.

The ancient jade had betrayed me. Rather, I had betrayed myself. I should have known better than to trust to Aunt Maisie the incipient scandal of the Season. I should ; but I had not ; and so, having made a clean breast of her, I will now make a clean breast of it.

I am private secretary to one of Her Majesty's Ministers. I hope to merit, by-and-by, by strict attention to duty, the favour of some absurd constituency or another. If that way of stating the prospective architecture of my career seems disrespectful to the great heart of the people, the reader must, in justice, hear what I have now to tell about Aunt Maisie's treatment of my confidence, and make such excuses for my emotion as the lamentable circumstances command.

Before entering into the service of the Minister I had been devil to Henley, Q.C. Henley was pleased to make me a friend ; and many a happy time I used to spend at his place in Hertfordshire. Naturally, then, not being of a suspicious nature, I did not think there was anything odd about to happen when, at the Minister's house one afternoon, two or three weeks before the day on which this narrative opens, Henley's sister-in-law, Mrs. Ailsa, led me apart, saying that she wished to speak with me on a matter of much importance. Henley and his wife, she said, were interested in the welfare of a small child, daughter of a widowed Catholic lady whose circumstances had become distressful. They wished to have the baby placed in a certain Orphanage where children of Catholic gentlefolk of fallen fortunes were well brought up. Would I oblige her by writing a line, such as she could hand to the authorities at the institution, certifying, from my intimate acquaintance with the Henleys, that

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they were rich enough and honest enough to accomplish a guarantee that the Catholics would not be out of pocket by the child?

'Willingly, Mrs. Ailsa,' I said. 'But Henley—why, Henley is one of the best-known men in England! Rather absurd for a fellow like me to stand sponsor for the Henleys—isn't it?'

'Not at all,' she answered, carelessly. 'I suppose it's a necessary form. The Orphanage people always want two certificates in such cases—one from an intimate friend of the person whose application they are disposed to grant, and one from a lawyer of position. Only a form, you know. I'm rather in a hurry. The certificates should be delivered this evening. So now, like a good boy, just write a line on the Minister's official paper.'

'Very well,' I said. 'Anything to oblige you and the Henleys'; and on a sheet of my chief's departmental letter-paper I wrote as followeth:

'I have pleasure in certifying that Mr. and Mrs. Henley, of Marlwood Manor, Hertfordshire, whom I have known intimately for five or six years, are in all respects suitable to become responsible for the up-bringing of a Catholic child.'

'EUSTACE DOUNE.'

Mrs. Ailsa, I should perhaps mention, had practically dictated this document.

'I thank you,' she said, having looked it over; and, folding the paper up, she made off to say good-bye to the Minister's wife.

I felt a new importance in being of a position to do my eminent friend a good turn patronisingly. I was getting on in the world, I said to myself; and if only Gwen Callis knew the influence which my position gave me, and the variety of the high duties in which I had a responsible share, she might become less respectful to the attentions of my friend Lionel Lovell and be more impressed by my own. Little did I think that that day's doings were destined to make the chasm between Gwen and me apparently more unbridgable than ever.

In fact, I thought about the matter no more until a week afterwards. Then it was recalled to my mind by a note in which Sister Julia, of the ——— Convent, S.W., presented her compliments to Mr. Eustace Doune, and remarked that she would be obliged if he would give her 'the present address' of Mrs. Walter Henley.

I obeyed Sister Julia's behest, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Henley were at Marlwood Manor. Beyond a fleeting surprise that there seemed to have been some difficulty in communicating with the Henleys, I had no thought of the trouble which was brewing.

A week later a minion at the Office announced that Sister Julia desired to see me. I asked that she should be shown into my own room, and, excusing myself to the chief, went to meet her. Dressed

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chastely in black and white, she was a pretty woman, with the dimpled pink-and-white complexion of the ideal milkmaid, tempered by the soft yet severe detachment from earthly interests which a saint might be expected to wear.

Not having had the pleasure of receiving a Sister before, I had a momentary doubt as to how I should bear myself. Was I to indulge in the involuntary smile of welcome which was clearly due to a milkmaid, or was I to suppress the smile from a sense of what is unfortunately due to lovely women to whom the world is no more than a railway-station where time is lost ?

Sister Julia herself resolved my doubts. She was watching me with suspicion and hostility. So was her maid, a person, apparently belonging to the working class, of the advanced age at which religious men are apt to be desperately wicked and religious women deplorably lacking in human sympathy.

'I wrote to Mrs. Henley,' said Sister Julia, not taking her eyes off me for a moment, 'saying that we were now ready to give up the child.'

Give up the child ! That was not according to the specifications which Mrs. Ailsa had stated. I was astonished. However, I held my peace.

'And this,' said Sister Julia, 'is her answer—not to me, but to the Sister Superior.'

Thereupon, still watching me as if I were a perfidious mouse and she a cat doing injustice, by evil thoughts, to her good looks, Sister Julia handed to me a letter :

'MADAM,—I have this morning received the enclosed. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what it means. I have no wish to adopt a child, and never before heard of this baby. I know nothing of the circumstances or the persons mentioned in Sister Julia's letter.—Yours obediently,

'THERESA HENLEY.'

The obvious candour of my astonishment on reading the letter impressed Sister Julia and the maid favourably. They were watching me more gently when I raised my eyes from the document.

'What does it mean ?' said the Sister.

'That is just what I should like to know,' I answered. Wild conjectures were chasing one another through my brain ; but I felt that if I did not keep them to myself I might compromise a friend. Sister Julia's next remark made me glad that I had suppressed a certain momentary surmise.

'I should have thought Mrs. Henley would remember me,' she said, with a touch of prettily-restrained chagrin. 'We had quite a long talk when she called.'

'You have met Mrs. Henley, then ?'

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'O yes—of course. I met her when she came to the Convent. That was about a month ago. And we had a very friendly talk. She told me that her husband had a serious internal malady, from which he would certainly die within six months, and that, with his assent, she wished to adopt a child. They had been married for twenty years, and had no children. They were both rich, and had no heir. She undertook that, if I found a well-born child for her, it would be brought up as a Catholic, and both her own fortune and her husband's should go to it. Her husband had been born a Catholic, although he had ceased to practise his religion; and she herself practised the faith in secret. She was a pleasant woman, and most liberal to our charities, although I did not ask her for anything.'

To all this I listened in increasing amazement. It was true that the Henleys had been married for twenty childless years. It was true that Henley had come of a Catholic family, and that both he and his wife were rich in this world's goods. I had not before heard of Henley's having a serious malady; but it was quite possible that he had, and in any case I could well understand that he and his wife would like to have their rather lonely house brightened by youthful laughter.

'Well, Sister Julia,' I said, after reflecting for a few moments, 'the only thing I can suggest is that you should write to Mrs. Henley. Shouldn't you? Say that she must really be forgetting, because, in finding the baby, you were acting upon her own anxious wish, and, in a business-like way, upon two certificates—one of them given, at her own sister's desire, by her friend Mr. Eustace Doune. That will bring me into the mystery. I am quite ready to be in it—to help it out.'

Sister Julia smiled pleasantly, and, saying that she would write to Mrs. Henley in the manner I had suggested, went away.

The fruits of our interview ripened quickly. Two days afterwards I had a letter from Mrs. Henley asking by whose wish I had given to the Church of Rome a certificate about her and her husband.

I answered simply that I had done so at the wish of her sister, Mrs. Ailsa.

Then Henley himself, saying that his wife had shown to him our correspondence, invited me to explain why I had given a certificate about him without having consulted him. No doubt, he wrote, I had an explanation; but he would like to know it.

To this I answered that, as I had been asked by his sister-in-law to do what I had done, naturally I could have no suspicion that I might be doing him a disservice.

Henley's next letter was galling. It informed me, 'Dear Mr. Doune,' who had been 'My dear Doune' for years, that my explanation was unsatisfactory, and that he hoped I had not used his name on any other occasion.

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Thereupon, of course, our correspondence ceased. Coming from Henley, whom I had liked and admired unreservedly so long, the petulant insult astounded me. I could hold no further communication with him.

From the very bottom of my heart I wished I had held myself in a similar attitude towards Aunt Maisie. Alack ! the expectant heir of an ancient aunt is easily tempted into gossip to his own undoing. Thinking to appease her over the ecclesiastical question, I had told her, in strict confidence, about the mystery in which I had suddenly found myself involved. The mystery was all over the church in ten minutes, and all over the Town within a round of the clock. In church, at least, Aunt Maisie must have taken short cuts to the main issue ; but it is wonderful how quickly an old woman of the world can state a case which gives an hour's hard work to a conscientious chronicler like myself. At any rate, by Monday afternoon I found that my aunt had the Town informed about that mysterious baby, and about all the persons upon whom it shed an ambiguous lustre. The Town went to the root of the matter swiftly.

'Whose is the baby ?' it asked.

II

All the gossips, of course, knew that I had had a hand in the matter. They were not accurately informed, I found ; but they knew enough to be convinced that I had played an unheroic part. They were, I daresay, grateful to me, in an unintelligent manner, for having provided a topic ; but undoubtedly they regarded me as a fool. I cannot say that I felt unjustly treated by that opinion. To be publicly regarded as a fool is apt to make you one. It is uncomfortable to a rising statesman, and the rising statesman deserves his suffering. The strength and the merit of a public man rest ultimately on his ability to make the nation refrain from smiling at him. A public man may be worshipped so much by half the people that the other half think of him with aversion. He may be hated so heartily by his political opponents that his political friends fear to be whole-hearted in his favour. Neither set of circumstances need distress him. The rising statesman can have the closure applied to his career only by general and good-humoured ridicule. That seemed to be my own case. I had awakened, it is true, to find myself important. Not a great dame called upon the Minister's wife without asking if Mr. Doune was about, and when I was not about the great dame invariably left a card. Invitations to dinner and other evening parties showered in upon me. Many of them were from ladies whom I had loved long since, when it had been of importance to me to have widespread resources, and lost awhile, when the glamour of the world had been staled by the rational and

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more limpid light of a virtuous attachment. Excuse me in my earnest candour. Even now, as I survey the episode in an artistic aspiration, I cannot survey it in cold blood, or to the accompaniment of words which, in a cynical drawing-room, where ne'er a heart is on a sleeve for daws to peck at, would ring true to modern convention. Some of the invitations were from ladies whom I scarcely knew. I regarded all of them sadly. What profiteth it a man to become famous about a baby should he lose his own soul in the process? This I asked myself as morning after morning I sat down to write that previous engagements stood in the way of my having the pleasure of taking my daily bread with the households which had suddenly been moved by a burning desire to feed me. You must not, judging from the form of words in which I am writing myself down an ass, rush to the conclusion that there is any moral guilt at the bottom of my rancour. In these pages I am viewing myself as the world viewed me. That is right. The world's view was right. Having made such a mess of a trivial affair in which a baby was involved, how should I shine in statecraft? Should I shine at all?

The Minister seemed to doubt it.

'Look here, Doune,' he said one morning, as he was going out to luncheon, 'I am afraid you're off-colour a bit. These quotations for the debate last night were very weak. The Colonial Office man had a much more effective lot—struck 'em all of a heap, and pulled the Government majority together. We're losing ground, Doune,—you and I. Damn it—the man will be Prime Minister before we know where we are if this kind of thing goes on! Take a holiday, Doune, like a good chap. Knock off for a fortnight. I'll rub along with Sneyd.'

I did not relish this speech; but the twinge of jealousy which it caused me was, I daresay, due to my being really out of sorts. Anyhow, there was nothing for it but to obey the Minister, who had spoken kindly.

Accordingly, I knocked off, and went to Brighton. Why I went thither I did not know. Perhaps it was because you must go somewhither when your chief dismisses you, and Brighton is the resort whose name arises most readily. When in doubt, go to Brighton. Nobody there will be surprised to see you. It is a haven for the weary, the bored, and the compromised. All of them, as you may have noticed, are just recovering from some illness or another. Brighton and bodily infirmities cover a multitude of sins and other woes. Perhaps I went to Brighton in a homœopathic mood. Brighton is miserable, and so was I; and misery seeks solace in accretion.

At any rate, after breakfast next morning I found myself looking out upon the melancholy ocean. The sun, with placid pertinacity,

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was illumining the shallows of the Channel, which, as usual, were opalescent, and spuriously fair to see. A man with a shrimp-catching net was wading through the surf. His industry and its fruitlessness annoyed me. He seemed not to be catching many shrimps ; yet on he went, pushing, striding, lifting the net out, and putting it in again. The wavelets sounded uselessly around him ; and I wished he would either come out and go home or proceed to sea and show some sport. That lone figure, in its monotonous movements, was characteristic of the whole scene. Between him and the glaring window of my hotel an endless procession of people moved along the white flagstoned frontage of the sea. Many were invalids in perambulators, and the perambulators set the pace, which was that of 'The Dead March.' The parasols were depressing. One parasol a man can stand if it is in a summer lane and the screen of beauty ; but a regiment of parasols at Brighton in pallid Easter is not soothing to healthy nerves. It suggests a struggle with dismal legatees, and, with no gladness, the æsthetic inferiority of the death duties to the duty of dying in solitude and with despatch. If a sheep or other wild animal is unwell, he goes apart from his kind, to give up his unimportant ghost without ado ; when women and men are ill, they go to Brighton, to recover in an uninspiring mob. I prefer the manners of the sheep.

I lunched and dined at the hotel. The feastings were deplorable scenery. Every woman was fat and ugly ; every man whom one did not know was vulgar. Then the crisis came. One could have smoked in the hall if one had liked ; but there were musicians there, and ladies to whose uninviting persons evening dress should have been a reminiscence only ; and so to the apartment behind one went in stricken spirit. Alack, the apartment behind was an aviary. Birds of all nations crowded the cages ranged on the tables and on the walls ; and, having no respect for sundown, which the electric light undoes, they sang unceasingly. The voice of the missel-thrush in a Brighton hotel is music which thou hear'st sadly.

I fled the place.

As the last train had gone, I should have to go back, of course ; but restlessness drove me out of doors. What was I doing in Brighton ? Why had I quitted London ? Why had not I told the Minister that I was all right, and requested his leave to stay and prove it ? Sneyd, the second secretary, was a good fellow, and a friend ; but he was pushing, and quick to seize a chance of distinguishing himself. The question in which the House was about to be absorbed would give abundant opportunity for telling speeches. There was not one right honourable gentleman in the Opposition who could not be riddled with shell and expanding bullets of his own making in other and better times. Why had I left the opportunity to Sneyd ? He would make much of it, I knew ; and

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how in decency could I request him to suppress himself when I returned? These questions, and many others, I put to myself in anger as I strolled along the street under the steely starlight; but I need not insist upon them here. The fact is, they were not wholly honest. That is to say, the thought which was mainly annoying me was of quite another kind. I had wilfully, and like a poltroon, put sixty miles between myself and Gwen. It was not likely that I should have been in her presence had I been in London; but it was not pleasant to be so far away. There is comfort in the knowledge that the same town holds both you and Her. Compared with the position in which I had placed myself, it is like being in the same house. I sneered at myself, therefore, as I thought of the leagues upon league of umbrageous green through which I had allowed myself to be carried like a craven convict. The remembrance of them, and of the shapeless patches of chalk unpicturesque upon the downs of Sussex, was not easily endured.

Suddenly a voice calling my name broke in upon my musings through the hiss of the languid tide-waves.

I recognised it as Lovell's. Now, as I have hinted, Lovell and I were rivals in the matter of Miss Callis; but I never did dislike Lovell, and that night he was very welcome. I sighed with relief when he cheerily expressed pleasure at finding me in Brighton.

'Inquiring into the baby question, no doubt?' he said, lighting a cigar, and offering one to me.

'Well, yes,' I answered, not foreseeing any comfort in the event of my telling him the truth.

'Any suspicions?'

'Lots; but no clue.'

'Look here, old man,' said Lovell, in a friendly way, 'you're cut up about that brat. Why the deuce should you bother?'

In roundabout words I indicated that the brat did not improve my prospects in relation to the lady in whom our common hopes resided. Lovell and I were always frank with each other in regard to that affair.

'Whew!' said he, after a pull at his cigar which made it kindle and crackle like a Pharaoh's serpent. 'You don't mean to say—I should never have thought of that, myself. Poor old Doune—good old Doune!'

Lovell took the thing so generously that I did not find it in me to be angry. As I was thinking how to turn the business, he broke in upon my slowness.

'A baby more or less—what does that matter?'

'Perhaps it should not matter much; but it does, you know, Lovell,—sometimes.'

My friend and rival was determined to be reassuring.

'Why, many a man—'

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'Lovell,' I said, 'you misunderstand me. I didn't say that I myself had anything to do with the brat.'

Lovell stopped to look at me, under a lamp, in astonishment. He seemed disappointed. Lovell is a gentleman of the Guards, and takes life easily.

'Well, I'm blowed!' said he. 'But if that's true, what's the trouble?'

'I can't tell her.'

'No,' said Lovell, thoughtfully, and with introspection shining through his eyes. 'Of course you can't.'

'Of course not.'

'She—she doesn't know anything about these things.'

'Of course not.'

'So. But you think that somebody—Lady Chertsey, for example—may have mentioned——'

'That's the truth of it, Lovell. Aunts are a mistake. They mightn't be if we were not bound to venerate them; but a fellow usually is, one way or another, and the more you do your duty the more they're sure you're a bad lot. They wouldn't be happy unless they thought you a bad lot. It gives them distinction among the other old women.'

We smoked on, for a few paces, in silent meditation.

Then Lovell, speaking with a sincerity which touched me, said, awkwardly, that he did not wish to probe into the affair; but if I had a grievance against anybody, instead of somebody having a just grievance against me, why didn't I make the people implicated explain? Why didn't I call upon the Henleys to explain, or upon Mrs. Ailsa?

'I had thought of that,' I answered; 'but Henley was insulting, and I am not on speaking terms with him. I couldn't well ask him to expound, and probably he wouldn't if I did. As for Mrs. Ailsa—you see, Lovell——'

'I do see,' said Lovell. 'Old friend, and that sort of thing, and human flesh and blood like the rest of us. Quite so.'

'Of course,' said I, hastily, 'I don't mean to suggest anything.'

'Of course not. Life's a rum job, Doune.'

I sighed assent.

'We're all a sight worse than Lady Chertsey thinks—married and single, polygamous, and androgynous—the whole show—more particularly the married department: it never thinks of the injustice it does us by poaching on the preserves of liberty. However, God save the Queen! Excuse these revolutionary sentiments. Society is greater than all the bachelors' clubs.'

'On which it reposes. The open errors of youth are not more common than the secret lapses of riper years.'

Lovell laughed.

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'Don't be so serious, old chap,' said he. 'You're positively vindictive. If the old or the middle-aged sometimes have a baby for which they cannot account, why blame them? Let's be generous before we're just.'

'Isn't it rather a bore that we have ever to be either one or the other?' said I. 'The world allots justice and generosity at one fell swoop; and, as the generosity is all to itself, and the justice a monopoly of the man or the woman who has offended, the order of precedence does not matter much.'

'Very little,' said Lovell. 'The world has no moral sympathy.'

'None. It can't afford any.'

'Yet,' said Lovell, who has a habit of perorating whenever he finds a chance, 'the world—by which, of course, I mean the world of fashion—is the bulwark of propriety. It has no morals itself; but it is a lusty nurse to the moral principle which is missing in the community at large. It is at once a prophet and an example to be eschewed, and is effective in both respects. Let's hope that Democracy, for its own sake, will spare it. Democracy can't discriminate. If it began by nationalising our oxen and our asses, it would end by nationalising gallantry as well. Having sought to level itself up in a fit of indignant morals, Democracy would speedily sink into moral indigence. It couldn't hold out. Critical virtue is, as it were, the steam which keeps going the morals of a class. But steam implies coke, and the coke is social spite. If the spite of Democracy ever gives out by being appeased, the March of Morality will cease. Triumphant Democracy will be an awful warning, just like Society now—with the difference that there will be no virtuous class to warn. After all, old man, 'tis a wisely-ordered world. Everything is for the best—even that baby, if you look at it in a right light. Ah! here's our hostelry. Going to Town to-morrow?'

'Yes,' I said: 'I think I must be going.'

'Let's travel together, then—after breakfast,' said Lovell, taking off his hat in tribute to the strains of 'Rule, Britannia!' which were emerging from the hall.

III

I had derived distraction and amusement from Lovell's prattle, but not much comfort. His system of social dynamics left the mysterious babe a stern reality. The infant haunted me. It was intrenched in my wearied brain when, in the morning, I became conscious of the sunlight and the fresh salt air; it was my preoccupying companion on the journey to London; and when, at Charing Cross, I was instructing a porter about my luggage, I almost mentioned a cradle.

I had gone back to Town because I could see no need for being away. London is big enough to hold you even if it holds also a

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Minister who has packed you off to recruit your nerves. I thought, at least, that I might risk it. The fact is that, in looking over some letters and cards which I had thrown into my travel bag on preparing to leave for Brighton, I had come upon an invitation to a skating party. A new real-ice rink was about to close for the year; the enterprising owners had asked Lady Hayes to bring a party for the last night; Lady Hayes had said Yes, and had asked me to be one of her gang, and I had said I would. It was quite possible that I might meet the Chief at her dinner party; but what did that matter? It was quite possible, also, that I might meet Gwen. That settled the question. Lovell's discourse, which had been animated by a pleasant rational recklessness, had made me feel that I had been regarding things without a due sense of proportion. I had magnified that baby. It had filled my own mind so much that I had thought it must be filling the minds of all my friends, acquaintances, enemies, contemporaries; but, I perceived, I had had no right to take that view. Obviously it was false. That fellows always thought about the baby when they spoke to me was no proof that they thought of it when I was out of their sight. The brat was a nine-days wonder, and even occasional at that. Unreservedly, then, I had withdrawn my criticisms of the Channel and the Social System; and I found myself at Lady Hayes' dinner party with a light heart.

Perhaps this was due to a spurious bravery. The facts must explain themselves.

At Lady Hayes' nobody, at first, spoke to me about the baby; but I knew well enough what that meant. The street, the club, the tea-table, and a dinner party, have more differences, one in relation to another, than meet the eye. If a fellow meets you in the street, he says, 'Hullo, old chap!' and searchingly cross-examines you in your worst infirmity, or on any misdeed, however grave, that your friends may have chosen to impute to you. It is the same at the club, and at afternoon tea. At the club the man with whom you usually play billiards delicately intimates to you, instead of suggesting a look at the cues, that his surprise at finding you have not fled the country is equalled only by his disapprobation. At tea your charming hostess has a broadside of queries into you before you have found a resting-place for your hat and gloves. At dinner, on the other hand, nobody says boo to a goose. At dinner, if you are a man, you are a distinguished wit also, virtuous beyond reproach, and as honourable as the Bank of England. Everybody smiles the most cordial sentiments of respect to everybody else. A dinner party, in short, is invariably an assemblage of the salt of the earth.

I was not so sure about the skating party. Skating parties were more in the club and tea-time line; in all probability they would have manners of their own. So, at any rate, I reflected when the

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ladies had gone to the drawing-room. The salt seemed to lose its savour then. The savour seemed to evaporate laterally. Hayes had no sooner taken his wife's place, and sent the bottles round, than he urbanely asked me how the baby was getting on. I had no doubt that at the same moment the ladies were settling down to the same subject. I did not enjoy the surmise.

Indeed, so far was I from enjoying it, I did not deem it advisable, on reaching the rink, to put my skates on instantly. I preferred to walk upstairs into the gallery and to collect my thoughts from the fumes of a cigarette. Like the smoke, the thoughts were blue.

Below, meanwhile, the young people were active on the ice. In the middle, the champion of the world was dexterously meandering through a square of variously-coloured lights. In the outer rim of the arena, the amateurs were gliding gracelessly in innocent mirth. The girls had flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. The young fellows were of grave countenance. They seemed to be feeling that they might be better employed and yet that it was good that they were not. It is rarely that you can have dignity and happiness at once. If you cannot have dignity, you accept the happiness in deference to your own desires and in gratitude to your fool of a friend in similar plight.

By-and-by, the coloured lights and the champion having been removed, I beheld my friend Lovell skating into the middle of the pond hand-in-hand with Miss Callis. I withhold the lady's Christian name in duty to heathen truth. The happiness of love is an emotion which is not always contagious ; and Lovell's joy put me at such a distance from the lady that I looked upon her as a man of feeling, when down on his luck, looks upon his banker, to whom he pays all the tributes of civility.

For a time they cut the figure 8 very prettily, each swooping round a circle opposite the other. I could not disguise from myself that she seemed unreservedly happy ; but there was comfort in the reflection that her pleasure was probably the natural result of exercise on healthy youth. Many a time and oft had I myself gone to a meet quite out-of-sorts and found myself at peace with all mankind when the hounds were in full cry. Soon Lovell proceeded to initiate our fair friend into some of the more acrobatic attainments. He showed her loop 3's continuously, from one foot to the other. When she tried to imitate him she invariably stopped short at the first turn. Lovell persevered with his tuition, gesticulating and ordering ; and I felt a glad resentment. It was all very well for him, with no skirt impeding his legs, to make loop 3's ; but how did he expect a girl to do it ? Could she subdue her skirt as easily as a ballet-dancer vanquishes the ambient air ? Then Lovell showed Miss Callis the cross-cut, and actually seemed to expect her to essay the figure. Now, the cross-cut is a very difficult performance. You make a

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quarter turn on the outside edge forward, a straight line backward about two feet long, and another quarter turn on the outside edge forward. The figure, which involves high-kicking and the muscles of a gymnast, is such that Lovell himself, although he is nimble on the ice, could cut it, I noticed, on the right foot only. How could he possibly expect a girl to get even so far as the straight line backward? My view of his conduct was complex. I was displeased at his cruelty: I myself, certainly, would not invite a maid to strain her limbs so violently. On the other hand, I was not displeased at his folly. A figure-skating man looks as conceited as a peacock, and is no nearer consciousness of his own grotesque coxcombry than is the earnest youth who is always ready to bleat a song of love in a tenor wail. In short, I could not think that the absurd ongoings of Lovell could raise him in Gwen's esteem.

So confident was I on that score, I had risen and was about to depart, when, through the mirthful hum rising from the ice, I heard a rustle of silk and satin. Lo! Aunt Maisie and Mrs. Callis were coming towards me!

I could not face them. The only course open to me was retreat. At least, I thought so at the moment; and I had only a moment in which to decide. I had time to place behind a small fir-tree the chair from which I had been viewing the scene below, and I slipped into ambush just as the ladies were seating themselves three yards off. Their conversation, which I could not help overhearing, was about myself and certain general problems in morals and marriage which my adventure in relation to the baby naturally suggested. I refrain from any temptation to report the dialogue. Indeed, there is no temptation. Neither from Mrs. Callis nor from Aunt Maisie did I hear anything to my advantage. I was relieved when they were gone and I was free to steal out into the unsympathetic night. As saith The Pilgrim Scrip, 'If your own kith and kin think you probably as wicked as the ordinary man, from whom shall you expect a larger trust?'

And what am I? I heard my own soul say,
'A wandering sorrow in a world of dreams.'

IV

These comfortless reflections, with which I resigned myself despairingly to sleep, were more emphatic on the morrow. I met Gwen in the Park, and rode with her; but I found it impossible to talk naturally or with intelligence. Even at normal times I had had difficulty in talking to Gwen with that gay ease and brilliance in which it is possible to converse with a lady towards whom one has no particular attraction. Love, which is blind, tends to dumbness also. At least, it seems to do so in the man's case. The maid, as a

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rule, prattles on and on quite brightly, just as if there were nothing the matter; but the man is afflicted with a deeper feeling, or something of that sort, which obscures his wit. This is so much the case that I often wonder how the maid can possibly bring herself to accept the man. What can she see in him? He is not conscious of revealing any quality which is attractive. On the contrary, if the man is like myself he must be conscious of appearing to her a singularly uninteresting person.

These remarks, of course, are of restricted application. They concern that period in the relationship of man and maid during which the man's state of feeling has not been explicitly avowed. After that, novelists give me to understand, things go smoothly. Then you are never, I believe, at a loss for topics and the living words. Anything, even a moonbeam, is capable of becoming the subject of entrancing talk. The beauty of the universe is equalled only by the goodness of all created beings. Usually, indeed, the beauty and the goodness are so sensibly in the woof of happiness that they do not call for expression.

Now, I had not reached the moonbeam stage in my relationship with Gwen. Far from it: I was only in the preliminary stage, which is controversial. Gwen's sentiments, for example, are all-embracingly Liberal; mine are not. Gwen has a feeling for Humanity, especially when it is in the wrong; I lack that feeling somewhat, even when Humanity is in the right. Gwen is a synthetic philosopher; I am severely analytic. Gwen lets you see into her heart; sometimes I question whether I have a heart to hide. Gwen thinks it most unkind that any Member of the House of Commons should be called upon to resign because he has ceased to represent his constituency. 'Poor dear man!' she says. 'Think of him having, after all these years, to leave his county simply because he obeys his conscience!' It is no use of me to invite her attention to the suffering thousands upon whose will, the Will of the People, the poor dear man has been trampling ruthlessly. Unlike most men and women of feeling, Gwen bestows her sympathy, not upon the unseen mass which is afflicted, but upon the individual man who crowns himself with thorns and has his martyrdom noised abroad. She is almost a pro-Boer, too; and thinks that the anarchist who kills a king should be pitied in respect to his capacity for wrong-doing, and allowed to live with his conscience; I incline to fear that if there were any anæsthetic remedy for conscience Gwen would be in favour of relieving the murderous egotist from its pangs.

I may be doing Gwen injustice by writing down this representative assortment of her predilections. Perhaps, like myself, though in smaller measure, she is sometimes embarrassed when we converse, and, like myself, accentuates her views on these unromantic questions of

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the day. I wonder? In any case, my feelings towards her are not modified by her opinions. Truth to tell, I have more than once felt my anti-Liberal bigotry in dire peril when Gwen assailed it. She is so catholic in her sympathies that at times I have been on the verge of admitting that there may be something in Liberalism after all.

However, as I am writing a tragedy in real life, and not a political treatise, I make haste to explain why Gwen's views of public affairs are relevant to this narrative. Pending the moonbeam stage, they were usually, this having been a Season when war and other dire matters monopolised the thoughts of all, the subject of our converse. They kept Gwen and me contentious. Think, then, how pitiful my plight that morning in the Park! The Transvaal, China, Anarchism, and the possibility of a Khaki Dissolution, I might possibly have managed; but the baby! It was the first time I had been with Gwen intimately since the baby's advent. Had she heard of it? If so, what did she think? As we were cantering along the Row I had an impulse to confide in her as far as I could do so without bringing Mrs. Ailsa into the mystery. Perhaps the maternal instinct would cause Gwen to feel for the baby in one way, and for myself in another which would be even more to my liking. Should I try? Perhaps I ought to have ventured; but I dared not. Instead, I strove to banish the baby to the back of my thoughts, and to stick manfully to those topics over which debate usually raged high between us.

It was no use. If you are learning to ride on a bicycle, you will understand the nature of my discourse with Gwen that morning in the Park. Whenever you see a large stone or other trouble ahead, in the very act of your manœuvring to avoid it the front wheel, as if attracted by a magnet, wobbles straight towards the danger. Similarly, so obtrusively was the baby in my thoughts, I could not keep my mind fixed upon any of the subjects which either Gwen or I introduced. I should not have been surprised to learn that I had actually been so muddled as to agree with her about nations struggling to be free.

This would never do. The moonbeam period was steadily receding. It might never be reached at all if I did not strip my mind of its preoccupation and my character of its dubiety. Besides, I was losing ground in my own domain of work. Night after night the House of Commons was at its best. Opposition Whips were voting with the Government; a new secession from the Liberal Party, that great instrument of progress backwards, was reinforcing the Imperialists; the Liberal Leader, only a few months at his post, was suspected of a disposition to retire; at least two of his predecessors were popping up again, targets for the Government pom-poms. Never during our term of Office had the private secretaries

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to Her Majesty's Ministers had such opportunities for the exercise of their gifts ; and here was I on furlough and lugubrious. If this state of affairs continued, Sneyd would cut me out in politics while Lovell was doing the same in a matter still more important.

Yes : it was high time that I should ask Mrs. Ailsa to grant me remission of her sins. As I put the matter that way, it will be perceived that I had all along been harbouring a surmise that if the innocent babe was the outcome of a misdemeanour, or an incident in a misdemeanour, it was Mrs. Ailsa who was responsible. Yes : I would go to her and invite an explanation. I would go that very day. She was always at home at 2 o'clock. Yes : I would go to luncheon.

I went, and on my way I assured myself that my action was thoroughly proper. Was it not for Mrs. Ailsa's sake that I had kept silence ? Had not I sacrificed the friendship of the Henleys, together with the privilege of casting angle in the excellent trout-stream which flows through their park, lest I should, by defending my own conduct about the baby, bring trouble upon Mrs. Ailsa, who had been my staunch friend for years ? Besides, might it not be that by allowing the mystery to remain I was keeping Mrs. Ailsa under a suspicion akin to that which had fallen upon myself ?

By good luck, I found my friend alone. Her husband had gone to try the paces of a yacht which he had just acquired ; Miss Ailsa was lunching elsewhere ; and I was the only visitor.

'I am delighted to see you,' she said, very heartily. 'In fact, I was coming to ask you to give me a cup of tea this afternoon. Walter Henley has forgiven me about the baby.'

'Indeed !' said I, surprised. 'Then, why has he not forgiven me too ?'

'O, he will—by-and-by. It was really an awful thing we did, you know.'

'But what was it that we did, I wonder ? Don't tell me if you'd rather not.'

'Dear me !' said Mrs. Ailsa, a smile of understanding passing over her pretty face. 'I quite forgot I had not told you. Come : sit down for a minute, and I'll make confession.'

I obeyed.

'You see,' she said, '*Henley*, although not a very common name, is not very rare. Besides Walter and Theresa I have two other very intimate friends who bear it. They live in Hampshire. I have known Mrs. Henley there ever since we were children. Well, her husband is growing old now, and they have no children ; he, poor man, is not long for this world ; and they wanted a child to adopt—a Catholic child of good family. Mrs. Henley told me this, and I said I would see to it immediately. So, without thinking much what I was about, I went to the Convent, and was received by

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Sister Julia, to whom I stated my friends' wish. I thought that that would be all I should have to do. But no—the Catholics take care what they're doing. You can't get an orphan from them as easily as you can buy a new hat in Bond Street. I hadn't thought of that; but I found it out quick enough. Sister Julia wanted to know what fortune the child would inherit from the Henleys. When she asked that, it flashed through my mind to do a very clever thing. The Henleys in Hampshire have only £600 a-year. Fearing that this would not attract the Church, I thought there would be no harm in saying that the Henleys—the Hertfordshire Henleys I meant, though I did not say it—had £10,000 a-year, which is true. That was my first fib. I thought it was quite innocent, and so it was; but it led to worse. Sister Julia asked for the Henleys' address; and, seeing that she meant to write to them,—which would lead me into a terrible scrape—I had to skip a little farther from the truth. "The fact is," I said, "I myself am Mrs. Henley, Sister Julia." "My dear," the sweet thing said, embracing me, "I sorrow with you, and will do my best. Indeed, you may rest assured that you will soon—quite soon—have a child to comfort you. I hope that it will also bring some joy to your poor husband." We were in a terrible dilemma, Mr. Doune.'

'We were indeed,' I said.

'But I did not mean to do wrong, and surely I did not do very wrong? Theresa and I are much alike, and she's often said she was me in little things—harmless things, you know?'

I nodded, and Mrs. Ailsa went on.

'Well, then, Sister Julia told me about the need for certificates, which, she said, were a matter of form; and I asked you for one and I got another; and you know the rest.'

I knew it only too well. What I could not understand was why, when she was at the work of doing a slight wrong that good might come, Mrs. Ailsa had not gone a little farther into error. How was it that she had not foreseen that Sister Julia would arrange to deliver the baby at the home of the Hertfordshire Henleys?

'You may well ask that,' she said. 'The fact is, I was so flustered and excited that I did not see I had left my plan incomplete, and was sure to be found out. I was very penitent, I can tell you, when, the whole thing having gone wrong through your giving Walter Henley's address, I went to the Convent to explain. "My dear," said Sister Julia to me, very tenderly, "I did, I admit, come to think that there was something wrong, and I prayed that if there was the child should not leave our care. My prayer was answered."''

The gong summoned us from the drawing-room.

After luncheon I indicated to Mrs. Ailsa my own share in the troubles which had flowed from her well-meant raid into the territory of the Sovereign Pontiff.

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'Ah!' said my hostess, smiling brightly, 'I'll put that all right. I'll see to it at once—I'll see to it to-day. And of course,' she added, as I rose to go, 'you'll come to us in Sutherland for the Twelfth—the Callises will be there?'

'Very gladly,' I answered, as she pinned a rose to the lapel of my coat. I did not then perceive who I was, or what I had done, to deserve so much kindness from Mrs. Ailsa, and I do not now; but I did perceive the unstained beauty of her nature. Her very fibs to the Church quickened my sense of her sweet womanliness. Reflecting on her strange exploit as I went to report to the Minister that my nerves were quite revived, I felt that there was more than a mere generous conjecture in Gwen's theory that the human actions which are wholly bad are very few. Sometimes, indeed, to understand all is not only to pardon all: sometimes it is to rejoice in it. Still, I foresaw that I should have to convince Gwen that these are cases in which the action is individual, not the action of moralists in a mob. This would be necessary to the end that I should justify my attitude towards those streams of tendency about which Gwen and I had never agreed.

THE *SALON* IN ENGLAND

BY GEORGE WHALE



N that 'Natural History of Iceland' which would long ago have been forgotten were there not a casual reference to it in Boswell's 'Johnson,' there is not only a famous chapter on snakes, but also one 'Concerning Owls.' This chapter also is of one sentence: 'There are no owls of any kind in the whole island.' Some students of social history, especially those who compare ours with French social history, may say, in their haste, that as to England it is only necessary to substitute '*salons*' for 'owls.' But this short and easy method is too impatient. Let us inquire more curiously.

Whoever speaks of a *salon* in the past—a drawing-room—thinks of a woman as the presiding genius, to select and to welcome the guests, to provide the attractions, to set the *mode*, and gracefully rule the assembly; and whoever thinks thus turns first to France. The French are proud, and justly proud, of their rare genius for social life. It is their ideal, and their test, of civilisation. It is prominent in their art and in their literature. We see it in the pictures of Watteau and Lancret, of Fragonard and Saint Aubin. It fills countless pages of countless biographies and histories of the times—

When wits and courtiers held the same resorts—
The courtiers wits, and all wits fit for courts;
When woman, perfect in her siren art,
Subdued the mind and trifled with the heart.

Since no patriotic Frenchman or Frenchwoman can die without leaving memoirs, or materials to serve for memoirs, and since it is a pious duty to publish them, the shelves of every well-regulated library are bright and garrulous with the sayings and doings of French society, especially of *salons*. We see in rows Petitot's great collection of one hundred and thirty-two volumes, the last of which was published in 1829. Close on his heels, in 1836, comes the 'Nouvelle Collection' of Michaud et Poujoulat, and here are thirty-two more volumes. These two series leave us with the French Revolution still before us, and so we have yet a third set—'Memoires relatifs à la Révolution Française'; and this demands at least fifty-four more volumes. But still more shelves are filled with recollections of *salons*. Madame Recamier had yet to listen *avec séduction*; Madame de Staël to dominate her admirers; Chateaubriand to read those posthumous memoirs which he had sold in advance to a syndicate; George Sand and Lamartine and Victor Hugo and Daudet and Madame Mohl had yet to be heard. More than a hundred years have passed since the Revolution, and so those 'long sets' (as the booksellers call those collections of memoirs) are not exhaustive. Fresh memoirs still often appear, to vindicate the social

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genius of the French and the glories of their *salons*. Governments, royal, imperial, or republican, may pass away ; but, historically at least, *salons* do not pass away. Dynasties disappear, parliaments are discredited and suspended, ministries change their names as easily as Paris streets ; but under all *régimes* there is one institution of which, in some aspect or another, all Frenchmen are proud—it is the *salon*.

This pride is exclusive. To other nations, especially to us, it is denied. Carlyle tells us of a French writer who asked ‘Si un Allemand peut avoir de l’esprit ?’ No Frenchman has ever been so absurd as to ask whether an Englishwoman could have a *salon*. Hence, without surprise, we find Taine demonstrating scientifically why we could not, and Talleyrand recording how we did not, ever boast a *salon* ; and Madame Mohl, who held perhaps the last French *salon*, shows, by specially feminine methods, how unreasonable it would be for any Englishman to expect an Englishwoman to shine in society. Madame Mohl, who wrote a clever book on *salons* in general, and on Madame Recamier’s in particular, will have it that the Englishman likes to keep his womankind in seclusion—to nurse him and to make his tea—and that for society he looks to the club, and not to the drawing-room. Hence the evolution of the ‘British matron,’ at least of Madame Mohl’s own time, but rarely of her Friday evenings. ‘My dear’ (said she to one who asked leave to bring a friend), ‘if your friend is a man bring him without thinking twice about it ; but if she is a woman think well before you bring her, for, of all the creatures God ever created, none does spoil society like an English lady.’ Taine, in his ‘L’Ancien Régime,’ refers to the instinctive love of company among the French, demonstrates the harmony of the national genius with the old political *régime*, and analyses the defects of Englishmen, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, to show why they never had the refined society of old France. Talleyrand, in his Memoirs, says that neither Athens nor Rome, neither England nor the United States, has known Society (with a capital S) with polite yet free speech, and with an exquisite sense of propriety. All this makes us uncomfortable, or should do so ; for, if an overstatement, it is not very wide of the mark.

To read about those *salons* of France, especially of old France, is to find one’s self in another world. It was a world of infinite variety. Look at the De Goncourts’ ‘La Femme au XVIII Siècle,’ and observe the number and the fashions of the *salons* in the period with which it deals. The assemblies of Madame de Sévigné or of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, of Madame de Tencin or of Madame Necker, of Madame du Deffand or of Madame de Staël, of Madame d’Epinay or of Madame Recamier, were divided by time and by taste. Some were very frivolous, and some were very serious. Gambling prevailed here ; music there ; conversation

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everywhere. The Abbé Galiani, who for ten years did little else but live in these *salons*, in their prime, and in his own, says that the French were the most sociable people in the world. They spoke more than they thought, and they needed to speak in order to think. Woman never had a higher place or a wider influence. One *salon* would be the resort of young men, not only *pour s'amuser*, but also *pour se former*. Others were sought out by foreigners of distinction, and princes deemed admission a favour. Aristocrats met philosophers, poets, and painters on equal terms. Here Clairon would recite; there Rousseau would read the manuscript of his then unpublished 'Confessions.' At one party the talk was of politics; at another of literature. In a country without regular opportunities of free discussion, the *salons* were centres of intellectual activity. We may see then, as we may see now, in England, as well as in France, much that is indefensible. Yet we may surely admire the wit and the charity of the Reverend Sydney Smith, who, eighty years ago, in the brave days when the Edinburgh reviewers were young, praised those French women of brilliant talents who 'violated all the common duties of life and gave very pleasant little suppers.'

Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Gibbon and Hume, delighted in these *salons*. Fox and Burke, and the younger Pitt, found life not intolerable there; and for so grave a censor as Burke the conclusion of the whole matter was that, in French society, 'vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.' Even a churlish critic might find clinging round those *salons* 'the tender grace of a day that is dead,' a memory such as Browning links to that Toccata of Galuppi's, and a proof of Talleyrand's saying that 'he who was not living before 1789 knows nothing of the charm of living.' Those who made the society of that time did not worship before Mrs. Grundy or the Golden Calf while professing to worship elsewhere. Nor did they erect altars to dulness or asceticism. Yet they were capable of many generous thoughts and brave actions; and if (as M. Renan used to tell us) the only thing of importance is the emancipation and progress of the human mind, the French *salons* must have a very high place.

It was in 1759 that the Abbé Galiani came to France as secretary of an Italian embassy. He was the buffoon tempered by the philosopher. He said that man was 'made to enjoy effects without the ability to divine causes.' Yet one cause all could divine. The Abbé crossed the Alps by reason of his wit. It was upon volcanic stones from Vesuvius that he stepped to Paris, to diplomatic distinction, and to social glory. The stones had been sent in boxes by Galiani to the Pope, and with them a learned dissertation. Upon one of the boxes Galiani had written a holy text—'Command this stone that it be made bread.' The amiable Benedict XIV. (so says Sainte Beuve) took the hint, and Galiani, never more than four feet six in stature,

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did in every other sense rise in the world. For ten years he lived, and made others live; for he was in Paris, and it was the middle of the reign of Louis XV. If those volcanic stones had been given to the Archbishop of Canterbury (not Archbishop Temple, but Archbishop Secker), and Galiani had found his promotion in London, he would have found a different world—politically more sound, but how much less amiable and how much less attractive!

Few Englishmen will without a protest read Bagehot's paradox that 'stupidity is the condition of political freedom, and the French were a great deal too clever to be free.' But its truth really is borne in upon us (as the divines used to say) when we compare English and French society in the earlier half of the eighteenth century. We are not almost persuaded that it were better to have been Frenchmen; but we see clearly enough that the Englishman of the time of George I. or George II. was not intended for *salons*. French was already the language of polished society. But, in spite of a possible Grand Tour when young, the Englishman then knew little French, nor wished to know it. Sir Robert Walpole could talk to George I. only in Latin. The capacity to speak French made the husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu a Lord of the Treasury in a Government of which no other member could speak a word of that language. An incapacity for speaking French ought to have excluded from foreign courts, if not from office, that Lord Privy Seal who was presented to the French King and wished to say, 'I would if I could, but I can't'; but dared to say, 'Je voudrais si je coudrais, mais je ne cannais pas.' Who can doubt that the English country gentleman, agreeing with Wesley in little else, would then admit that 'French was the poorest, meanest language in Europe'? Nor is it surprising that one of the few Englishmen of fiction who is then made to travel in foreign parts is also made to pray to heaven, in the hearing of Tom Jones, to be defended from the French, with their 'damned prate and civilities.' That traveller, albeit no heathen, preferred Hottentots to Parisians, and Turks to Christians; for your Turk is a man of 'profound taciturnity.' 'Tom Jones' reached Scotland soon enough to find an echo in the breast of the Lowland gentleman of that period, enshrined in the grave pages of Lord Stanhope's History, for declaring that 'the great bane of all society is conversation.' Nor was conversation alone suspect. Miss Mary Berry, an excellent judge, wrote two volumes to give a 'comparative view' of England and France from the Restoration. They are not flattering volumes for the English of the earlier Hanoverian period. 'Coarse, plain, and uncompromising manners were the type of good principles.' Neither David nor Mr. Orchardson scandalised the world when they made a sofa the throne of Madame Recamier; but in the days of Wycherley or of Sir Robert Walpole even a sofa suggested (as Miss Berry says) some impropriety. When refinement of taste suggested

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corruption of morals, and one who was even furtively addicted to art ran the risk, on discovery, of losing his character in the country, and, in London, at his county club, what chance was there for social life? So Lord Chesterfield found himself fallen upon evil days, and sighed, and said, '*La politesse n'est pas du cru de l'Angleterre.*' Our ancestors of that period could fight well, and drink much too well. They played too, and deeply; and when one of the club waiters at Arthur's was arrested for robbery a sensitive member exclaimed, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate.' The gentlemen of those days would hunt the fox, and liked the statesmen who would also show them game. When the Duke of Bedford said that he 'loved faction and had a great deal of money to spare,' he was well understood. But faction fights seem to have been very absorbing. From the King at St. James' to the smallest place-man at St. Stephen's, from one cause or the other, few had leisure or taste for social life. Newmarket and the cockpit often saw them. White's they knew, and the Cocoa Tree; but they spared little time, and found little joy, in any drawing-room whatever.

And the women were made to match the men. Mr. Austin Dobson has sung so charmingly of the 'Gentlewoman of the Old School' that it seems almost a ruthless violence to criticise 'Madame Placid.' Yet it may be doubted if most even of the social dames of that age were like Johnson's favourite, Kitty Clive—'A good thing to sit by: she always understands what you say.' Prior had in satiric vein advised more freedom than women then enjoyed:

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

The padlock had not been neglected. The learned woman of the sixteenth century had long gone out of fashion. The very tradition of woman's education was so far lost that great ladies grew up in ignorance of the arts of writing and spelling. They were behind, not only Macaulay's schoolboy, but also a modern Board school girl. Witness the letters of those who were to be the mothers of the women of the earlier Georgian era. Look at the correspondence of Waller's *Saccharissa*, Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, of Lady Russell, and of the Duchess of Ormonde. The Duchess had never even been taught to write; 'but she learnt it herself by copying after print, for which reason she never joined her letters together.' No wonder that in the next generation the education of woman was narrow and neglected, and that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is found complaining, 'Folly is reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminacy of the

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mind.' The result of such training is to be seen yet a generation later in the women of the Court of George II., depicted by Hervey and by Horace Walpole, and in country life in such persons as Smollett's Tabitha Bramble. We read of ladies who delighted in monkeys or had a passion for parrots. We read of others who kept gaming tables. The scandalous chronicles of an age which (we have persuaded ourselves) was superior to the time of Charles II., and never so bad as French society, also show that lovers were not impossible, and, indeed, abounded. But English society, if not less lax, was far less refined than the French. What chance or what prospect was there for the *salon* then? Yet gradually it, or something very like it, came; and it came with an improvement in the intellectual position of women.

It would be possible to prove by a cloud of witnesses that after 1750 English manners became much less gross, and that education and social abilities were more encouraged in women, and, what is of equal importance, by them. Here was the chance for more refined society, and here we may look for the *salon*. It arrived rather later, it stayed a shorter time, than in France; its career was not so brilliant, but its existence cannot justly be denied. Such social changes come not in a night. Before the glories of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, of the Duchess of Devonshire, and of Lady Holland, the *salon* casts, not its shadow, but its light. Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall (1751-1831), who is at least accurate enough for this purpose, lived in the English society of that age, and knew it very intimately. In his 'Historical Memoirs' we have a sketch of social life in France and England, and a comparison in which England gets much the worst of it. Wraxall and some others find what we may call the first incipient *salon* in London in the reign of Charles II., but in the drawing-room of an Italian duchess, and having for its most distinguished visitor a Frenchman.

Hortensia Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin (1640-1699), is the 'famous beauty and errant lady' with whom Evelyn 'supped at the Lord Chamberlaine's.' She appears too prominently in the best-known passage of Evelyn's diary—the entry which tells of Whitehall in 1685, and how Evelyn saw 'the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazerine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery. . . . Six days after was all in dust.' It was already ten years since the Duchess, then twenty-eight, had come to England with a rare reputation for beauty and wealth, for wit and wilfulness. A niece of the great cardinal, the wealthiest heiress in Europe, courted in vain by Charles when in exile, she had at thirteen been married to the Duke de Meilleraye, who declared that he must marry her or die within three months. He married her, soon quarrelled, and parted from her, survived her, and thought that he made up for all by carrying her embalmed body

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wherever he went. But, ere that stage, the Duchess had endured much at his hands. She was thought to have married an ardent wooer ; she found she had married a zealous man and a solemn fool, with a craze for almsgiving at her expense. Nay, worse : he was a religious fanatic, and soon he announced his own inspiration. No wife could be expected to believe in that. The Duchess was asked to believe in much more. There came revelations, and not only by day. Finally, as the Duchess confided to St. Evremond, the Duke would rouse her in the night to 'make her partaker of his midnight visions.' St. Evremond adds that Madame de Mazarin was 'very wretched.' She fled, and after some wanderings came to England, and said it was to see her cousin-german, the Duchess of York ; but, as Evelyn said, 'all the world knows her storie.' Eventually she had a house at Chelsea, and, although there is no Pepys or Boswell to give us details, it is said that the Duchess at Chelsea entertained the '*literati* of both sexes.' Her guests, we are told, saw nothing but her. They could never come soon enough nor depart late enough for their own pleasure. 'They go to bed,' says St. Evremond, 'with regret to have left her, and they rise with a desire to behold her again.' It is said that cards sometimes supplanted literature in that Chelsea drawing-room, and St. Evremond admits it. But, he explains, the play was 'inconsiderable, and 'only practised for its own amusement.' It is certain that the Duchess died in poverty, but equally certain that in his way St. Evremond worshipped her to the end. This 'little old man, in his black silk coif,' was seen every morning carrying a pound of butter made in his own dairy to the Duchess for her breakfast. When she died, in 1699, he mourned that he could no longer share her peaches and her truffles ; and he makes an end by saying, 'I must make up the loss of so many advantages by the Sundays and Wednesdays of Montagu House.'

If before we come to later and brighter days we seek some signs of literary and political society in the drawing-room, it must be at Queensberry House, which stood in Burlington Gardens, where we may now see a branch of the Bank of England. Here, for some fifty years, flourished Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry (1700-1777),— 'Sa Singularité,' as Bolingbroke called her, to her own delight. No hostess of the eighteenth century had more elegant copies of verses addressed to her than had the 'Mad Duchess.' Prior began with his 'Female Phaeton,' on 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' who, 'inflamed with rage at sad restraint,'

Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

Horace Walpole, fifty-six years later, pleased her and ended the series with his gift of the stanzas :

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To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Will, for a day, engage ;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtain'd it for an age !

Meanwhile Thomson, and Pope, and lesser poets had all sung of her Grace ; and still, in the letters of a long period, from Swift to Horace Walpole, we may see what a large part she played in the literary life of the age, and what an influence she had over its statesmen, including its greatest, the elder Pitt. When Gay in 1728, after the prohibition of 'Polly,' had that attack of fever in which Arbuthnot nursed him back to life, Queensberry House was the hospital. There Gay was indeed long what Swift called a 'domestic friend.' There the Duke and Duchess fought fiercely for him and for permission to act his opera 'Polly' in public ; and, indeed, this battle was the occasion, if not the cause, of their resigning their court appointments. Gay died at Queensberry House in 1732, and the Queensberrys erected for him the monument in the Abbey which still tells us that—

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

The Duchess was yet to be long for 'friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known.' After Gay had been buried 'as if he had been a peer of the realm,' there were forty-three years to elapse before the Duchess was to die from 'eating too many cherries.' In that period she lived much among the men of 'light and leading.' Her dress, which was always that of her youth, and her whimsies, became famous. How she treated the King and Queen when they visited her at Amesbury is not recorded. But it is known that some of her visitors at Queensberry House were surprised to find themselves outstaying what Coleridge calls the 'welcome while.' They discovered it from a fire-broom wielded by the Duchess herself. She would sweep that fire-broom about her guests, 'which expressed' (says one who knew her) 'by an image hardly to be mistaken a desire to get rid of them.' Sometimes the Duchess distinguished most arbitrarily between her guests. Half were ordered to leave at midnight, and those who were permitted to stay to supper never tasted meat, at least there. They were fobbed off with 'half an apple puff and a little wine and water.' This was not quite the finished Gallic entertainment (say) of the Duchesse de Choiseul. Yet an invitation to Queensberry House was much desired, and all the freaks of the hostess seem to have been treated only as pretty Kitty's way. Indeed, the Duchess would have no other than willing guests. 'Come,' she wrote to the Duchess of Bedford—

Come with a whistle, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.

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The last glimpse we have of the Duchess is given by Miss Berry, who saw her walking with the Duke a short time before her death, 'with her figure still tall and upright and active,' her 'silver locks without powder,' the remains of a beautiful clear complexion, and 'large dark animated eyes partaking of no mask of age.'

Ere the doors of Queensberry House were finally closed others already stood open, and had been open for quarter of a century, to keep up, and even refine upon, the social pleasures of London.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (1720-1800) was thrice famous. She was a student, a philanthropist, and a leader of society. She published an essay on Shakespeare; she gave annually, upon her front lawn in Portman Square, roast beef and plum-pudding 'to cheer the little sweep,' and was very liberal to her tenants; she made a circle of her own, and for nearly half a century gave the most famous parties in London. Her wealth, her wit, and a life of eighty active years gave her many chances, and she took them, even astonishing and delighting Parisians at home and Parisians in London. A great and vivacious letter-writer, with many friends who wrote letters and journals, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu has more permanent memorials than most social leaders. She was called the 'Madame du Deffand of the English capital.'

In 1742, being then twenty-one years of age, Elizabeth Robinson, of a wealthy and aristocratic family, married Edward Montagu, also of a wealthy and aristocratic family. Estates fell to both of them; he inherited also coal mines and a family seat in Parliament. She was known to her intimate friends as 'Fidget,' 'a most entertaining creature,' 'handsome, fat, and merry.' She was learned in English and French, and always frankly admitted that she was weak in her Latin, and without any Greek. Montagu's tastes lay elsewhere. He liked mathematics, and, as some may think, liked them even to his own destruction. He also had a decided preference for high prices in the coal market (provided others faced the odium of the first advance). But he was much older than his wife. He seems to have left the parties to her, only giving now and then such an approving marital pat as was necessary to encourage the others. Mrs. Montagu, left to arrange matters, did not neglect the means of social grace. For some six or eight years she travelled much about England, adding to the gaiety of country houses, and of Tunbridge Wells and Bath. But she had tried Bath before, and found that the 'men, except Lord Noel Somerset, are altogether abominable. There is not one good; no, not one.' As for the women, their 'talk was of diseases,' except as to one dowager duchess. She, 'being very tall, had nearly drowned a few women in the Cross Bath; for she had ordered it to be filled till it reached her chin; and so all those who were below her stature, as well as her rank, were obliged to come out or drown.' Repeated visits to

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Bath did not satisfy Mrs. Montagu. She sighed for worlds to win; and London was the only possible battlefield. So Mr. and Mrs. Montagu settled in Hill Street in 1750; and there, for some thirty years, she gave her parties. Meanwhile, in 1775, her husband had died, not without pious efforts on the part of Beattie, urged on by Mrs. Montagu, to enlighten Mr. Montagu with a much-needed knowledge of the truth. 'To her great concern,' says Beattie, 'he set too much value on mathematical evidence.' But Montagu could control his fortune if not his religious opinions; and he left nearly everything to Mrs. Montagu. Again she lived up to her privileges, and again she found herself still regarded as a social leader, and now also as a match. 'The husband of Mrs. Montagu of Shakespearshire is dead,' writes Horace Walpole to Mason, 'and has left her an estate of £7000 a-year in her own power. Will you come and be a candidate for her hand?' Mrs. Montagu would have no such candidates; but she soon resumed her natural place and her famous parties, and soon, too, came her great building projects. These included a 'new palace,' Montagu House, still standing at the north-west corner of Portman Square. It was designed by James Stuart, 'Athenian Stuart,' and contained the 'room of cupidons,' and that 'feather room' which so delighted Cowper by its hangings made from the plumage of many birds that he wrote a poem on the subject. Walpole pronounced this palace 'grand, not tawdry.' There was 'not a morsel of gilding.' 'Instead of vagaries, it is a noble, simple edifice.' Here Mrs. Montagu renewed and extended her hospitality and revived her youth at fifty. 'I am a great deal younger, I think, since I came into my new house, from its cheerfulness; and from its admirable conveniences and comforts, less afraid of growing old.'

Mrs. Montagu's rule, as given by her to Garrick, was—'I never invite idiots to my house.' She began at Hill Street with breakfast parties, and breakfast parties went on at Montagu House also. But dinner parties and tea parties and 'evening coteries for conversation' had soon followed the breakfast parties; and it is by her 'evening coteries,' her 'Blue Stocking parties,' that Mrs. Montagu is best remembered. These began at Hill Street, where the parties were less crowded and more successful. As to the origin of the name, it may be, as some have it, that Benjamin Shillingfleet came to these parties in blue worsted stockings, when he should have come in black silk stockings; or it may be, as Lady Crowe said when prompted by Mrs. Montagu's rival hostess, that the ladies themselves wore blue stockings as a distinction. The interest of the parties is of a more serious kind. Mrs. Montagu and some other ladies who then held *salons* were fain to imitate Madame de Sévigné in the Rue St. Honoré. There were people who made fun of the 'Blue Stockings'; but there are people who, never serious, will make fun of anything.

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Horace Walpole scoffed and went ; and others would doubtless have been glad to go and not to scoff, but had to remain outside in perpetual envy of their more fortunate acquaintances. Cards were forbidden by Mrs. Montagu ; politics were discouraged ; and literary conversation, which the hostess could, like Dr. Johnson, easily distinguish from 'talk,' was the chief amusement. It went well, and it lasted long. Most of the famous men and women of the period went to these parties. Garrick was there, and electrified the assembly so much by reciting scenes from 'Macbeth' and 'Lear' that Madame de Noailles was profuse in her thanks on leaving, and Mrs. Montagu was afraid that Madame would forget herself and, by a false step, break her neck. Learned ladies like Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Mrs. Esther Chapone were there, and so were lively ladies like Mrs. Thrale and Miss Fanny Burney. The latter found Mrs. Montagu 'brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, and critical in talk.' Hannah More and Dr. Burney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Jones, the Abbé Reynal, and Erskine (afterwards Lord Chancellor) were all glad to be of Mrs. Montagu's parties. So, too, was Burke. He was a most enthusiastic admirer, as, indeed, a little earlier, had been another statesman—William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. The Earl had fallen madly in love with Mrs. Montagu, and did not believe a more perfect human being was ever created. 'I do not think that he said a word too much,' said Burke, on hearing this repeated. It is not surprising that Wraxall found the Earl's portrait hung over the chimney-piece in Mrs. Montagu's drawing-room. In that age no literary party in Vanity Fair would have been complete unless, like the establishment of Miss Barbara Pinkerton, it had been 'honoured by the presence of the Great Lexicographer and the patronage of Mrs. Chapone.' Mrs. Chapone we have seen at Mrs. Montagu's, and Dr. Johnson also was to be seen there. Although he sometimes contradicted Mrs. Montagu, and so was not always 'high in her good graces,' he always wished to be. Like Cowper, he praised her literary powers ; like her tenants and her colliers, he praised her generosity ; like Fanny Burney and Wraxall, he praised her powers of conversation—'It was a constant stream, it was always impregnated, it has always meaning.' Mrs. Montagu was indeed a woman of many talents and many friends. Perhaps she seemed a little hard, and in later life a little too fond of showy attire ; but she was brilliant and generous, of great mental activity, and born to rule her world. She clung to it as long as she could ; but it were brutal to ridicule her for that. Who, indeed, will forbid any of us to turn one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

Your chilly stars I can forego :
This warm kind world is all I know.

There is in truth something pathetic in Mrs. Montagu's later letters. 'Life never knows the return of spring. . . . The only

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way to cheat old Time is whilst he robs us of some enjoyments and pleasures, to be providing new ones.' This may, as philosophy, be old ; but it will never be useless, for it is as near as humanity gets to 'eternal summer in the soul.'

Mrs. Montagu's was by no means our only famous drawing-room in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Montagu had an admirer and a friend in Mrs. Vesey, and a rival and sometime friend in Mrs. Thrale. Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey, who also was one of the 'Blue Stocking' set, had a house in Bolton Row about 1755, and later one in Clarges Street. Her sister-in-law, who, cast in a larger mould, was called 'Body,' managed the servants, while Mrs. Vesey, called 'Mind,' was in the 'dear blue room.' She entertained the members of *The Club* on every other Tuesday evening, that being the day of their own dinner and of her receptions. But Mrs. Vesey was no rival. 'She only aspired to follow at a humble distance the brilliant track of Mrs. Montagu.' Not so Mrs. Thrale (1741-1821), who had her 'Streatham circle,' and engaged in wit combats with Mrs. Montagu 'for precedence of admiration.' Madame D'Arblay says that it was all without malice ; yet, somehow, the ladies did quarrel, and Mrs. Thrale refused to make it up.

But these, and others, were literary *salons*. In a country so intensely political we expect the political *salon* also, and we find it among Mrs. Montagu's contemporaries. Devonshire House, Piccadilly, under Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Mrs. Crewe's house in Grosvenor Street, were both devoted to a profound belief in 'buff and blue' and Charles James Fox. But soon another and a greater house was to be thrown open both to men of letters and to politicians, and, indeed, to all men and women of intellectual distinction. 'As moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine' were all the glories of Montagu House and the rest when compared with those of Holland House, Kensington.

At twenty-three years of age the third Lord Holland (1773-1840) restored and redecored this great mansion, already with a famous history behind it. A year later he crowned the work by marrying Elizabeth Vassall, *the* Lady Holland (1770-1845). She had already a past ; for, married at sixteen, she was, at twenty-six, separated from her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, Baronet. Three days after the royal assent to the then necessary divorce by Act of Parliament, Lady Webster had a future, for she became Lady Holland. 'Nothing' (as Voltaire said) 'is wrong in good society.' The *Maréchale de Luxembourg* had triumphed over much more ; and Lady Holland came in a generation which had learnt that among fashionable ladies 'the usual destiny was in France to be guillotined, and in England to be divorced.' Excepting by a few censors, whose memories were strict and strong, the past was soon forgotten. Even the censors generally reserved

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their opinions for their diaries and for posthumous publication. Lady Holland's rank, her beauty, her wit, her vivacious and yet dignified manner, and perhaps her house, made the world willing to forget much. Henceforth, for nearly half a century we read, in memoirs, and letters, and journals, of the attractions of Holland House : of the dining-room and the yellow drawing-room, the library—that glorious library—the gilt room, the crimson-and-gold room, the china room, the terraces and the groves, the Dutch garden, and the works of art there. All these and much more are also described in the Princess Marie Liechtenstein's book on Holland House. But it was not by the pictures, nor by the collection of memorials of famous people, nor by the fabric itself, that Holland House won its fame as our greatest *salon*.

Among many very interesting manuscripts in the portfolios there, was a list of the persons present at a great dance in 1753, and who danced, and who were the 'setters by,' and of the sixty-two who supped, and the others who 'did not sup, but walk'd about admiring.' The list includes some well-known names ; but for the most part it is a list of people of 'quality' rather than people of 'parts.' But the glory of Holland House in the earlier days of the nineteenth century was that 'parts' also had their privileges. A list for the later period was made by Lady Holland for Sir James Mackintosh ; but it is not complete, nor when given could it be, for Sir James died thirteen years before Lady Holland. A complete list would include nearly all the men and women of that period whose names appear in that recent monument of fame, the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' We should see in that list Byron, Scott, Rogers, Moore, and Monkton Milnes, among the poets ; Fox himself, Sheridan, Erskine, Shiel, and Grattan, among the orators ; and Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Hookham Frere, and Curran, among the wits. Four prime ministers would be in that list—Lords Grey, Melbourne, Palmerston, and Russell,—and four famous Chancellors—Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, and Lyndhurst. As to men whose chief distinctions were gained in the world of letters, the list might start with Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* ; it would include also other early Edinburgh reviewers, and, of course, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Hallam. Among the politicians would be Francis Horner and Sir Samuel Romilly and all who were then the hope or the stay of the Whig party, and some leading Tories also. Clever women, such as Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Madame de Staël, would be in the list ; with Frenchmen of the old *régime*, such as Calonne, and of the new, such as Talleyrand ; with men of science, such as Alexander Humboldt ; with princes, ambassadors, judges, bishops, archbishops, artists, sculptors, and actors. In truth, the list would be overwhelming. It would be very incomplete if two men of smaller

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fame were omitted—Charles Greville, whose journals give the best record we have of the talk at Holland House ; and John Allen, often called ‘Lady Holland’s atheist,’ who was, like Gay at Queensberry House, the ‘domestic friend’ of Holland House.

The host and hostess were fully equal to the reception of their guests. Lord Holland himself had a talent for social life. Even Carlyle, whose contempt for mankind in general included so many of the best of his contemporaries, praises Lord Holland in his old age as a ‘very effectual and estimable old man.’ Thirty-two years earlier Crabb Robinson had met him in Spain, and speaks of his countenance of ‘bonhomie and intelligence.’ Men who knew Lord Holland better speak well of him, and tell us of his wit, his good temper, and his conversational power. He had heard Pitt and Fox ; of the latter, his uncle, he was the ‘dear young one.’ He lived to be intimate with statesmen who were the friends of many persons still living. Lord Holland had a fund of anecdote concerning his own contemporaries and their stories of earlier men. He had also, says Brougham, who often witnessed it, a ‘rare power of mimicry.’ George III., Johnson, Garrick, Selwyn, and Thurlow were almost brought to life again by the talk of the host at Holland House.

Lady Holland was always bent on being a leader of society. She hated solitude and she loved seeing new faces. Yet she was certainly difficult ; and there were many bad moments when her guests must have needed heavenly aid if they would smile and keep silent. Lady Holland was capricious. When she fixed the dinner hour at Holland House at six, even then unfashionably early, Talleyrand said she did it to inconvenience everybody, and when she put it back to five he came after dinner. Those who accommodated themselves to the hours of Holland House were sometimes called on to squeeze in very uncomfortably. The hostess positively took a pleasure in shifting about her guests at table and seeing them ‘prettily pinioned.’ ‘Make room,’ said she to Luttrell. ‘It must certainly be made,’ he answered, ‘for it does not exist.’ Lord Melbourne refused to be shifted from seat to seat : ‘I’ll be damned if I’ll dine with you at all,’ said he, as he walked out of the room. The evening in the drawing-room or the library too often brought out a terrible talent for sarcasm which, with Lady Holland, never lay hid for long. ‘I am sorry to see you are going to publish a poem,’ said she to a guest who was a peer and a minor poet. ‘Can’t you suppress it?’ To another, a novelist, who complained that in ‘Rejected Addresses’ he was made to write burlesque, which he never did, she said, ‘You don’t know your own talent.’ But homage was demanded from men and women alike ; and, if it was obtainable in no other way, Lady Holland would sometimes drop her pocket handkerchief, and see if it were picked up. Twice, at

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one dinner, this ruse was tried by her on Count D'Orsay, who finally said, 'Had I better not take my seat under the table?' Once it was tried on Mrs. Fanny Kemble's sister, who hesitated, but did at length pick up the handkerchief of a peeress then no longer young or thin. 'Ah! I thought you'd do it,' was all Lady Holland said. Fanny Kemble came away, as she admits, with dyspepsia and disgust.

Yet, in spite of all, men and women liked to go to Holland House, and if they became indignant and stayed away they soon repented, and were glad to return. Byron, in 1809, satirised Holland House in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Within three years he was reconciled; whereupon Scott said that young authors should be in no 'hurry to exercise their satirical vein. I remember an honest old Presbyterian who thought it right to speak with respect even of the devil himself, since no one knows in what corner he might one day want a friend.' In truth, Lady Holland never forgot how to make Holland House attractive. She knew how to put her guests upon their best topics. She was selfish, but brilliant, and tolerant, and never out of temper. All sorts of opinions were represented and everything could be discussed. A full record of the talk at Holland House would rival the interest even of Boswell's records. Take the glimpse which Greville gives us of one day. It is the fifth of September 1834. Greville finds Melbourne and Palmerston and other ministers there. At dinner Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe were criticised. The talk next fell upon Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde,' then a new poem. Edward Irving, of whom Lord Holland had some curious stories, was referred to, and afterwards George III.; and there came tales by Lord Holland, of Lord North, of the American War, and of famous election battles. Then, on rejoining the ladies, a discussion arose on women writers (Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Miss Austen, and Mrs. Somerville), on books of travel, on early English kings, and on German literature. There were preferences at Holland House; plainly there never were exclusions. Greville came away thinking he had given too much time to horse-racing and too little to books.

Not only the Whigs, whose natural headquarters and Sunday councils were held there, but also men of every party and sect, came gladly. Generally Lady Holland set a moderate tone in politics, and, although sceptical or indifferent, in religion also. She never permitted, even in the encyclopædic Macaulay, the exercise of a talent for monologue. Hence we read without surprise the opinion of Sydney Smith in the early days of Holland House, that there is no such agreeable house in Europe; and the opinion of Greville, thirty years later, that the death of Lady Holland was the final extinction of a social light which illuminated and adorned England and even Europe for half a century.

GEORGE WHALE

The famous house itself retained some traditions of its greatness until the death, in 1889, of Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, widow of the fourth Lord Holland. But with the death of her predecessor, Elizabeth, Lady Holland, had come the end of our greatest *salon*. Others followed, notably at the houses of Miss Berry and the Countess of Blessington. The last of the English *salons* may be said to have been at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, where, until the death of Lord Palmerston, in 1865, there were famous receptions by Lady Palmerston. But the growth of London, which has been a topic for comment and complaint for three centuries, the change in many social habits, the rise of plutocracy in society and of democracy in politics, seem now to have removed the *salon* too far from us. It is difficult to see how, when, or where it will be revived, if indeed it ever be revived. Society is the poorer for the death of the *salon*, although possibly society at present does not think so. When the extravagance of some modern amusements shall have become tiresome, when men and women learn again to distinguish clearly between a good book and a page of print, between smart chatter and real conversation, there may be still no chance for the return of the *salon*. But at least it will be regretted again, and some of its chief attractions may be in a measure revived.

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BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM



CONVICTION, one might think, cometh neither from the east nor from the west. In fact, in many cases it is a mere matter of digestion. Be that as it may, the Rev. Arthur Bannerman, a widower with two little girls, abruptly forsook the Anglican Communion and fell away to Rome. What were his real motives, perhaps even he himself could not have quite explained. A love of continuity; doubts as to the true and apostolical succession of orders transmitted at the Nag's Head; a lingering fear that the laity, if once admitted to the cup, might still exceed after the fashion of the early Christians at their feasts—these causes may have accounted for the step. Or, again, they may have had little influence, for most conversions spring from impulse rather than a due reasoning out of motives for the change of faith.

The Rev. Bannerman (as most of his parishioners styled him), though a good man, was of a mean presence, with the fair hair, blue eyes, and freckled skin which, with a stutter and a shamle, fit a man for ministration to his fellows, or might enable him to burlesque himself with great effect upon the stage. Good and ridiculous, but lovable, he had a heart whose workings, obfuscated by the foibles of the outward man, beat like a bull-dog's. Some men seem born for heroes: so tall, so straight are they, their eyes so piercing and their gait so free, that it appears impossible when one learns that they are stockbrokers or chiropodists. Having run all the gamut of parochial duties in the English Churches, presided at the mothers' meeting, visited the poor, worn vestments, dabbled in the outskirts of Theosophy, and dallied with Spiritualism, Mr. Bannerman yet had found his life not full enough of sacrifice. By degrees his parsonage (twined round with roses, and with its glebe stretching away beyond the Saxon church into the lush meadows of the squire), his Jersey cow, even his cob, the faithful sharer of his rambles while studying the fossils of the neighbouring downs, the bobs and curtseys of the village children, the waving salutation of the smock-frocked boy who was 'woful tired a' scaring o' birds,' all grew to be distasteful, and seemed chains which but attached him to a material world.

How many men before the Rev. Arthur Bannerman have failed to see that there is nothing so materialistic as the mystic and the supernatural, and that the duller duties of the dreariest parish are in reality more transcendental than the dreams of the theologist?

Into speculations of this nature he did not enter. Seeing his duty—that is, his inclination—straight ahead, he embraced it and the Roman Church. Then, after the due steps (for once a Levite is to be a Levite to the end, no matter how wide apart is the new faith

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from the old), he became a priest, more or less after the order of Melchizedek. A priest and still ridiculous—never in time at Mass, stumbling about the confessional with furtive gait—he seemed a tree transplanted from a cold soil into another hardly less uncongenial. Still, the reliance on a hierarchy, the consciousness that he was (so to speak) in telephonic rapport with St. Peter and St. Paul, by way of Constantine, Charlemagne, Bernard of Clairvaux, the blessed bloody Mary, and the seminary priests slain by that paragon of virgins, stout Queen Bess (who wished to show that she was as zealous for her faith as was her sister), brought comfort to his heart. That is, to his intellectual heart; for now and then he thought upon his children, given away to a pious lady and brought up far from him with a view to convents, as if the marriage of their father before he knew the truth had rendered them unclean for ordinary intercourse with fellow beings, and only fit for God. So, in his communings with himself, at times his natural love strove strongly with his artificial and dogmatic instincts; and, after the fashion of all those who strive to conquer nature by the force of reason, he always thought that he did something praiseworthy when he choked down his tears, his longings, and everything which really, being natural, makes for righteousness. The children, far from their father, grew up half-bastard, half-legitimate, knowing their father's name, yet not allowed to mention him, as if their very being was a tacit scandal upon themselves and him. The pious lady loved them in a way, feeding them heavily, as kind-hearted but religious people always do; making their lives a round of prayer, half looking on them as a scandal to the faith, and half regarding them as material evidence of her own strength of mind and freedom from all petty prejudice. The children, duly called after Anglo-Saxon saints (having been baptized before the time when their father's eyes were opened), meekly bore the names of Edelwitha and Cunegunde, and, though they loved their father, thought of him with the easy contempt accorded by the female sex to those who act on principle or form their conduct upon abstract lines.

Seated among the other shavelings in his clergy-house, Mr. Bannerman was regarded as in the world one looks upon a man whose conduct in his youth has been a little wild—that is, with reprobation tempered by envy and respect. His fellows talked with him about the glorious days when England once again should own the Papal sway, the poor be fed at the monastery gate, the so-called Reformation be held a thing accursed, and statues be erected (at the national expense) to the twin saints of Smithfield, Bonner and Gardiner of pious memory and Christian renown.

Much did the priest occupy himself in parish work, having found that his conversion had changed the collar, but left the load as heavy as before; much did he read the Fathers of the Church; much

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muse upon the Jesuits and all their works, and on the mystics of the Church in Spain, St. Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross, St. Francis Borgia, and all the glorious band grouped round the Saint of Avila, who as a colonel of artillery ought to have been at Santiago when Cervera's fleet steamed from its 'bottle' to destruction by the unbelievers' guns.

The assiduity of the Church impressed him—the missions in Alaska, in China, those of the Franciscans in Bolivia; the curious rechristianisation of the faithful in Japan, those who without their priests maintained their faith two hundred years, until the faithful from the West revisited them. All the romance and mysticism of the sole enduring Christian sect amazed and strengthened him, entering into his spirit and making him feel part and parcel of something stable, so pitched inside and out with such authority, that against its strength all the assaults of reason were foredoomed to fail.

Still, the human virus in his blood, against whose promptings even Churchmen at times have found their teaching no avail, simmered and effervesced, troubling his soul, and prompting questions as to whether his duty lay not with his children rather than with the souls of men. After writhing all the night in tears, he would talk of the wonders of the Church, and dwell (as converts who have left their hearts outside the Church, owing conversion to a reason or a sentiment, will do) upon the comfort that he felt, the blessed calm of mind, the joy it was to know he could not doubt, and generally cheat himself with words, after the fashion of mankind, who always have from the first ages sought relief from facts and theories in rhapsodies, in mysticism, and have always striven to build a wall of cobwebs up between that which they knew and that they wished to be the case. After all, what wall so strong as cobwebs, or what so easily renewed when broken down? And then the substance, equally applicable to a cut finger and to a broken heart.

Nevertheless, when a Protestant charity girls' school passed, robed in shoddy capes and scanty skirts, and sheltered by pre-Victorian brown straw hats, with pale blue ribbons hanging down their backs—or when a nurse, with children bowling hoops, walked down the streets—the Rev. Arthur Bannerman, beholding, found his cross heavy upon his neck, and hoped the road to Golgotha was short. But yet he steeled himself: thinking that, as a year or two had passed, the children must have forgotten him; hoping that time would bring relief both to himself and to them. Then, after the way of good and foolish men, he thought himself to blame, exclaimed aloud upon his weakness, redoubled work and prayers, and threw himself in agony of spirit on the ground, grasping the cross after the fashion of the penitents in early Flemish pictures, but without finding rest.

At times he wandered past the villa where, in the odour of

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respectability, his children lived, half-hoping to catch sight of them, and half-expecting that a miracle would keep them from his sight ; and then, becoming suddenly aware of his transgression, would hurry through the street as if the whole world depended on his arriving at some place whose whereabouts he could not ascertain. By degrees he grew still more eccentric, still more ridiculous ; for sorrow seldom gives dignity, but, on the contrary, brings out our petty foibles, and makes us sport for fools, as if the whole world had been created in a fit of spleen, and a malignant demon looked out mockingly upon our woes. Occasionally the priest would start his Mass in English, break off and stop, and then begin on a wrong note, taxing the gravity of the choir and of the faithful in the Church, and drawing from the Irish worshippers who clustered round the door, in the sort of 'leper's squint' in which the economics of the Church usually gives them places, the remark that 'the Devil had put a mortal spraddle on his Riverence's spache.' At times in the confessional his memory played him false ; and girls who had accused themselves of gluttony, telling falsehoods, or any other futile and uninteresting sin of youthful and inexperienced penitents, were rebuked with sternness, told to repent and make their peace with outraged husbands, and sent giggling away. These lapses did not detract a whit from the affection in which his congregation (especially the children and those who are to inherit all the earth while millionaires lie howling) held him ; for they all knew the priest for a kind poor soul, even as a horse discounts an indifferent rider before the man has got upon his back.

At last the Rev. Arthur Bannerman found his strength waning ; and on a day he approached the villa where the lady who had taken the care of his two children on herself dwelt, in the glories of plate-glass, an araucaria (*imbricata*), trim gravel walks, and yellow bricks, all duly separated from the next-door neighbour by a wall blinded by a privet hedge. Twice did he pace the street, passing through vistas of plate-glass and araucarias ; reading the styles and titles of the houses, as 'Beau Sejour,' 'Sea View,' and 'Qui Si Sana' ; admiring the imagination of the nomenclature as a condemned criminal may admire the judge's wig and the paltry sword of justice over the bench, or as a patient, seated in the dental surgeon's chair, scans the heraldic figures on the window, which reflects a bluish glare upon his face, while he, gripping the arms of the chair, perspires in terror, as the surgeon fumbles for his instruments. Twice did he catch himself entering at the wrong gate ; and when at last he stood before the hedge of bay trees and euonymus which, like a fig leaf, covered the mysteries of the interior garden plot of Beau Sejour from the public gaze, he trembled.

On the exterior gate the name was writ in brass above the letter-box, a wire communicating with the inside forming (as it were) a

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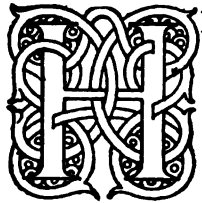
telegraph between the outer world and the interior graces of the house. He paused and chewed a dusty bay leaf, and then rang fitfully and waited at the gate. Three times he rang, waiting while butcher boys passed the time of day with bakers cycling their daily bread to residents along the street. At last the gate flew open suddenly, surprising him, and causing him to drop his umbrella. Then, advancing on the crunching gravel path, he passed between the stucco urns in which twin iron cactuses bloomed perennially, and gained the porch, the housemaid waiting with the door half-opened in her hand. Ushered into the dining-room and left to contemplate the horsehair sofa, and the plated biscuit-box embedded in its woolly mat upon the sideboard, the black slab clock upon the mantelpiece, the views of Cader Idris and the Trossachs in washy water-colours on the walls, he sat expectant, thinking each moment that his children might rush in, or that at least he might catch their footsteps on the stair, or hear them singing in the upper regions of the house.

The interval which passed while Mrs. Macnamara was employed in preparation of mind and body for the interview seemed to him mortal. The lady rustled in, perturbed, but kindly; and the poor priest began to tell her about his struggles, and the consuming longing which had come over him to see his children and to hold them on his knee. After much weeping on both sides, and offers of clean pocket-handkerchiefs ('for yours is so damp, ye'll get a cold with using it'), the priest became more calm. Then did the kindly Irishwoman reason with him, and put before him that it was better to let things take their course, telling him that the girls were happy, and that she loved them as they had been her own, and pointing out to him what would ensue if he persisted in his wish to see them.

Some time he pondered her words, straining his ears as a horse strains when listening for a distant sound, to catch even a footstep of the children on the stairs. Then, calm, but snuffling, he choked down his tears, and with an effort said, 'God bless you! I think I'll wait to see them till the Judgment Day.'

He took his leave, and left the house composed and cheerful, whistling a lively air, all out of tune, and, passing by the Irish beggar-woman at her customary post, gave her a halfpenny, which she received with thanks, and a due sense of the benefit which alms bring down upon the soul of him who gives. Then, looking after him, she broke into professional blessings, and exclaimed, 'By the holy Paul, his Rivirence looks so cheerful, sure the "good people" must have been with him this morning, just at the birth of day!'

‘THE GARDEN OF LOVE.’ A PAINT-
ING BY RUBENS, IN THE PRADO.
BY MAX BEERBOHM



ERE they are met.

Here, by the balustrade, these lords and lusty ladies are met to romp and wanton in the fulness of love, under the solstice of a noon in mid-summer. Water gushes in fantastic arcs from the grotto, making a cold music to the emblazoned air, while a breeze swells the sun-shot satin of every lady's skirt, and tosses the ringlets which hang, like bunches of yellow grapes, on either side of her brow, and stirs the plumes of her gallant. But the very breeze is laden with heat, and the fountains' noise does but whet the thirst of the grass, the flowers, the trees. The earth sulks under the burden of the unmerciful sun. Love itself, one had said, would be languid here, pale and supine, and, faintly sighing for things past or for future things, would sink into siesta. But behold! these are no ordinary lovers. The gushing fountains are likelier to run dry there in the grotto than they to falter in their redundant energy. These sanguine lords and ladies crave not an instant's surcease. They are tyrants and termagants in love.

If they are thus at noon, here under the sun's rays, what, one wonders, must be their manner in the banqueting-hall, when the tapers gleam adown the long tables, and the fruits are stripped of their rinds, and the wine brims over the goblets, all to the music of the viols? But somehow, one cannot imagine them anywhere but in this sunlight. To it they belong, not to any polite court or palace. They are creatures of nature, pagans untamed, lawless and unabashed. For all they are robed in crimson and saffron, and are with such fine pearls necklaced, these dames do exhale from their exuberant bodies the essence of a quite primitive and simple era; but for the ease of their deportment in their frippery, they might be Maenads in masquerade. They have none of the coyness which civilisation fosters in women, are as fearless and unsophisticated as men. A 'wooing' were wasted on them, for they have no dainty sense of antagonism to men, and seek not by any means to elude them. They meet men even as rivers meet the sea. Even as, when fresh water meets salt water in the estuary, the two tides revolve in eddies and leap up in foam, so do these men and women laugh and wrestle in the rapture of concurrence. How different from the first embrace which marks the close of a wooing! that moment when the man seeks to conceal his triumph under a semblance of humility, and the woman her humiliation under a pretty air of patronage. Here, in the Garden of Love, they have

‘THE GARDEN OF LOVE’

none of those spiritual reservations and pretences. Nor is here any savour of fine romance. Nothing is here but the joy of satisfying a physical instinct—a joy that expresses itself not in any exaltation of words or thoughts, but in merely romping. See! Some of these lovers are chasing one another through the grotto. They are rushing headlong under the fountains. What though their finery be soaked? Anon they will come out and throw themselves down on the grass, and the sun will quickly dry them. Leave them, then, to their riot. Look upon these others who sit and stand here in a voluptuous bevy, hand in hand under the brazen sun, or flaunt to and fro, lolling in one another's arms and laughing in one another's faces. And see how closely above them hover the winged loves! One, upside-down in the air, sprinkles them with rose-leaves; another waves over them a blazing torch; another tries to frighten them with his unarrowed bow. Another yet has dared to descend into the group; he nestles his fat cheek on a lady's lap, and is not rebuked for his audacity. These little chubby Cytheræans know that they are privileged to play any pranks here. Doubtless they love to be on duty in this garden, for here they are patted and petted, and have no real work to do. At close of day, when they fly back to their mother, there is never an unmated name in the report they bring her; and she, belike, being pleased with them, allows them to sit up late, and to have each a sip of nectar and a slice of ambrosia. But elsewhere they have hard work, and often fly back in dread of Venus' anger, having accomplished nothing at all. At that other balustrade, where Watteau, remembering this one, painted for us the ‘Plaisirs du Bal,’ how often they have lain in ambush, knowing that were one of them to show but a tip of his wings those sedate and migniard masqueraders would faint for very shame; yet ever hoping that they might, by their unseen presence, turn that punctilio of flirtation into love. And always they have flown back from Dulwich unrequited for all the pains they had taken, and pouting that Venus should ever send them on so hard an errand. But a day in this garden is always for them a dear holiday. They live in dread lest Venus discover how superfluous is their presence here. And so, knowing intuitively that the hypocrite's first dupe must be himself, they are always pretending to themselves that they are of some use. See that child yonder, perched on the balustrade, reading aloud from a scroll the praise of love as earnestly as though his congregation were of infidels. And that other, to the right, pushing two lovers along as though they were the veriest laggarts. The torch-bearer, too, and the archer, and the sprinkler of the rose-leaves—they are all, after their kind, trying to persuade themselves that they are needed. All but he who leans over and nestles his fat cheek on a lady's lap, as fondly and confidingly as though she were his mother. . . . And truly, the

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lady is very like his mother. So, indeed, are all the other ladies. Strange! In all their faces there is an uniformity of divine splendour. Can it be that Venus, impatient of mere sequences of lovers, has obtained leave of Jove to multiply herself, and that to-day, by a wild coincidence, her every incarnation has trysted its lover to this same garden? Look closely! It must be so. . . .

Hush! Let us keep her secret.

SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA

BY S. LANE POOLE



WHEN an English traveller was sailing on the Upper Yang-tsze some twelve years ago, he discovered that his progress was marvellously promoted by a mysterious flag inscribed with Chinese characters, which his skipper insisted on flying with much ceremony. At Ichang the leading citizens hurried to the British Consulate in a body and informed Her Majesty's astonished representative that no less a personage than the British Minister had arrived. Every one was in a flutter and eager to come on board and pay respects to His Excellency. It turned out that it was the flag of Sir Harry Parkes, and the power of his name had caused this commotion in the distant reaches of the Great River. The skipper who had contrived to annex it was naturally proud of what he called a 'No. 1 piecee flag' warranted to carry contraband goods past any celestial custom-house. No Chinaman would dare meddle with 'Pa Tajin's' flag. Yet 'Pa Tajin'—'Parkes Excellency'—had been dead over three years, and it was but the *magni nominis umbra* that had worked the miracle.

Things have changed for the worse since Parkes's flag was so honoured. Even the Queen's colours would now meet with insult instead of respect up the country, and as I write the Legations at Peking itself have been rescued, just in time, after two months' desperate resistance to a siege, not merely by a rabble of insurrectionists, but by the Imperial army of China. It would be going too far to say that such a state of things could never have come about if Parkes had lived to carry on his work in Peking; but if any one could have prevented the present crisis it was the indomitable Minister who, alone of all the series of British representatives, was able to overawe the Chinese Government and work his will—more or less—with the most irritating, obstinate, and pedantic of all departments of State, the Tsung-li Yamun. At the same time, it is not fair to throw the chief blame of permitting matters to have come to the present pass upon the Queen's representatives at Peking. Since we first established a Legation at the capital, in 1860, there have been strong and weak, active and lazy, confident and timid, envoys; but, whatever their qualities, there has always been one constant quantity behind their policy—the indifference and sluggishness of the Home Government. Had that curse of diplomatic responsibility, the telegraph wire, never been invented, many of these envoys might have made a firm stand and founded their relations with China on a sound basis. As it was, checked at every step by telegraphic communication with a Foreign Office whose one desire—at least in Eastern diplomacy—was always to avoid unpleasantness, to shirk responsibility, and, above all, to escape the unpopularity of a China war, Her Majesty's representatives

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—ironically termed Plenipotentiaries—fell back on the inevitable policy of *laissez faire* which has been the bane of our relations with every Oriental country, where vigorous action on the spot and resolute support from home are the obvious and only road to success. We have seen the same thing in India, in Turkey, in Persia, and we were beginning to see it in Egypt when the strong man opportunely arrived on the scene. But it takes a very strong man to carry a policy, especially in China, against the *vis inertiae* of the Foreign Office, and the present tendency to appoint clerks discreetly drilled in Office traditions will not encourage the development of resolute and responsible ambassadors. The modern envoy is merely the man at the end of the telegraph system, and, whatever goes wrong, we must generally lay the blame on the man at the home end of this paralysing instrument.

It to Parkes's advantage that he began his career in days when it was physically impossible for the Foreign Office to be constantly curbing its representatives. Like that of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, his official character was formed and fixed before the telegraph came to introduce timidity and vacillation. Another advantage he enjoyed was beginning at the beginning. He came out from school to China only nine years after the British Government had taken over the control of the relations with China from the East India Company. He arrived at the beginning of the struggle of civilisation with barbarous exclusiveness; he was in the front rank of every engagement; and he came in with the conquerors when the barriers were at last beaten down, and the Queen's representative was grudgingly admitted into the sacred city of Peking. From first to last he judged the real issue accurately. In spite of the popular cant about 'opium wars' and 'forcing a noxious drug upon the innocent Chinese,' Parkes knew that England never fought an opium war, but fought, as she is fighting now, simply for the common right of a civilised nation to be treated fairly and justly, as her own justness and honour deserved. The Government of China had resolved to have nothing to do with the 'outer barbarians': they preferred to draw in their head and legs like a tortoise, and offer a resisting shell to the rest of the world. The rest of the world objected. The Chinese people themselves objected: they wanted trade, even with 'foreign devils.' The inevitable result of prohibition was smuggling, and the English merchant was turned into a smuggler without rights or protection. This was the meaning of Commissioner Lin's edict which ordered every foreigner out of China in 1839, and this was the cause and justification of the first China war. And this policy of exclusion, degrading to civilised Powers and injurious to China herself, was what Parkes fought from beginning to end with a doggedness more than Chinese.

He was fortunate in his epoch. He saw almost the first blow

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struck. He was actually present, young as he was, at the signing of the first Treaty ever made with China.

On the 20th of August, 1842, the old capital of the Ming Empire was the scene of a ceremony which had no precedent in the immemorial annals of China. Before the long walls of Nanking an English army was preparing for the assault. On the broad waters of the Yang-tsze Kiang more than seventy British men-of-war and transports were drawn up for the bombardment. Admiral Parker and General Gough were at last about to administer a well-deserved chastisement to the Chinese for a long course of insult and injury. But neither Admiral nor General was called upon to do the work for which both had made elaborate preparations. Diplomacy, not war, was the instrument to be used; and Sir Henry Pottinger was there to conclude a Treaty which should put the relations of England and China on a proper footing. The Chinese had seen enough of English ships and guns, at Chapu, Woosung, and Chinkiang, and Imperial Commissioners had at last condescended to come to Nanking armed with full powers from the Son of Heaven to treat for peace. For the first time in the history of China, a treaty of defeat was to be concluded with the 'outer barbarians,' and insults were to give place (on paper) to international toleration. This it was that made the first ceremonious interchange of courtesies so memorable an event. The Chinese Commissioners were received in state on board the flagship *Cornwallis* by Her Majesty's plenipotentiary supported by Admiral and General. The deck was ablaze with officers in full-dress uniforms; the marines presented arms, the band played, as the three Mandarins set foot for the first time on a British man-of-war. In the midst of this pomp and pageantry of court and war, a slim, fair-haired boy, with eager young face and vivid blue eyes, was formally presented to the Imperial Commissioners. It was thus that Harry Parkes took his place at the age of fourteen in a great historical scene. From this day, for more than forty years, there were few events in the history of British relations with the Far East in which he did not play a conspicuous part; till the lad who carried 'chops' and despatches for Sir Henry Pottinger in 1842 ended his busy and eventful life in 1885 in the high station of Her Majesty's Minister to the Court of Peking.¹

Beginning at the beginning, Parkes had no evil traditions of policy to unlearn. He started fair and unbiassed, in a new and untried country, where everything had to be built up on no foundations whatever and where each difficulty had to be met, each problem solved, by the man on the spot, without waiting for the tedious process of a reference to Downing Street or even to the local chief at Hong Kong. How much there was to be initiated will be realised when it is remembered that before the Treaty of Nanking there was no open port for foreign commerce in all China. English traders were allowed to negotiate at Canton through the Hoppo or farmer of the customs and the Hong merchants. The British Chief Superintendent—who was the Queen's representative for China—had no access to the authorities and enjoyed no more consideration at the hands of the Chinese than a supercargo. One of them, Captain Elliot, was actually held a prisoner by Commissioner Lin for seven weeks within the British factories. The first China war, ending in the Treaty of Nanking, changed this state of things and opened five ports to British traders. Consuls were appointed to each port with

¹ 'Life of Sir Harry Parkes.'

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the right of intercourse with the Chinese authorities, not by means of the old humiliating form of a 'petition,' but by a 'communication.' Hong Kong was ceded to England, and became the headquarters of the British representative and of foreign commerce. All this was a revolution in Chinese ideas. Sanguine people prophesied the breaking down of the old exclusive barriers and the immediate opening of the Flowery Land to Western civilisation. The prophecy, as we now see, was premature; but the change was nevertheless momentous, and Parkes, who was soon attached to the Consulate at Amoy in the office of Interpreter, for which his familiarity with colloquial Chinese peculiarly fitted him, was an active agent in the work of building up the new organisation. He served eventually at all the five Treaty ports, and worked with all his heart. It took a good man to carry on consular duty in China, and Parkes had great qualifications. He spoke Chinese fluently, as hardly any one did then, before the system of student interpreters was introduced; he was untiring in his work, inflexible in principle, swift to decide, unconquerable in resolve, and absolutely fearless. He ran risks of every kind at every port. At Foochow he was stoned by the Tartar soldiers. He had them flogged and exposed in the *cangue*, and went out for his walks as usual. Even at Canton he used to arrange picnics at places where other Europeans went in fear of their lives. Pluck of this kind was what was wanted in China, and it paid, as it always does.

A Consulate in China in those early days was a fine school for administrators. Sir Rutherford Alcock used to say that, in a legal point of view, he was 'everything from a Lord Chancellor to a sheriff's officer.' The Consul sat as judge and carried out his own arrests, since no Chinaman could be allowed to apprehend an Englishman and there were no consular police. But beyond the legal affairs of the port there were diplomatic relations to be maintained, through a difficult language and a ponderous and bewildering etiquette, with the provincial authorities, who had their private policy quite apart from the central Government, and had to be dealt with on individual lines. The Consul had to protect the interests and extra-territorial rights of his community against the slightest infraction, and he had to do this at once and on his own responsibility, lest while a reference was being made to Hong Kong or England (in the time before telegraph or even steam had abolished distances) the matter should grow beyond control. To settle the difficulty on the spot, before it got beyond the powers of diplomacy, was the main object of an efficient Consul. The safety of all the foreigners frequently depended upon his prompt and firm action, and he had often to take his life in his hand and face all risks. It was a splendid school for men who were not afraid of responsibility, and it was in this school that Harry Parkes grew up. As Interpreter under a Consul who could not speak Chinese, his office was one of great responsibility. He had to

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conduct interviews with the local magnates, and his tact and readiness were in constant request. It was not merely a question of translating the Consul's words. In a land where 'the rules of ceremony are three hundred and the rules of behaviour three thousand,' the Interpreter had to bear in mind countless little details, to mark every shade of manner and phraseology, and act upon these indications: there was no time for consultation with the chief during a heated argument in a Chinese yamun. At sixteen Parkes was exercising this important office, and it formed his resolute character. Throughout his life, work without responsibility was like an egg without salt.

When, later, he joined Alcock again at Shanghai a notable instance occurred of the way in which a China Consul carried matters in the days before the telegraph. In 1848 three missionaries were grossly ill-treated just within the limits to which foreigners were then restricted—a journey of twenty-four hours going and returning to the port. The outrage could not be passed over, or the safety of the small body of Europeans living in the midst of a population always hostile to 'foreign devils' would be jeopardised. Alcock took the matter up with exemplary vigour, supported, if not prompted, by his young Interpreter. The local Taotai evaded redress in the usual way of Chinese officials. The Consul had no instructions or precedents to go upon; but he took the right course without flinching. 'When five days had passed, and nothing but ineffectual promises had been given, the Consul made the memorable announcement that he would stop all payment of duties by British ships until full satisfaction should be obtained; that meanwhile not a single grain junk should leave the river; and that, if the chief criminals were not apprehended within forty-eight hours, he would take "such other measures as the due enforcement of our Treaty rights might seem to demand."' To realise the full meaning of this spirited announcement, it must be stated that there were no less than 1400 grain junks and 50 war junks in the river, backed by at least 1300 discontented vagabonds in the neighbourhood; and that, to overawe this host by sea and land, the Consul had to rely upon one single sloop-of-war. H.M.S. *Childers*, however, responded pluckily to the call, and her captain, Commander Pitman, instantly agreed to support the Consul's action and summoned the brig *Espiègle* to his aid.' In vain the Taotai ordered the junks to sea: never a boat passed the vigilant *Childers*; Pitman boarded all that attempted to get by, and not a bushel of grain could be supplied to the Emperor's 'Forbidden City' of Peking. The Chinese gave in after a fortnight's strict blockade; the criminals were delivered up and exposed in the *cangue* for a month on the Bond, to the admiration of the Foreign Settlement; and a signal victory was achieved, which restored our credit at the Treaty ports in an incalculable degree. There was no

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more trouble at Shanghai, and Europeans could enjoy their holidays in the hills outside in perfect security. The fame of Consul Alcock's exploit even reached Great Britain, and it is, perhaps, the only incident of Chinese history—since Kubla Khan—which has found a place in English literature. De Quincey saw the dramatic qualities of the situation and wrote a glowing narrative of the Shanghai blockade.

We may be sure that had the telegraph reached Shanghai in 1848 justice would never have been done, and De Quincey would not have been able to write a brilliant little chapter of British history in the Far East. Lord John Russell was in office, and terribly afraid of another China war. The Colonial Secretary had just instructed the Chief Superintendent, Mr. Bonham, that the Government 'peremptorily forbade any further offensive operations to be undertaken against the Chinese without previous sanction,' and this despatch was lying on Bonham's table at the moment when Alcock's report of his spirited proceedings came in. He hastened to urge moderation upon the daring Consul; but, luckily, it was too late to retreat. An example had been made which long lived in the memories of the Chinese. It lived, too, in the memory of one of the chief actors. Parkes had taken a leading part in the matter. He had, of course, conducted all the communications with the local authorities, and had been sent up the Yang-tsze to Nanking to put pressure on the provincial Governor-General. During the anxious time of the blockade he and Alcock had daily traversed the streets of the hostile city in perfect unconcern, and had shown the Chinese that it was not easy to frighten Englishmen. Alcock generously ascribed the success of the action chiefly to Parkes; Bonham followed suit; and the young Interpreter found that the keen eye of Palmerston had marked him out. It was the turning-point of his career. The fierce struggle with Chinese obstinacy and duplicity had taught him valuable lessons. He had learned the measure of the celestial bureaucracy, and knew the effects of hard knocks and how and where to plant them. He had proved that a spirited policy, carried through at all risks, was the only successful policy, and that the one way to win respect in China was to command it.

Lord Palmerston, almost alone among English statesmen, knew how to deal with Orientals, and when Parkes had an interview in 1850 he was amazed at the great Foreign Secretary's grasp of Chinese affairs. Palmerston's despatch of January 9, 1847, to Sir John Davis, who was then restive under the recent curb of the Aberdeen bit, should be written large in the creed of every Consul in China:

We shall lose [he wrote] all the vantage-ground we have gained by our victories in China, if we take a low tone. We must take especial care not to descend from the relative position which we have acquired. If we maintain that position morally, by the tone of our intercourse, we shall not be obliged to recover it by

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forcible acts ; but if we permit the Chinese, either at Canton or elsewhere, to resume, as they will no doubt be always endeavouring to do, their former tone of superiority, we shall very soon be compelled to come to blows with them again. Of course we ought (and by 'we' I mean all the English in China) to abstain from giving the Chinese any ground of complaint, and much more from anything like provocation or affront ; but we must stop on the very threshold any attempt on their part to treat us otherwise than as their equals, and we must make them all clearly understand, though in the civilest terms, that our Treaty rights must be respected. The Chinese must learn and be convinced that if they attack our people and our factories they will be shot, and that if they ill-treat innocent Englishmen, who are quietly exercising their Treaty right of walking about the streets of Canton, they will be punished. Depend upon it, that the best way of keeping any men quiet is to let them see that you are able and determined to repel force by force ; and the Chinese are not in the least different in this respect from the rest of mankind.

The Shanghai blockade had emphasised the truth of this memorable pronouncement, and Parkes had laid it well to heart. The reference to Canton was soon to be taken up in earnest. When Parkes saw Palmerston at the Foreign Office, they discussed the leading points in the Chinese situation, and when the Interpreter told his chief that the right of entrance into Canton was 'the key to the whole difficulty' the Minister repeated the phrase with emphatic approbation. The right of entry into each of the five Treaty ports was one of the stipulations of the Treaty of Nanking ; but in China the conceding of a right is not at all the same thing as its exercise. What is logic in Europe is not necessarily logic in Asia, and half our mistakes there are due to the incurable inability of our statesmen to realise that the East is not the West and never will be. Our innocent politicians still cherish—or did cherish till Russia gave us some enlightenment on Asiatic ideas—the fond illusion that Treaties are made with the intention of being observed. Now, the one thing that the Chinese have always striven for is to make all the provisions of every Treaty null and void. So long as troops and men-of-war hold points of guarantee, a Treaty is operative in China, and not an instant longer : the moment the force that compels respect is withdrawn, the Treaty becomes waste paper. When Parkes got into Yeh's room at Canton, in 1858, he found the original ratified Treaty of Nanking, along with other high diplomatic instruments, among the lumber of the Commissioner's papers, instead of being treasured in the Imperial archives at Peking. It was not valued at a rush by the Chinese Government. Ever since it was signed, effort after effort had been made to carry out the provision that Englishmen should enjoy free entry into the great capital of the south ; but Canton was still inviolate. As Sir John Bowring wrote in 1852, the Pottinger Treaty had wounded the pride, but had in no wise altered the policy, of the Chinese. Their object was still, as it is now, 'not to facilitate, but to impede and resist, the access of foreigners,' and the Governments of Great Britain and China, in spite of Treaties, 'have objects at heart which are

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diametrically opposed.' Canton was practically the one channel of communication with the higher authorities of China, yet no European was allowed to set foot within its gates ; no consul or plenipotentiary could hold direct intercourse with the Governor-General at his yamun or office, as at the other four ports ; and hence our officers had no means of keeping in touch with the central Government by meeting the Canton mandarins who were known to be in personal communication with the Emperor. One reason for this exclusion was, no doubt, the violent anti-foreign feeling of the Cantonese, who had perpetrated, from time to time, various outrages upon Europeans, and were supposed to be wholly intractable. Later experience, however, during the Anglo-French occupation, showed that this feeling had been purposely exaggerated by the authorities, and that a Canton mob, when deprived of the countenance of the Government, could be ruled by a sergeant's cane as easily as any other Chinese city. The success of the authorities in keeping out the 'foreign devils' undoubtedly encouraged the Cantonese in a triumphant sense of immunity, and led them to insult and attack stray Europeans in the suburbs. It was a bold man in those days who ventured upon a five mile walk from the Consulate. The city was often placarded with notices about 'the injuries, deceits, cruel deeds, and evil and wicked acts of the English resident barbarians . . . born and bred in noxious regions beyond the bounds of civilisation, having the heart of wolves, the faces of brutes, the visage of tigers, and the cunning of foxes.' These complimentary terms were official, and tablets were set up by the Government to record the successful exclusion of the 'barbarians.' Yet when Bowring reported all this and urged the importance of opening up Canton, he was sententiously snubbed by that *lusus naturae* among Foreign Secretaries, Lord Malmesbury. The 'City Question,' as it was called, the right of entry into Canton, had been pressed and withdrawn a dozen times in as many years, and the Chinese grew the more insolent by repeated successes.

It was reserved for Harry Parkes to force the entrance. He was Interpreter at Canton in 1852, and Acting Consul in 1853 and 1854 ; and after assisting Sir John Bowring in concluding the first Treaty with Siam at Bangkok in 1855, and returning there in the following year to delimit boundaries, he went again to Canton as Acting Consul. That was the time of the famous incident of the lorcha *Arrow*. This was only the last of a series of unfriendly acts, but it acquired the proverbial importance of the ultimate straw. The new Imperial Commissioner, the celebrated Yeh, had persistently repulsed all Sir John Bowring's attempts to obtain a personal interview, and doggedly resisted every effort of the Plenipotentiary—acting under fresh instructions from Lord Clarendon—to assert the Treaty right of entry into Canton. A handbill had again been

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circulated in the city for the express purpose of inflaming the populace against the English. It included a direct incitement to 'kill every one' of the 'barbarian dogs within our borders.' Two Englishmen were stoned the next day near the West Gate, and no redress was given or even promised. It was perfectly clear that nothing would ever be remedied unless the Consul or the Plenipotentiary could personally remonstrate with the Commissioner; and Yeh was absolutely unapproachable.

Parkes, arriving upon the scene at the very focus of Chinese repulsion a few days after the issue of the handbill and the stoning of the Englishmen, brought a new and powerful force into the City Question. With his usual luck, he was in at the crisis, and he was fully armed. He came out almost straight from an interview with the Prime Minister—and that Prime Minister was, happily, Palmerston. He came out with his old admiration of the sturdy statesman's grasp of the China problem refreshed, and he was prepared to carry out the forward policy which Bowring had vainly tried to press upon preceding Ministries. All that was wanted was a striking instance of Chinese truculence to give us a fair occasion for insisting upon the Treaty right of entry into Canton, the settlement of which, as Bowring wrote to Lord Clarendon, 'in my matured judgment has been delayed much too long.' The obnoxious handbill and the stoning were enough to justify strong menace; but, as if they wanted to play into our hands, the Chinese considerably offered a fresh insult. On the 8th of October 1856, in open day, in a crowded anchorage, with special display, and in the sight of the world, the Chinese authorities seized the British vessel *Arrow*, hauled down the British ensign, and imprisoned the crew. There has been a vast deal of vapouring about this capture of the lorch, and the Manchester School said the usual things and excused the Chinese after their manner. It is an old story now, but it cannot too clearly be stated that there is not a shadow of doubt that the *Arrow* was a British vessel, lawfully flying the flag, and that the Chinese knew it. The nationality of her owner and her crew, and the lapse of her registered licence, had nothing to do with the question. The outrage upon the flag was intentional and flagrant, and all remonstrances and arguments were flouted or evaded by Commissioner Yeh. Parkes and Bowring gave him every chance to make easy reparation; he refused everything. The very last thing that could have occurred to Parkes was to fasten an unfair grievance upon the Chinese with a view to opening the City Question. He did nothing to irritate Yeh; rather he left him at every step a way of honourable retreat. He gave the mandarins who effected the arrest of the crew an opportunity to right themselves. When they sheltered themselves behind the authority of the Commissioner, he requested Yeh in moderate terms to send the prisoners—if accused of crime—

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to the Consulate, as provided by Treaty, to be tried by the Consul in conjunction with Chinese assessors. Yeh refused point-blank. Bowring then stepped in, and, Yeh remaining obdurate, the second China war ensued. On October 29, Parkes entered Yeh's deserted yamun in company with Admiral Sir Michael Seymour.

Though Parkes cannot be held responsible for the breaking-out of war, and though he left his antagonist more than one creditable mode of avoiding a rupture, he thoroughly approved his superior's vigorous measures. I may quote from the Life of Parkes, that,

whoever was responsible for the policy of 1856 [a policy which every one who knows China must heartily support], it was the policy that Parkes believed in. And to the Chinese it was Parkes, and no one else, who was the head and front of the offence. In everything that happened they saw but one hand, the hand of the British Consul, who had made his name a synonym for uncompromising firmness and resolute maintenance of Treaty rights. To them the Plenipotentiary at Hong Kong was a diplomatic expression; but Parkes in the Consulate at Canton was a formidable reality. When Yeh wrote to the American Consul he did not refer to Bowring or Clarendon; he said 'the British Consul' attacked the forts, 'Consul Parkes has opened fire,' 'Consul Parkes is alone responsible.'

Nor was it any wonder that they set down every act to the man whom they saw constantly at the front, in the thick of whatever was going forward. In reading the records of that busy time, one marvels how he could ever have got through the work he did. The immense correspondence with Plenipotentiary, Admiral, Commodore, and, not least, with Commissioner Yeh in diplomatic Chinese; the circulars in English and Chinese, which he personally distributed; the interviews with deputations of temporising Cantonese folk; these were enough to overtax an office full of clerks. Parkes did it all himself, and did it under fire. There was a reward on his head, and he could not show himself outside the factories without becoming a mark for bullets; but nothing daunted him. As Lord Elgin said, Parkes did not know the meaning of fear. Later in the war, when proclamations had to be distributed in the densely-populated suburbs of Canton, then wholly lost to Europeans, Parkes volunteered to do the dangerous work. He and Captain Hall landed here and there, scattered the placards among the crowd, and were off again before the people had recovered from their astonishment. Mr. Wingrove Cooke, the *Times* correspondent, noted one of these rapid descents upon the hostile city, when Captain Hall caught a mandarin in his chair, pasted him up with 'barbarian' placards, and 'started the bearers to carry this new advertisement van into the city. The Chinese crowd, always alive to a practical joke, roared.' When at last, after tedious delays and waiting for reinforcements, Canton was a second time conquered, it was Parkes who scoured the disturbed city in search of Yeh, and showed the blue-jackets where to catch him. He had been frequently under fire during the attack, and had volunteered for all sorts of

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hazardous services. The Admiral stated that he would not have known what to do without Parkes. He was admittedly the man of the situation.

His next task, after taking Canton, was to govern it. The city was placed under a Commission consisting of an English and a French officer, and Consul Parkes, with a Chinese Governor as figurehead. Parkes was really the Governor. General Straubenzee wrote to Lord Elgin that without him he could have done nothing :

his energy is untiring, never sparing himself in any way ; personal danger and personal comfort were never thought of when he could in any way advance the public service.

Thirty thousand dollars was the price the Chinese set upon his head, and his assassination was often attempted ; but he went his rounds unperturbed, as coolly as if it were the shady side of Bond Street, and so successfully did he administer the hot-bed of anti-foreign sentiment that when Alcock returned in 1858 he found that

a corporal with a switch kept order in the few crowded streets still left, without the slightest sign of resistance or animosity, where no foreigner could before pass the gates, or even walk in the suburbs or outskirts, without suffering insult and contumely from the very children.

Canton had never been so well governed in all its long history, and the success of the occupation was a remarkable proof of what can be done, even in China, by an energetic and determined man who knows the people, and still more, knows his own mind.

Every one has read how portentous a muddle the late Lord Elgin made of the negotiations which closed the second China war. Having concluded the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858, he considered the whole matter settled, and not only left China, but withdrew the army without taking any guarantee whatsoever for the performance of the Treaty obligations. As Parkes wrote :

You will recollect in what a hurry the Admiral and Lord Elgin were to leave and run off to recreate in Japan and elsewhere. By that step they just undid all they had previously done ; and having once got us out of the river, the Chinese proceeded to take steps to prevent our return, and to rescind all the provisions of the Treaty (the residence in Peking in particular) to which they objected, but without which the Treaty is not worth a straw.

Lord Elgin's one aim was to patch up a peace—on as decent terms as could be obtained in a hurry—and put an end to an unpopular war. As the Queen's Ambassador, he ought to have demanded an audience of the Emperor : instead of this, fearful of raising new difficulties, he never even entered Peking. The Treaty provided for a resident British Minister at the capital ; but Lord Elgin went away without establishing the Legation there, and even consented to modify the Treaty by substituting occasional visits of the Minister instead of a permanent residence at Peking. The only chance of making the Chinese carry out the terms of the Treaty was to maintain a

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sufficient force at Tientsin to compel observance ; yet he withdrew the army almost before the ink of this precious document was dry. The result was not long in appearing. His brother, Mr. Frederick Bruce, who was sent out as Minister to Peking, found the Peiho staked and boomed. The Anglo-French fleet was fired upon and beaten back with heavy loss in June 1859. The Treaty of Tientsin, as Parkes said, was not worth a straw.

The whole affair was instructive as to Chinese methods. They would have allowed Mr. Bruce to come to Peking if he had consented to go in the American way. Mr. Ward, the United States Minister, did actually enter Peking not long after the Peiho repulse ; but how was he received ? He went by way of Peh-tang, the way the Chinese wanted Mr. Bruce to go. He and his mission were treated like 'tribute-bearers' from Lewchew. They were jolted in springless country carts all the weary road to the capital. There they were shut up in a yamun, and not allowed to stir a foot or see a soul outside their prison. Finally, they were ordered to perform the kotow if admitted to the Emperor's presence. The worthy republicans had already eaten more dirt than they could stomach, and the kotow was altogether too much for their self-respect : they returned to Peh-tang without an audience, and had to exchange their ratifications on the coast. So much for conciliation in China. Mr. Bruce took the right line. He would either be received in state as the envoy of a Sovereign Power, or not go at all. The Government was bound to support him ; and so the campaign of 1860, or third China war, came about.

It was in this campaign that Parkes became the most marked man in China. His work at Canton had already pointed him out as the most capable and energetic of all the Consular body ; but this reputation was local or at best official, and beyond his share in the *Arrow* business he was not very well known to the general public. But since 1860, if the name of Parkes is mentioned (and if the hearer is able to distinguish him from his namesake the old Premier of New South Wales), the immediate remark is, 'O ! that's the man who was imprisoned in a cage !' It is extraordinary how hard it is to kill a popular legend. No European, I believe, has been caged in China since Captain Anstruther, of the Madras Artillery, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Lee Scott, and the crew of the *Kite* were paraded in cages for four months at Ningpo in 1840.¹ Parkes certainly was not caged ; nor was his companion, the late Lord Loch. But if there was any one man whom the mandarins would dearly have liked to see in a tightly-fitting cage—these portable prisons averaged 2ft. 10in. long by 1ft. 7in. wide, and 2ft. 4in. high (Mrs. Noble's cage may be seen at the Royal United Service Institution)—it was the Consul and Interpreter to whom they ascribed all the disagreeable events of

¹ See Mr. Scott's 'Narrative of a Recent Imprisonment in China,' 1841.

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1857-60. When Lord Elgin returned in 1860 to correct his mistakes of 1858, he quickly summoned Parkes to his side. As the Ambassador's Chinese interpreter, in conjunction with Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wade, the man who had shown his mettle at Canton was now in the forefront of the campaign, interpreting and carrying risky flags of truce for General Hope Grant, entering mined forts ahead of the army, keeping the saddle for whole days, and never turning a hair in all the fatigues and dangers of the march to Peking. When the drivers deserted and the horses bolted, it was Parkes who contrived to patch up the transport by seizing Chinese boats. When the commander of a fortress wanted to surrender, Parkes was the man who was sent to experiment on the doubtfully protective qualities of a white flag, and carry on negotiations with a treacherous adversary. Lord Elgin himself wrote :

Parkes is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met ; for energy, courage, and ability combined, I do not know where I could find his match ; and this, joined to a facility of speaking Chinese which he shares only with Lay, makes him at present *the* man of the situation.

The diplomatic conferences were managed by him and Wade, when at length Imperial Commissioners came to Tientsin to treat for peace, and it was only when the Treaty was apparently accepted and almost all the details were arranged that he was trapped in an ambush as 'slim' as even a Boer field-cornet could have devised. Relying on the word of no less a personage than the Prince of I, Parkes rode towards the Chinese lines to mark out the site of a new camp, when he was surrounded, thrown down, bound, and carried off in a rough country cart to Peking. His companion, Mr. Loch—afterwards Lord Loch—who had gallantly ridden after him and shared his captivity, wrote a vivid narrative of what followed, and the book, which has just been republished at an opportune moment, must be read for an account of their terrible experiences. Torture was applied by the Board of Punishments, and Parkes was confined in a loathsome prison, along with a crowd of common malefactors, in hourly expectation of death. Throughout he refused, with noble constancy, to compromise his country by the slightest pledge.

Mr. Parkes's consistent refusal [wrote Lord Elgin] to purchase his own safety by making any pledges, or even by addressing to me any representations which might have embarrassed me in the discharge of my duty, is a rare example of courage and devotion to the public interest.

After twenty-one days he and Loch and nine of their Sikh escort were released by the influence of a friendly official, and left the capital just fifteen minutes before an express arrived from the Emperor ordering their instant execution. The rest of

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the prisoners, including Major Brabazon, Lieutenant Anderson, Mr. Bowlby (the *Times* correspondent), Dr. Norman of the Legation, and ten Sikhs, were murdered. Parkes was set free, by an extraordinary interference, in time to join Lord Napier of Magdala in bringing the Queen's Representative at last into Peking. It was the crowning act of the long struggle with Chinese exclusiveness, and the lad who had seen the beginning at Nanking eighteen years before was spared by a fortunate fate to be present at the consummation.

Parkes shared the common opinion that the establishment of a British Legation in the capital of China meant the end of our grievances. In view of recent history, it must be confessed that he was mistaken. It is not at all certain that the old system of consular action, with all its drawbacks, was not more effective than the present method of direct negotiation with so hidebound and repellent a Board as the Tsung-li Yamun or Chinese Foreign Office. The difficulty of getting anything done has certainly not diminished since our Minister took up his residence at Peking. A good deal of the impotence of our Legation may doubtless be traced to weakness or lack of energy in several of our representatives, and still more to the traditional supineness of the Home Government. The fact remains that the Legation at Peking proved to be, if anything, less powerful than a strong consulate at Canton or Shanghai. Parkes was himself to verify the truth of this when he became Minister twenty-three years later.

After the excitement of the campaign, the next few years seemed uneventful to his active and ambitious temperament; but they were full of useful work. Just as in 1858 he had conducted Lord Elgin up the West River and thus taken the first step towards opening up the vast trade of Southern China to European commerce, so in 1861 he accompanied the same Ambassador up the Yang-tsze to select the new ports authorised by the recent Treaty, and thus laid the foundations of that influence in middle China which England now seems disposed to maintain. In this expedition he made the acquaintance of some of the leaders or 'princes' of the Tai-ping rebellion, which had spread over a great part of the country. It was no part of our policy to interfere between the Chinese Government and its own rebels, and Parkes had several amicable interviews with the insurgent Wangs. But it was another matter when they tried to impede his own progress. The chief of the revolt, the 'Heavenly King,' who was given to inspirations, had an inconvenient vision from on high, which bade him forbid the advance of British gunboats up the Yang-tsze. The vessel, however, carrying Lord Elgin, had to go on. Parkes was equal to the emergency. 'Tut, tut, tut!' he said, with his slight stammer, 'this will never do. He must have a fresh vision!' The Heavenly King complied; the vision

SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA

was worked ; and the gunboat proceeded on its way. Sir Harry Parkes—he had well earned his K.C.B.—saw more of the Tai-ping rebellion when, as Consul at Shanghai in 1864–65, he supported Chinese Gordon in his brilliant suppression of the revolt, and endeavoured to checkmate the designs of the wily Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who has since become so notorious. But the monotony of consular routine was now little to the taste of the man who had seen such stirring work and had conducted high diplomatic affairs, and it was with relief that Parkes received the news of his appointment as Minister to Japan. With this we need not concern ourselves at present ; but it may be said briefly that his extraordinary luck of opportuneness—of coming on the spot at the right moment—followed him to Yokohama. In China he had played his part in the whole fight with Oriental exclusiveness, from the Treaty of Nanking to the entry into Peking. In Japan he witnessed the fall of the old feudal system of the Daimios and the establishment of the Mikado as a constitutional sovereign with strong leanings to Western civilisation—the greatest revolution ever known in Eastern government. In this momentous crisis Sir Harry took that wise and friendly part which is still in the grateful memory of Japanese statesmen, and did his utmost to promote both the welfare of Japan and the interests of Great Britain in the Far East.

His return to China in 1883, as Minister Plenipotentiary, after eighteen years' absence, was acclaimed by old residents as the signal for a 'new departure.' The lethargy which seemed to have numbed our representatives would give place to the strenuous activity and untiring energy which all remembered in the former Consul at Canton. The energy was still powerful in the lithe active frame ; but the conditions were not favourable to its exercise. The Chinese had made up their minds that the old masterful Consul of the *Arrow* dispute was back among them, and all Parkes's amicable and prudent assurances could not convince them that the Minister would walk soberly and in peace with all men. Li Hung Chang, indeed, seemed pleased at the appointment, and co-operated with Parkes in more than one diplomatic motion ; but most of the Chinese officials made a dead set at him. The Tsung-li Yamun had been allowed by pacific Ministers to get out of hand, and its arrogance had become intolerable. Parkes was opposed, obstructed, and even insulted by the Board. They laid a trap to catch him, and set a particularly offensive mandarin to goad him to fury, in the hope of an explosion of temper which would procure his recall. 'The whole Board roared at him in unison,' wrote a witness ; but 'Sir Harry turned the tables upon them in a masterly manner, put the Yamun entirely in the wrong, and forced them to apologise.' He confessed that he was 'bitterly disappointed' with the conditions of diplomacy at Peking. Even he could make little headway against the tide of Chinese obstruction.

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And, although we are left almost wholly in the dark as to his correspondence with the Foreign Office, it is reasonable to suspect that he was sometimes hampered by that close telegraphic communication with Downing Street which is the bane of diplomacy in the East. But, even if his hands had not been tied, in the short year and a half that remained to him he could hardly have accomplished much. The Tongking war occupied most of the attention of the Chinese Government, and his own action was chiefly directed to smoothing the way towards peace, and restraining the anti-foreign feeling which the war had excited. He concluded the first British Treaty with Korea in 1883, as he had previously assisted in the first with Siam in 1855; he acquired Port Hamilton—afterwards abandoned—as a British coaling station in the North Pacific; and it need hardly be added that he vigilantly protected the English subjects and English interests committed to his care. There was no time for more. Perpetual work, always at high pressure, had worn out his wonderful constitution. 'Everything was done at full speed. If he went for a ride, he galloped all the way; and if he walked, it was at the rate of four miles an hour.' He could not take a holiday: idleness was impossible to his nervous restless nature. He threw his heart into all that he did, and did it with all his might. So he died at his post, from sheer overwork, on March 22, 1885, at the age of 57. 'An unrivalled example of earnest simple-mindedness and self-denying industry,' as his German colleague wrote, 'he succumbed in the midst of his work, doing his duty—and more than that—to the last moment. Sir Harry's name has been a household word in the Far East for many a year—and will remain so.'

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BEFORE the next number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* is in type, one, and possibly both, of the Anglo-Saxon peoples will have passed through the turmoil of choosing a new legislature. In the United States there must be, and in the United Kingdom there may be, a national election before Christmas. Curiously enough, in both countries the great issue before the voters is, roughly speaking, the same. There are many minor questions which will occupy the Republicans and Democrats of the one country, the Liberals and Conservatives of the other. But the absorbing interest of the moment still centres round that larger movement which we may call Imperialism. The controversies over the Philippine policy of the McKinley Administration, and the South African statesmanship of the Salisbury Cabinet, will almost absorb attention to the exclusion of most other subjects. It is still true that Anglo-Saxondom is deeply occupied—more occupied than ever since the Yellow Spectre has arisen—with its relations to the external world, and is more concerned with the problems of Empire than with the tasks of social regeneration and political reform.

Such, it was pointed out in these pages fifteen months ago, was likely to be the experience of the immediate future. Events seem to have confirmed the prediction, and to have given it a deeper justification than it then possessed. If the egotism of self-quotation can be pardoned, we may be permitted to reproduce some of our sentences printed in June 1899, when there was as yet no South African campaign, and when neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Bryan had been definitely chosen as a Presidential candidate in the elections of this year.

Imperialism [we urged] is just now on its trial. Every political tendency must be judged by the manner in which it answers, not merely to the needs, but also to the aspirations, of its age. It is only a rather shallow cynicism which attempts to divorce morality from politics—particularly among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, at the bottom of whose consciousness lies a deep ethical and religious sentiment. Englishmen and Americans, with all their surface parade of indifference to higher emotions, are not quite happy unless they believe that what they are doing is right as well as profitable. If Imperialism is to vindicate itself, it must do so by satisfying this instinct. It cannot be accepted merely because it helps, or is expected to help, our commerce, or because it gratifies our pride of race. In the form of jingoism—which is the mere carnal enjoyment of power and bigness for their own sake—it is as vulgar and offensive as the delight of the millionaire *parvenu* in his diamonds, his palaces, and his orchid-houses. After all, in spite of our frantic race for wealth, and our shuddering abhorrence of poverty, the Anglo-Saxon peoples do not admire a man for what he *has*, but for what he is, or rather for what he can do. And the unspoken thought of many thousands who pause to consider the new turn our public policy is taking is guided by this feeling. What is to be the outcome of British and American expansion, besides painting a large part of the map of the world with our colours? Will it make us better people—wiser, stronger, more capable, more likely to do our duty, whether as nations or as individuals?

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These are the questions which will be asked even more insistently a year hence than they were twelve months ago.

In the same number of the REVIEW in which the above-quoted passages appeared, something was said of the famous old 'Concert of Europe' idea, and the Czar's endeavour—then not yet faded into history—to create a kind of Tribunal of Peace. In the last few months the Concert has been reconstructed, and it is not merely European, but Cosmopolitan—Asiatic and American as well, since it includes the United States and Japan. The Concert may break up, like its predecessors, into duets and solos and general disharmony. But, whatever may come of the Chinese crisis, it has given an occasion for an unique spectacle. For once—for the first time in history—all the chief civilised powers of the world—European, Asiatic, and Transatlantic—have been co-operating in a common enterprise, and their troops have been marching side by side. The soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, of the United States, of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Japan have been in action together against the same foe. It is a thing beyond the bounds of amazement. What publicist in his wildest dreams could have imagined it possible even a dozen years ago?

The great nations fight and quarrel and diplomatise and make money. The small nations write and think. So Mr. Edmund Gosse suggested in the last *ANGLO-SAXON*, and his article caused great searchings of heart in certain of the minor capitals of Northern Europe, so that even now the echoes of the discussion are reverberating in Copenhagen, and Christiania, and Stockholm, and even remote Helsingfors. But the intellectual activity of the countries which have hitherto stood somewhat apart from the main streams of effort and culture is not to be gainsaid. Who are the great international writers—those who are read everywhere as well as in their own countries, as, for instance, Byron was, or Goethe, or Victor Hugo, or Darwin, or Dickens? There are the Norwegian Ibsen and Björnson, the Belgian Maeterlinck, the Italian D'Annunzio, the Hungarian Jókai, the Russian Tolstoy. France and England have a veteran or two left, like Herbert Spencer and Zola, but even of them not many now.

Of nations, as of individuals, it is true, or should be, that a brief period of intense action and emotion, 'a single hour of crowded life,' teaches more than many silent, easy years. Consider how much the people of Great Britain have learnt in the past few months, how many placid stereotyped opinions have had to be examined and revised. They have discovered, for one thing, that British Imperialism is something more than a name, since the subjects of Queen Victoria in

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Canada and Australasia have shown themselves willing to take their share in the burdens and perils of Empire. A gigantic amount of frothy rhetoric has been poured out over the Colonial contingents who have gone to South Africa, and many of whose members, poor gallant fellows, have left their bones in that ungenial soil. But when all is said and done, there remains the demonstration that the Colonists will really fight in England's wars, and perhaps even help to pay for them. The 'solidarity,' to use a Gallicism, of the various realms under the Union Jack, has been transferred from the region of speculation to that of fact. There are so many things we now *know* which we could only theorise over twelve months ago.

Not all of them are as welcome as this. We could not have believed it possible, if it were not true, that for very nearly a year the whole force of the British Empire should be employed against fifty thousand farmers, without reducing them to subjection. The final collapse may have come before these pages are in print, or it may not : he would be the most temerarious of mortals who should predict the course of events in the Transvaal. But at this time of writing, nearly eleven months after the first shots fired, the Boers are still unsubdued, their commandoes are in the field, their artillery is in their own hands or stowed away somewhere out of reach of the invaders, and two hundred thousand British troops are enduring all the miseries of the march, the camp, and the hospital. The Imperial Government could have bought up every farm in the Transvaal, and given every burgher enough money to make him comfortable outside Africa for the rest of his life, at less than the cost which this war has already thrown upon the Imperial Exchequer. The marvel of it has become stale by this time ; but the morals of it are still valuable, and all Europe and America, as well as Great Britain, may have opportunities of applying some of them in a larger and even more formidable sphere than South Africa.

If the Boer war, in some of its aspects, shows, as Oxenstiern said, with how little wisdom the world is governed, so also does the portentous imbroglio in the Far East. The British War Office is reproached for not knowing more about the military preparations of the Transvaal, or at least for not taking more precise account of the Mausers and Creusots and pom-poms in the possession of their enemies. But what shall be said of the combined Intelligence Departments of Europe in their relations to the Chinese question ? We have heard lately that China has imported 400,000 repeating rifles in the past few years, that she has 100,000 (or is it 200,000 ?) drilled troops, besides her hordes of bannermen and 'braves,' and that it would have been madness for less than 25,000 of the best soldiers that Europe, America, and Japan can provide to attempt to

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cover the short stretch from Tientsin to Peking. And yet when the Legations were first cut off, the problem was so little understood that the allied commanders on the China station thought that Admiral Seymour could force his way through to their relief with a couple of thousand blue-jackets and marines and a field-gun or two! Nay, Sir Claude Macdonald himself no longer ago than May thought that the talk about a serious outbreak in China was only alarmist exaggeration, and that a little rain and the promise of a good harvest would put everybody into good humour again. So they danced and dined and gossiped on the brink of the Far Eastern revolution as they did on the edge of the Indian Mutiny volcano in '57, and on the quaking lava-surface of France in '89.

In a previous chapter of these 'Impressions' something was said on the question as to whether it is youth—positive or comparative—or age that is best suited for the conduct of affairs in peace and war. The controversy is an old one, and it is not for the present writer to determine it. I merely pointed out that the modern theory that the world belongs to *les jeunes* has not been borne out in our recent experience in South Africa and elsewhere. Some of our younger officers, like General French, General Hunter, and 'B.-P.,' have done well. Still, the honours of the campaign on the British side will go chiefly to Lord Roberts *anno etat* 68, while of the Boer leaders Joubert and Cronje were old men and De Wet is past middle age. President Kruger, at 75, has been as active as Lord Salisbury (70) and Mr. Chamberlain (64), and not less so than Sir Alfred Milner, who at 47 is to be reckoned among the younger generation: when the late able and public-spirited Cape Premier, Mr. Schreiner (43), found himself compelled to resign office owing to the split with his more extreme Afrikander associates, the person whom the Governor called upon to form an Administration was Sir Gordon Sprigg, a veteran of 70. Again, in the Chinese trouble. There are, no doubt, plenty of able young soldiers in Germany; yet when the Kaiser (a perennial youth of 41) was asked to appoint a Commander-in-Chief for the Far East he nominated Count Von Waldersee, who, like Lord Roberts, is pretty close on three score and ten—the age, by the way, of Von Moltke, in the great campaign. But the most conspicuous illustration of the Tennysonian

Old age hath still its honour and its toil

is afforded in China itself. In the fearful embarrassment caused by its own misdeeds, the distressed Chinese Court can still—as it has done any time these thirty years past—turn despairingly to Li Hung Chang and bid him stave off the anger of the roused and outraged Powers. And Li is more than a septuagenarian. It is within two years of eighty that the tough old statesman undertakes the

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hardest of all the tasks he has essayed for the benefit of the backward and barbaric despotism at Peking !

But in China it would seem that people live long and do not age rapidly. At any rate, that must be Li's own opinion. Eighteen years ago, when he was a vigorous adolescent of sixty or thereabouts, his mother died, and Li, like a dutiful son, proposed to lay down the Grand Secretariat and other great offices of State, in order that he might mourn for her for twenty-seven months, which is the period prescribed by Mongolian filial piety. The Court, however, found him much too useful to be spared, and commanded him to subdue his grief in a hundred days and then get back to business. Li, who perhaps wanted a holiday, and is a very orthodox supporter of the ritual of Confucius, protested against this decision. He urged that, after all, there would be plenty of time for him to perform public functions in the future. 'He is but sixty years of age,' he said in his memorial to the Throne, 'and many are the days left in which to show his gratitude to the State.' One regrets to know that the Tsung-li Yamun was obdurate, and Li was not allowed his full two years' indulgence of the luxury of woe. But he has certainly carried out his promise to serve his country for many a day after he had left his sixtieth birthday far behind. He was seventy-two when he went to Japan to negotiate peace after the disastrous war, and nearly lost his life from the pistol of a Japanese fanatic. He recovered, saved China by making terms with Japan, and then—a brisk gentleman of seventy-five or so—he thought he would see the world : started on his peregrinations of Europe and America, made some useful contracts with various business houses, and generally contrived to increase the interest of the financial foreign devil in China. When he returned, the ungrateful dynasty he has served so well rewarded him by depriving him of his Grand Secretariat and the Viceroyalty of Chihli, the premier satrapy of the Empire, and sending him into a sort of exile as Governor of the inferior southern province of Kwan-tung. The Court clique has always been jealous and distrustful of Li, though it has never been able to dispense with his services for any length of time. Now, at seventy-eight, the old man is summoned from Canton to negotiate with the whole of civilisation at once, and to undo some of the mischief which the Manchu reactionaries have caused.

Li is not popular with the European community in China, who have always regarded him as a most accomplished old intriguer, and their distrust has been reflected by those who have written about Chinese affairs at home. They say—and this is true—that, though he knows much more about foreigners and their ways than almost any other Chinaman, he does not in reality admire

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them, and is only anxious to use their mechanical inventions and their military science to keep them out of his country. He would like China to have the telegraphs, and the railways, the torpedoes, the ironclads, and the Krupp guns of the West, but not Western methods of government or Western ethics. He has sought to make China richer and more prosperous at home, and stronger abroad, while retaining the immemorial structure of society, the traditional morality, and the ancient religion of the people. The last thing he desires is a China converted, like Japan, into a close imitation of a modern European State. He considers the Chinese civilisation higher than that of the Western peoples, in spite of the mechanical and military superiority of the latter. Consequently, while he has always been willing to make use of the intelligence and knowledge of Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, for his own purposes, he has done his best to prevent them increasing their hold upon the trade, commerce, or administration of the Empire. He is no partisan of the Open Door. China for the Chinese is his principle, and from a Celestial point of view there is something to be said for it—if it were possible to carry it out thoroughly.

But, though no friend of any foreigners, and especially of the English, Americans, or Japanese, Li could hardly have countenanced the recent proceedings of the Peking Government. There was an idea that the old Viceroy had been at the bottom of the recent movement, and had been fomenting the Manchu prejudices of the Empress-Dowager. But this is very unlikely. Li, if he does not love the Foreign Devils, has a most sincere respect for their warlike prowess, and he knows—none better—that China is in no condition to wage war against a single one of the Great Powers, to say nothing of a combination of them all. He has himself been the chief military reformer of modern China, and it is mainly due to his exertions that the Empress and Prince Tuan had at their disposal a large body of foreign-drilled troops, and that Mausers, quick-firing guns, and torpedoes have been imported in immense quantities during the past few years. But with all this Li is quite aware that China is a long way from being a military State in the modern sense. As long ago as 1882 he presented a masterly memorial to the Throne, pointing out that, even in a war with Japan, China would be at a terrible disadvantage. For one thing, he attacked the examination system, which is a bold step on the part of a Chinese reformer, asserting that under this method of appointing Government officials the most suitable men are not selected :

Living now [he said] in a period of great tranquillity, the ancient laws and regulations are strictly observed, and consequently the Civil Service is only open to those who have obtained the distinctions of a literary examination. Great difficulties exist, therefore, in obtaining other useful persons for the Government service,

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for we are limited to the narrow compass of those qualified by passing the examinations. It is absolutely necessary that if we should desire to secure the services of useful persons, we must introduce another system for their admission into the public service.

The *literati* are much too strong in China to permit this innovation to be adopted so far as regards the civilian administration; but Li and one or two of the other progressive viceroys have succeeded in getting the military and naval officers taught some matters that will be useful to them in their business. It is curious to find that only last year there was a controversy between the reforming Liu-Kun-Yi, the Viceroy of Kiang-su, and the Central Government on this question, in which Liu was snubbed because he wanted to make the officers too scientific, to the alleged neglect of that knowledge of the various branches of military agility 'which is also required to make the true and complete fighting force.' However, the Viceroy is commanded to

Tremblingly and diligently obey my decree of the 1st of November, in which I commanded that all military licentiates who have not been enrolled into the army shall be sent to the nearest military academy to study chemistry, geography, and all things relating to a knowledge of infantry, cavalry, artillery tactics, and military engineering, in order that they may be of use in the future for the profession they have selected.

From which it will be seen that the Chinese army is growing into something very different from the 'braves' and 'bannermen,' who have been engaged from time immemorial with the pirates, the rebels, and the insubordinate tribesmen, of the vast and loosely-compacted Empire.

Some twenty years ago, when hostilities between Russia and China seemed imminent, Gordon paid a visit to Li at Tientsin, and left with the Viceroy a long memorandum on the best means of organising and employing the military resources of China. It is a most interesting document, instinct with Gordon's practical wisdom and capacity for detail, and it well deserves study at the present moment. Gordon pointed out that China actually possessed a military organisation and discipline to which the people were accustomed, and which should therefore be left intact. The local militia could be converted into first-rate soldiers of a kind by simply arming them with breechloading rifles and teaching them to shoot. The strength of China as a warlike Power lay, first, in the enormous number of the troops which, by these methods, could be brought into the field; secondly, in their endurance of hardships, and the mobility given them by the fact that they can move without baggage. A Chinese soldier needs no kit. He carries only his rifle and ammunition; and a pound or two of rice, especially if supplemented by a little opium, is all the commissariat he requires.

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Such troops, having almost the mobility of cavalry over long distances, Gordon thought, could harass any European army to death.

China should never engage in pitched battles. Her strength is in quick movements, in cutting off the trains of transport and in night attacks not pushed home; in a continuous worrying of her enemies. Rockets should be used instead of cannon. No artillery should be moved with the troops. It delays and impedes them. Infantry fire is the most fatal fire.

'Guns,' added Gordon, as if prescient of Ladysmith and Mafeking, 'make a noise far out of proportion to their value in war.' A few long-range cannon, he thought, should be taken, chiefly for their moral—or immoral—effect.

Firing them in the enemy's camp, a long way off, would prevent the enemy sleeping; and if he does not sleep, he gets ill and goes into hospital, and then needs other enemies to take care of him, and thus the enemy's numbers are reduced. When an enemy comes up and breaks the wall of the city, the Chinese soldiers ought not to stay and fight the enemy; but to go out and attack the trains of baggage in the rear, and worry him on the roads he came by. By making the Chinese troops lightly loaded with baggage, with no guns, they can move three to every one *à* the enemy marches. To-day the Chinese will be before him; to-morrow they will be behind him; the next day they will be on his left hand; and so on till the enemy gets tired and cross with such long walks, and his soldiers quarrel with their officers and get sick.

After many other suggestions of the same sort, Gordon continues :

Nothing recommended in this paper needs any change in Chinese customs. The army is the same, and China needs no Europeans or foreigners to help her to carry out this programme. If China cannot carry out what is here recommended, then no one else can do so.

The document is a striking testimony to Gordon's genius for war and organisation, which never had the opportunity of being displayed in practice on a really large scale, and it also exhibits that remorseless practical faculty which he combined with his idealism. This saint, whose blue eyes would doubtless have grown, like Tennyson's heroine, 'tender over drowning flies,' calmly sits down and excogitates the cynical strategy by which an invading army is to be subjected to the truly Chinese torture of being constantly kept without sleep or rest till the nerves of the soldiers give way and they become mutineers or maniacs. It is also worth notice that Gordon seems to have foreseen the lessons of the Boer war. He recommends the Chinese to do, on an infinitely grander scale, what the Boers have been doing for months past in South Africa. And one may imagine what difficulties European generals would have in meeting these tactics, not practised by 50,000 farmers, but by countless hordes of peasants as 'slim' as the Boers and much more willing to die, and led by chiefs who would sacrifice 10,000 of their followers with less compunction than Botha or De Wet would experience in losing a

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score of burghers. Gordon's paper, which, we may be pretty sure, has not been forgotten by Li and other astute Chinamen, is a warning to those who talk lightly about conquering China. Fortunate it is for the civilised Powers, in their present imbroglio, that the Chinese Government did not set steadily to work in the early 'eighties to prepare that mammoth guerilla force which the commander of the Ever-Victorious Army recommended them to form.

The South African War ought to make all of us chary in uttering predictions for the rest of our lives. Looking back at this campaign one is appalled at the number of unfulfilled prophecies which have been showered out by the newspapers, by the politicians, and by the average man in the street. A score of examples will occur to most of us from our own experience, or perhaps from our own actions. Here is a scene that recurs vividly to my mind as I write. It is a dark day in October 1899—how long ago it seems now! There is a crowd at Waterloo Station to take leave of a General and his staff and a number of other officers going to the front. Later in the autumn and the spring the spectacle became only too familiar; but at this time it was new and strange to Englishmen of the present generation, and to most of us it had all the inspiring charms of novelty. There was more of gay animation than of sadness or gloom on the bustling railway platform: porters running to and fro with sword-cases and camp-bedsteads and other unusual impediment; smart soldier-servants, in scarlet or khaki, striding along with the rattle of side-arms and jingle of spurs; brown-faced, broad-shouldered English lads bidding cheery farewells to mothers and sisters; a group of fashionable ladies, and white-haired veterans, and distinguished statesmen, about the General's saloon. High spirits prevailed; everybody was laughing and joking; a wag had labelled the luggage of the General, 'Pretoria.'¹ There was a quite general feeling that the voyagers were starting on what was going to be chiefly a superb picnic, or else a most magnificent and enviable sporting trip. Yet, of course, there were women who could not attune themselves to the careless glee of the moment, and there were wet eyes among wives and mothers. One young lady showed even a tendency to break down; and as the train steamed away I heard her friend consoling her with 'Never mind, dear. Sir —— [and she mentioned the name of a very great authority indeed] says that they will all be back in three months, for the supplies of the Boers must be exhausted before that!'

Nor was this a singular or solitary case of misplaced prescience. How many sovereigns, one wonders, have been lost in the clubs of

¹ But that General has never seen Pretoria yet, and never will, except perhaps as a tourist when the war is done.

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London by gentlemen who betted that the war would be over by Christmas, or at the worst by April? The shrewdest of business men were out in their calculation. There was not one, but half-a-dozen, publishers, who began to prepare histories of the war immediately after Paardeberg, thinking everything would be finished in a month or so from that event. Even after all the warnings, people would go on with their prophecies. In June, I noticed that the soundest and most cautious of the newspaper experts so far forgot himself as to give the middle of July as the probable date of the final collapse of the Boers. But in the middle of July what one finds is that another journalistic observer is writing :

To-day's news from South Africa again gives us reason to hope that the end is at hand. If Lord Roberts is successful in the engagement at Middleburg, his victory, combined with the dispersal of De Wet's forces in the Orange River Colony, ought to bring us very near to the complete triumph of our arms.

So much for the prophets.

The Chinese crisis has done as much as South Africa to shake our confidence in the wisdom of the wise, particularly as expressed in newspapers and Houses of Parliament. I fancy a good many people must be a trifle ashamed of the unthinking credulity with which they accepted the legend of the massacre, under circumstances of almost unimaginable atrocity, of the Ministers and other foreign residents in Peking. Every one knows by this time how the fatal morning rose on the doomed band, who, standing together to the last, &c.—with particulars concerning the English ladies and the English children such as humanity shuddered at. Happily, our terrors were superfluous: the men were not killed, except some few of them who were shot in the course of the investment of the Legations, and the women, though they suffered much from privation and anxiety, have not fallen into the hands of the Chinese torturers. Looking back, we must all feel a little foolish, a little guilty, in believing and repeating these tales on no better authority than the gossip of an Eastern port. It is all very well to dismiss it as among the extravagances of the 'Yellow Press'; but I am afraid more sober and serious authorities cannot escape. If it was the sensational newspapers who started these appalling fictions at Shanghai, the *Times* was quick to circulate them, and hastened to publish the obituary notices of distinguished persons at Peking, on the assumption that they were dead; Her Majesty's Ministers themselves—though they knew no more, as it would now appear, than they read in the newspapers—officially, and in the face of Parliament, abandoned all hope of the safety of the Legations; and only a sudden qualm of prudence at the last moment saved the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's from the indecent absurdity of holding a solemn funeral service in memory of men who were alive all

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the time. Of course, it was always probable that a tragedy might have happened ; but we need not have been so ' d——d cocksure ' about it that, when Chinese Ministers declared our countrymen still alive, eminent Oriental experts and others wrote to the newspapers openly protesting against even lending an ear to these Celestial mendacities. I find a distinguished publicist, not certainly an exponent of the newest kind of journalism, writing under date of July 16 :

At last the appalling truth with regard to Peking has been forced upon our reluctant senses, and we are constrained to admit that, of all the great company of Europeans gathered for shelter within the walls of the British Legation in that city, there is probably not one who escaped a cruel and treacherous death. For days past the people, not only of this country, but of all Europe, have fought against the hard logic of facts, and have compelled themselves to hope albeit they knew in their hearts that there was no hope. The suspense has been sickening, and the strain of it intolerable. Yet to-day, when the awful truth has been revealed, the feeling, so far from being one of relief, has been one of burning indignation and horror unspeakable. In the House of Commons to-night, when Mr. Brodrick made his brief statement shutting off from all of us the last faint gleams of hope, the emotion was too deep for words.

The writer was evidently sincere in his indignation and sorrow, as we all were ; but he, like the rest, would have done well to wait till the facts were ascertained. In these days we cannot even mourn without being in a furious hurry. Our grief, like our pleasures, must be up-to-date ; and our regret for the fallen is seriously tempered by the apprehension that somebody may be beforehand with us in writing the epitaph and shedding tears over the grave.

What are the conditions which lead to the production of great poetry ? The question has been more than once touched on in these pages, and it is discussed with a great deal of learning and critical taste by an authoritative writer in the July number of the *Quarterly Review*. The essay is well worth reading because of the writer's knowledge of literature and his grasp of literary method. We are indebted to him for a new definition—or, perhaps, one ought to say a new form of an old definition—of poetry, which, he says, 'described in the most comprehensive way, is the expression, the adequate expression in language, not of all emotion, but of emotion raised to a certain pitch of intensity.' His article is full of good phrases and suggestive hints ; and I for one should not dissent from his verdict that, now that Matthew Arnold and William Morris are gone, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt are left with Mr. Swinburne to remind us that the great succession of Victorian poets is not finally extinct. Mr. Blunt's 'Love Sonnets of Proteus' will be remembered when most contemporary verse is forgotten, though the writer is hardly known to the multitude, even of semi-educated persons, as a poet at all. However, this is by the way. Our

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Reviewer is trying to explain to us why we do not get great poetry now, and why our forefathers and even our fathers did. But, though he instructs and informs us of many things, we are unable to find that he really gives us much enlightenment on this point, or that he has been more successful than others in plucking out the heart of the poet's mystery.

Under what conditions, he asks, do the great poets write—Æschylus and Sophocles, Horace and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Schiller? They run in pairs, it will be seen, these exalted singers, and the result is that one bard is sometimes carried rather unfairly high by his partner. On his own merits, one does not quite understand why, if Schiller is a great poet, Racine, or Pope, or Tasso is only a small one. But then if you exclude Schiller you have nobody else to bracket with Goethe, and you would have a 'great' poet all by himself, and apparently produced without reference to any system. However, to answer the Reviewer's question:

We shall find [he says] that all these writers produced their works during periods in which their respective countries were in a state of heightened national vitality; or in which mankind generally were dominated by some strong religious convictions; or in which old convictions were being discussed and new ones were with eagerness being foreshadowed, sought out, and formed; or in which some or all of these conditions to some degree co-existed.

We shall not quarrel with the historical assertion. It is most likely that the great writers alluded to did produce their works under all, or some, or any, of the conditions here specified. But then so also did the minor writers and even the bad writers. For it would be hard to point to a poet, since Homer, of whom it could not be said that he wrote *either* when his country was in a high state of vitality, *or* when people generally had religious convictions, *or* when new ideas were being formed or foreshadowed. You get them all in under a definition like that—the Immortals and the Ephemerides, the great poets and the very little ones. What we want to know is why the 'environment' will sometimes form an Æschylus and sometimes only a Tom Moore, now a Dante and now a Baudelaire; and, with all deference to the modern philosophical critic, we are inclined to fall back upon the old-fashioned explanation that it was the grace of God or the gift of Nature, and that the phenomenon happens, or does not happen, because the one man is an Æschylus and the other is not.

This may not be scientific, and for practical purposes does not carry us far. But then neither do the critic's generalisations if fairly used. A very little testing will break them down, or show that they do not really help us to understand the matter. Take the case of Goethe, already mentioned. What is there in the atmosphere

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of Frankfort-am-Main, of Strasburg, of eighteenth-century Weimar, to explain the genesis of that magnificent genius? The usual answer is the French Revolution and all that it implied in vitalising men's minds and invigorating their thoughts. But Goethe was forty years of age at the time of the cataclysm, and his best works, including the larger portion of the first part of 'Faust,' were written before it occurred. It was certainly not the national uprising of Germany, which stirred Goethe to poetry, even if he had sympathised deeply with the patriotic movement in the Fatherland, instead of merely tolerating it or coldly ignoring it. If it is urged that it was the mutterings of the storm, the premonitions of the great upheaval, under the outward eighteenth-century calm, which explain 'Wilhelm Meister' and 'Faust,' 'Werther' and 'Egmont,' then one can only repeat that it is hardly worth discussing the matter, since you get a rule that is valueless, as no man of letters was ever born at a time when something important had not happened in the course of the preceding half-century or was not going to happen in the next. In point of fact, if Goethe had died in 1789—and even then he would have been middle-aged—he would have been a very good case for a critic anxious to demonstrate that it is not the storm and stress of great public events, the tumult of cosmic wars, and the dust of falling nations, which help to make the poet, but the calmness bred in small aristocratic societies where men have leisure to foster the artistic impulse. It is quite as easy to prove the one point as the other. But all this argument does not in the least enlighten us as to the reason why Goethe *was* Goethe, and not Wieland, or Klopstock, or Lessing, or any other interesting second-rate writer. Why should this same German eighteenth century have in the one case created the author of 'Faust,' and in the other only the author of 'Minna von Barnhelm'? Why should the Scottish peasant *milieu* which nurtured in Burns one of the immortal lyrists of the world have produced in Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, only respectable and industrious mediocrity? The wind bloweth where it listeth, and genius is genius, whether it springs to life in a palace or a farmhouse, under the settled order of Augustan Rome or in the *sturm and drang* of a national uprising. The *Quarterly* critic gives several reasons why we should not have great poetry just now; but it is difficult to see why the later Victorian age is less inspiring than the period of *bourgeois* activity and content which preceded the Crimean War, or why a Tennyson or a Browning might not at this moment be maturing for the twentieth century.

There is an interesting article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, on 'The Imperial Note in Victorian Poetry,' in which the writer dwells on the remarkable fact that throughout the long course of the most serious of our

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modern campaigns the greater poets were silent on the glories of Britain's arms or openly despondent or even contemptuous. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, had little to say about the deeds of our soldiers and sailors in the great war with France; and what Wordsworth did write on the subject was chiefly by way of dejected warning:

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen
Have lost their old heroic English dower.

This certainly is not the 'note' of modern Imperialism, which is never tired of proclaiming, in verse and prose, that there never were, and never will be, and never could be, such magnificent people as our noble selves—the Britons of these latter-days. But I think Mr. Marriott hardly gives sufficient credit to some of the pre-Victorian and early-Victorian singers of the sea, and ships, and soldiers. There was Dibdin, for instance; his sailors' songs are a little out of fashion now, but I fancy they will last as long as the 'Barrack Room Ballads,' all but 'Mandalay' and one or two others. Campbell's 'Ye Mariners of England' is dismissed contemptuously as being merely 'breezy,' though it contains some stanzas as good as almost anything that has been written lately. One is, also, rather surprised to find no mention made of so admirable an 'early' or 'middle' Victorian poet as Sir Francis Doyle. Yet the best of patriotism, and Imperialism too, is in Doyle's verses on that 'Private of the Buffs' who, in the last Chinese war, 'having remained with the grog-carts,' fell into the hands of the enemy, together with some Sikhs. 'On the next morning, they were brought before the Chinese authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotou*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.' Whom Sir Francis thus not unworthily commemorates:

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's Crown,
And type of all her race.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, thou all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.

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Then, there is Doyle's excellent 'Balaclava' poem, which should be read with Tennyson's famous—too famous—stanzas :

Thin glancing threads of English horse,
Why do your haughty trumpets wake ?
Through yon grey myriads, massed in force,
None but the mad could hope to break !

Men may be mad, or men be wise,
But not with us the question lies ;
Although we guess not their intent,
This one thing well we know,
That where the Light Brigade is sent,
The Light Brigade will go.

Meanwhile, and without disputing the excellence of some of the Imperialist and martial verse now published, we may at least protest against the metrical twaddle which is not only discharged upon the newspapers, but even reprinted in books, with the idea, presumably, that any doggerel will pass so long as it swaggers about England or refers to 'Tommy.' One is becoming tired of the perpetual repetition of this catchword. Why must a brave man, doing useful service by his country, be for ever labelled with a silly nickname? We can allude to a sailor without calling him Jack, or to a doctor by some other title than that of Sawbones. At any rate, we have surely had almost enough sham Kipling by this time. This is the sort of thing which some persons are still misguided enough to write and publishers to print :

I 'ad lost my situation, an' the girl she got the 'ump,
An' the naggin' of my muvver nearly drove me orf my chump,
So I 'ook'd it down to Woolwich to the old recruitin' starf,
And they give to me a paper for to fix my autygrarf !
Just to fix my autygrarf !
Lor' you should 'a' 'eard me larf !
For the blessed Sergeant-Major wos a tryin' on 'is chaff.
Didn't mind the doctor's soundin's,
Nor 'is soap and water barf !
But the fing as knocked me silly wos that bloomin' autygrarf !

Does 'Tommy' or anybody else talk this hideous jargon? And if he does, why should it be worth while for any human being to reproduce it? Mr. Kipling is a great master, and from him we could accept a somewhat fantastic creation, which he was artist enough to make us believe to be the real British soldier. But Mr. Kipling's copyists are, for the most part, a nuisance.]

The publishers, however, may be excused for running the 'khaki' fashion, in all its modes, as hard as they can. The South African War has been bad for all literature except of the military or the topical kind; and then—just as the public might have been supposed to be settling down and to be growing interested in

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literature again—comes the China trouble to disturb it afresh and spoil the autumn publishing market for everything except works upon the Far East. Nevertheless, authors need not despair. Good books—the books that people care to read—will always find purchasers, even if they are as little topical or ‘actual’ as can be. I am interested to see that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton’s ‘Aylwin’ is selling largely in a paper-covered edition at sixpence. Mr. Watts-Dunton’s delightful romance has nothing to do with wars, or with politics, or with Imperialism, or with any question of the day. It is full of introspective thought, of subtle analysis of mind and mood, of a deep spiritual insight. Yet it will be seen that it is bought, not merely by the elect, but also by the multitude, and bought so largely that it is worth while to bring it out in the cheapest possible form. It is a significant fact, encouraging for writers and instructive for publishers, which latter class of estimable business-men are too apt to fling all their resources into the train of the last new ‘boom,’ forgetting that there is a good, a large, and a permanent reading public, which asks for something besides the fads, the fancies, and even the emotions, of the hour.

Mr. Watts-Dunton appends to his sixpenny ‘Aylwin’ an Introduction which contains some interesting statements. Many letters, he says, have reached him from English and American readers, inquiring whether the gypsy girl described in the introduction to Borrow’s ‘Lavengro’ is the same as the Sinfi Lovell of ‘Aylwin,’ and also whether the Rhona Boswell that figures in the prose story is the same as the Rhona of ‘The Coming of Love.’ The questions are answered in the affirmative. The delightful Romany heroines are the same person, and they are drawn from an original well known to Borrow. She probably supplied the author of ‘Lavengro’ with some traits for the character of the person whom Mr. Watts-Dunton calls ‘the glorious Anglo-Saxon road-girl, Isopel Berners.’ Mr. Watts-Dunton insists that his portraits of the gypsies, as they were found among English heaths and hedgerows forty years ago, are not ‘idealised.’

Now [he says] that so many of the *gryengroes* (horse-dealers), who form the aristocracy of the Romany race, have left England for America, it is natural enough that to some readers of ‘Aylwin’ and ‘The Coming of Love’ my pictures of Romany life seem a little idealised. The *Times*, in a kindly notice of ‘The Coming of Love,’ said that the kind of gypsies there depicted are a very interesting people, ‘unless the author has flattered them unduly.’ Those who best know the gypsy women of that period will be the first to aver that I have not flattered them unduly.

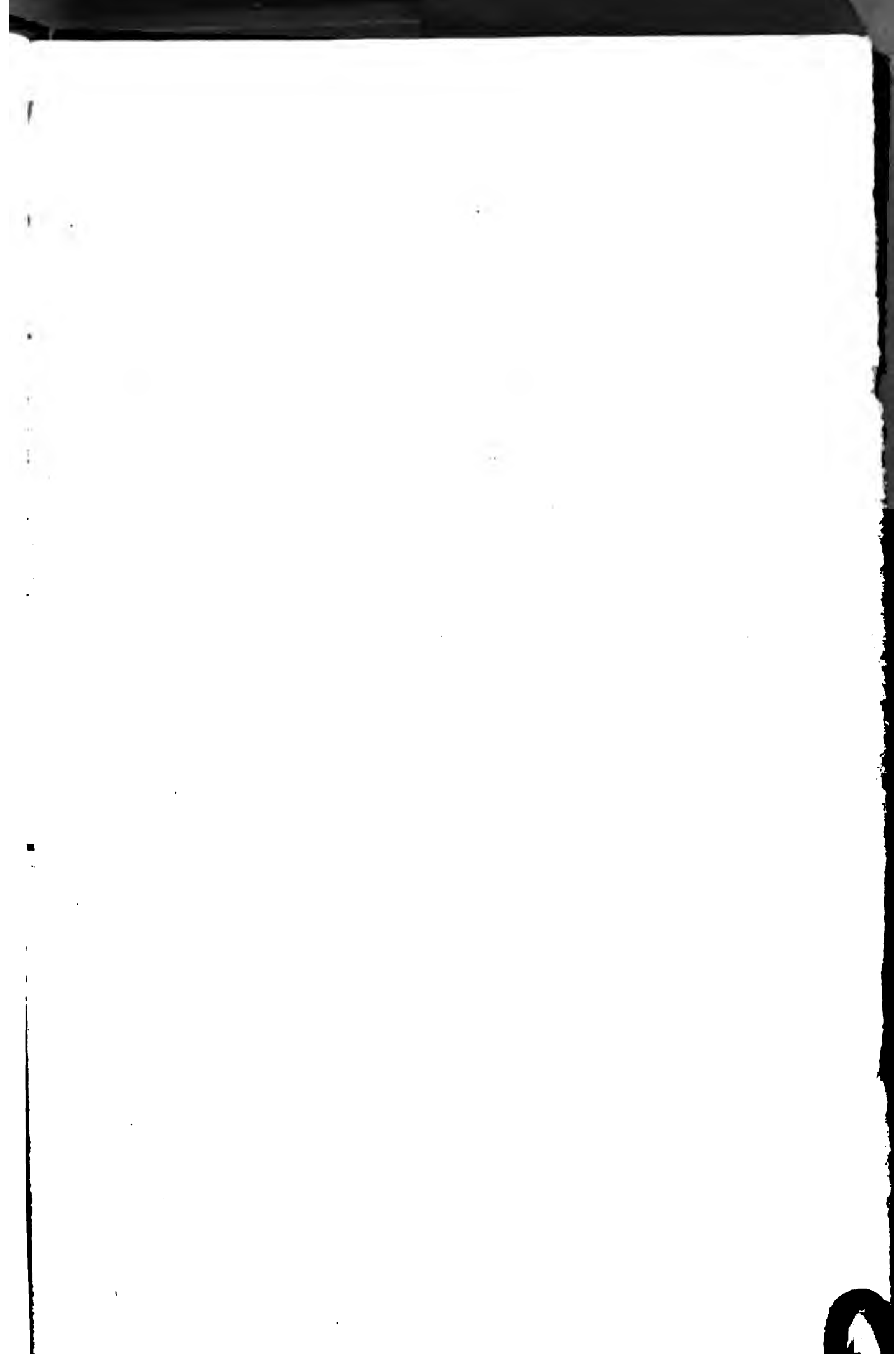
Mr. Watts-Dunton makes another personal statement which may serve at once as encouragement and as warning to anybody about to set forth on the business of authorship :

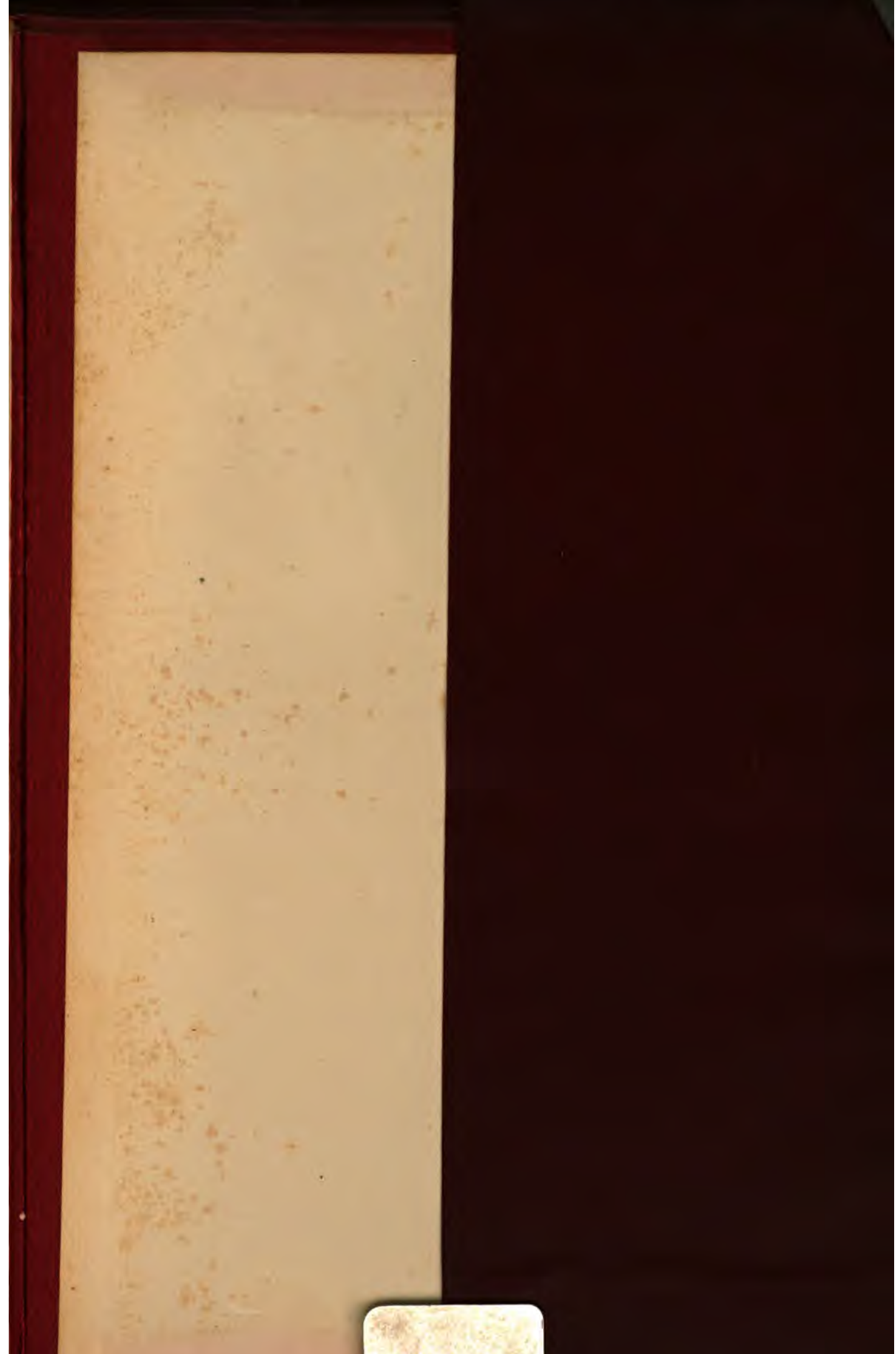
As far as I remember the only objection made to ‘Aylwin’ by those critics who were really wishful to do the book justice, was that I had imported into

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a story written for popular acceptance too many speculations and broodings upon the gravest of all subjects—the subject of love at struggle with death. My answer to this is that, although it did win a great popular acceptance, I never expected it to do so. I knew the book to be an expression of idiosyncrasy, and no man knows how much or how little his idiosyncrasy is in harmony with the temper of his time until his book has been given to the world.

The author who takes no thought for the morrow does not unfrequently succeed rather better, even from the publisher's point of view, than he who is chiefly concerned with imagining how his book will sell. Let him express his 'idiosyncrasy,' tell the truth that is in him, and care not overmuch about profits, popularity, and big prices; it may be that even these things will be added unto him, and in any case he will not get them by striving after them too anxiously.





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